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Songs
and
Ballads
of
Cumberland,





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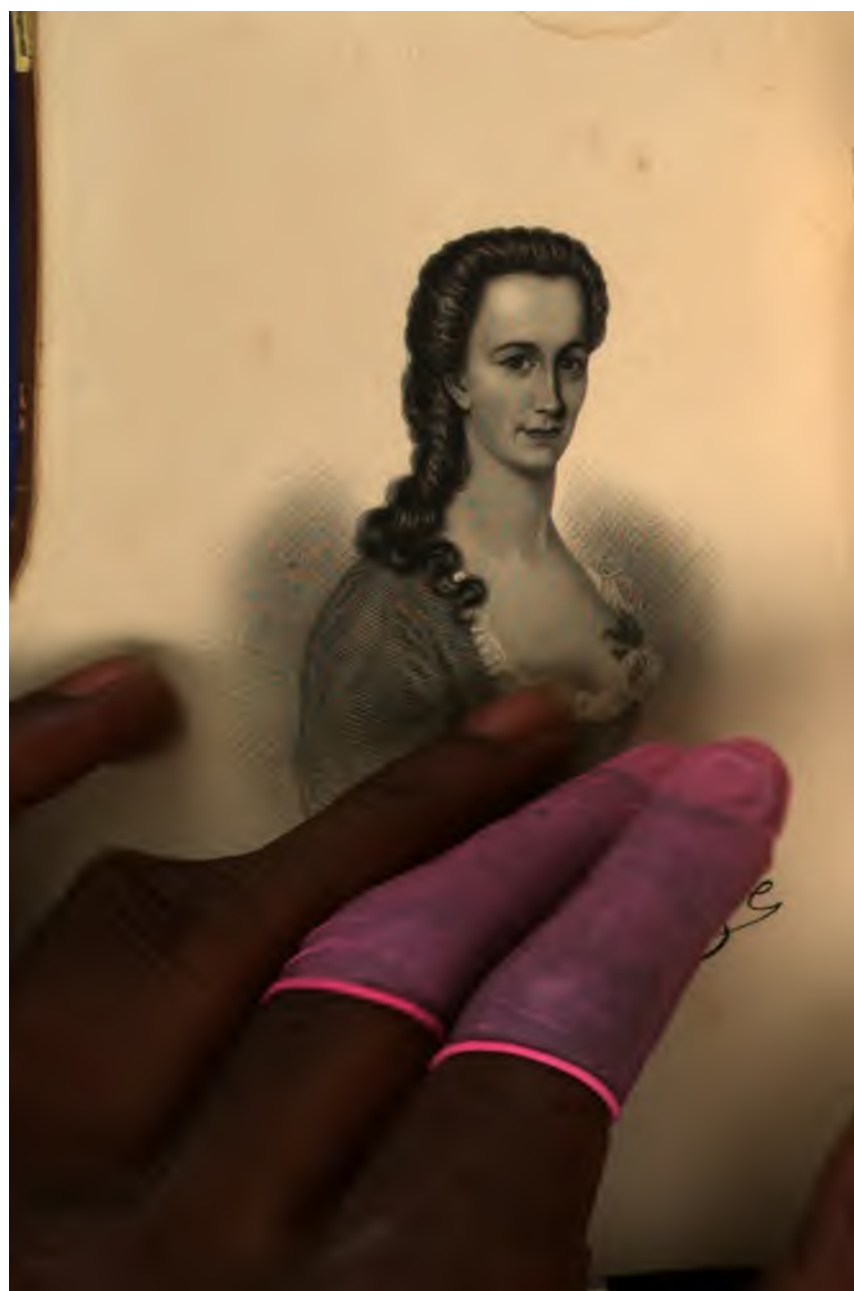
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THE
SONGS AND BALLADS
OF
CUMBERLAND,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED
DIALECT AND OTHER POEMS;
WITH
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY.

EDITED BY SIDNEY GILPIN,
OF DERWENT COTTAGE.

And at request would sing
Old songs, the product of his native hills.
WORDSWORTH.

LONDON: GEO. ROUTLEDGE AND SONS;
EDINBURGH: JOHN MENZIES;
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P R E F A C E .

THIS work was undertaken with the object of laying before the public a general collection of the Songs and Ballads of Cumberland, beginning with Relph of Sebergham—the first writer in the dialect—and endeavouring to gather up everything worthy of note down to the present time. The want of such a collection has been long felt and acknowledged by many. That it has not been supplied before must occasion surprise to all who are acquainted with the abundant stores of lyrical poetry possessed by this county.

It is not too much to say that a full collection of Cumberland songs presents such a picture of the actual life lived by our sturdy forefathers as cannot be found elsewhere. No single county within the British Isles has produced a volume of ballad literature so peculiarly its own—so illustrative of the manners and customs of its people. Let it not be understood, however, that this work consists *exclusively* of pieces in the dialect. On the contrary, a broader principle has been followed throughout; and due attention paid to all productions left us by Cumberland writers, whether written in a more northern Doric or in ordinary English. We can

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now claim for "canny auld Cumberlan'" one of the best hunting songs in our language, *D'ye ken John Peel*; and one of the best sea-songs, *The Old Commodore*; whilst some of our finest love-songs are among those left us by Miss Blamire of Thackwood. Then, again, we have Anderson's ballads and Stagg's poems, many of which stand unrivalled as specimens of dialect-writing; whilst Relph's pastorals and Ewan Clark's poems will be found to contain much truthful painting of rural life and character. And, finally, there has fallen to the lot of Cumberland a rich treasury of old border ballads, which would in themselves form a volume at once rare and unique.

In the preparation of this work, all known sources have been ransacked, some of which have yielded considerable results. The Scaleby Castle manuscripts of Miss Blamire's poetry—written expressly for her friend Miss Gilpin—contained no less than seven unpublished pieces, (five of which we print;) and so important are the songs which have been traced to the pen of Mark Lonsdale, that they will ultimately entitle him to take a fair stand among the song-writers of England. Mr. Chappell, the greatest authority we have in song-literature, has kindly sent us a couple of very old and very good songs; and through his valuable work, "The Popular Music of the Olden Times," we have recovered other Cumberland songs from the British Museum and the Bodleian Library.

No biographical notice has hitherto been published of Miss Gilpin of Scaleby Castle, Ewan Clark, Stagg, Mark Lonsdale, or John Woodcock Graves. Sufficient material, however, for short sketches of these writers has been obtained from various reliable sources; and much information has

been thus gathered together which a few more years would have swept away.

The songs and ballads in this collection have been carefully collated with the various copies known to the Editor, both printed and MS.; and in all cases where "different readings" existed that which appeared to be the best has been followed.

Maxwell's edition of Miss Blamire's Poetical Works, which had the disadvantage of not appearing till half a century after her death, contains a considerable mass of information, and has been of great service to us. The biographical part of our notice of that lady is a mere turning over of old materials; for, meagre as is the life by Maxwell, he left behind him no incidents or anecdotes for others to record. The copy of Anderson's ballads published in 1808, when the author's intellect was free and unclouded, has been principally followed as containing the purest and best text of any edition extant. The articles in this work on Miss Blamire and Anderson were originally contributed to the "Border City," a monthly publication which was very creditably conducted by the working men of Carlisle during the years 1863 and 1864. The Editor has to thank an intimate friend for the sketch of Mark Lonsdale's life; and also for the old MS. copy of the *Raffles Merry Net*. The article on Rayson is printed, by permission, from one which appeared in the "Carlisle Journal" soon after Rayson's death. Of Wordsworth it was designedly intended that the reader should only obtain a passing glance.

The Editor expresses his grateful acknowledgements to Mr. John Woodcock Graves of Hobart Town, Tasmania, for his contributions to this volume, and also for much generous and gentlemanly

conduct connected therewith; to the Author of "Joe and the Geologist" for his original songs in the dialect, and an admirable imitation of the old border ballad; to Thomas Young, Esq., of Londesborough, Yorkshire, for permission to copy the portrait of Miss Blamire; to James Fawcett, Esq. of Scaleby Castle, for the use of the valuable MSS. in his possession; to Mrs. Thomas Lonsdale of Stanwix, and Mrs. Hetherington of Carlisle, for MSS. and volumes containing contributions by Mark Lonsdale; to the two gentlemen who kindly volunteered to revise the proof-sheets as they passed through the press; and to the Editors of the various newspapers who noticed the work as it appeared in a monthly form.

Much of the labour bestowed upon this volume is very inadequately represented by its appearance. Before a single ballad could be recovered—*The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall*—innumerable collections had to be waded through, and enquiries made in all directions, during the last four or five years; whilst more than fifty letters were written before the few particulars of John Stagg's life could be gathered and properly authenticated. However, the work has been to the Editor a labour of love; and whatever may be its defects or shortcomings, neither time nor expense has been spared to render it worthy of one object—AN HONOURABLE TESTIMONIAL TO THE GENIUS OF CUMBERLAND.

December, 1865.

NOTE.—Many of the contributions to this volume are Copyright, including the hunting song of *John Peel*, and the songs and ballads by the author of "Joe and the Geologist."

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Mote, from the original Painting.

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LIFE OF THE REV. JOSIAH RELPH.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE Rev. Josiah Relph was born in 1712, at Sebergham Church-town, a beautiful village ten miles from Carlisle, on the banks of the river Caldew. He was the son of a Cumberland *statesman*, who, on a paternal inheritance which could not exceed, if it even amounted to, thirty pounds a year, brought up a family of three sons and one daughter, one of whom he educated for a learned profession. Josiah was sent first to Appleby school,*—one of the many excellent schools of this country; and then to Glasgow. He afterwards engaged in a grammar school in his native place, and succeeded to the perpetual curacy there; but there is no reason to believe that his income was ever more than fifty pounds.

It appears from his Diary that his stepmother was harsh and unkind to him and to his sister, whom he

[* The teacher at that time was Richard Yates, one of the best schoolmasters of his age, who has justly been called the Northern Busby.]

dearly loved, the father siding with his wife ; an injury which he felt the more poignantly from his having either entirely, or very near, made up to him all the expense he had been at in his education. "In a lonely dell," says Mr. Boucher, "by a murmuring stream, under the canopy of heaven, he had provided himself with a table and a stool, and a little raised seat or altar of sods ; hither, in all his difficulties and distresses, in imitation of his Saviour, he retired and prayed ; rising from his knees, he generally committed to paper the meditation on which he had been employed, or the resolves he had then formed. On business and emergencies which he deemed still more momentous, he withdrew into the church, and there walking in the aisles, in that awful solitude, poured out his soul in prayer and praise to his Maker. His sermons were usually meditated in the church-yard, after the evening had closed. The awe which his footsteps excited at that unusual hour is not yet forgotten by the villagers."

He continued his school when his constitution was visibly giving way to that disorder which at length proved mortal, being accelerated by his ascetic mode of living. A few days before his death, he sent for all his pupils, one by one, into his chamber—a more affecting interview it is not possible to conceive. One of them, acknowledged that he never thought of it without awe ; it reminded him, he said, of the Last Judgment. Ralph

was perfectly composed, collected, and serene. His valedictory admonitions were not very long, but they were earnest and pathetic. He addressed each of them in terms somewhat different, adapted to their different tempers and circumstances; but in one charge he was uniform,—lead a good life that your death may be easy, and you everlastingly happy. He died of a consumption in 1743, before he had completed his thirty-second year. After many years, a monument was erected to his memory by Mr. Boucher, in Sebergham church.

The characters as well as imagery of the Cumberlandian Pastorals, were taken from real life; there was hardly a person in the village who could not point out those who had sate for his Cursty and Peggy. The amorous maiden was well known, and died at a very advanced age.—*Southey's Later English Poets.*

“Ralph’s merit as a poet,” says Boucher, “has long been felt and acknowledged. We do not indeed presume to recommend him to those who affect to be pleased with nothing but the *vivida vis*, the energy and majestic grandeur of poetry. His verses aspire only to the character of being natural, terse, and easy: and that character they certainly merit in an extraordinary degree. But it is on his Pastorals in the Cumberland dialect that we would found his pretensions to poetical fame. That our opinion is perfectly right, it might be presumptuous

in us to suppose ; but we certainly have persuaded ourselves, that a dialect is highly advantageous, if not essential to pastoral poetry : and that the rich, strong, Doric dialect of this county is, of all dialects, the most proper. On this ground, Relph's Pastorals have transcendent merit. With but a little more of sentiment in them, and perhaps tenderness, they would very nearly come up to Allan Ramsey's beautiful pastoral, *The Gentle Shepherd*. In short, these Cumberland eclogues are, in English, what we suppose those of Theocritus to have been in Greek. The ideas, as well as the language, are perfectly rural ; yet neither the one nor the other are either vulgar or coarse. Pope's Pastorals, (and perhaps Gay's too in an inferior degree) are so trim and courtly, that the language of his shepherds and shepherdesses is as polished, and their ideas as refined, as if 'all their lives in courts had been : ' whilst Philips's damsels and swains, notwithstanding the uncouth rusticity of their names, are so affected, as to be quite unnatural.

"The character of Relph's muse was a natural elegant ease and simplicity. He loved indeed to survey the sublimities of Carrock and Skiddaw and Saddleback : but was more generally contented to cull a few simple wild flowers that bloomed spontaneously in neglected dells on the banks of the Caldew."

Relph's poems were not published during his lifetime ; but were left by him to Mrs. Nicholson of

Hawkesdale, with no other remark than that he hoped the perusal of them would pass away a leisure hour or two of hers as agreeably as the writing of them had done several of his. The first edition of his poems was edited by his pupil the Rev. T. Denton, and published at Glasgow in 1747. Two editions were afterwards published in Carlisle: one in 1797, edited by Sanderson; and the other in 1798, illustrated with wood-engravings by the celebrated Thomas Bewick. An interesting sketch of his life by the Rev. J. Boucher will be found in Hutchinson's "History of Cumberland."



R E L P H ' S S O N G S .

BONNY SMURKIN' SALLY.

A BRAND NEW BALLAT.

["Relp was never married," says Sanderson, "though it cannot be said that he was altogether insensible to the charms of beauty. His *Bonny smurkin' Sally*, whose praises he so sweetly celebrates, was, if village chronicles may be credited, a Miss Sally Holmes, a young nymph of a neighbouring valley, who, at a period of life when the heart is most susceptible of tender impressions, had engaged his attentions and affections." The copy here given is slightly altered from the one in the edition of 1747.]



what a deal of beauties rare,
Leeve down in Caldew valley ;
Yet theer's not yen that can compare
Wi' bonny smurkin' Sally.

O fortune's great, my dad oft tells,
But I cry shally-wally :
I mind nae fortune, nor ought else,
My heart's sae set on Sally.

Let others round the teable sit
At fairs, and drink and rally ;
While to a corner snug I git,
And kiss and lark wi' Sally.

Some lads court fearful hard, yet still
Put off and drive and dally;
The priest neest Sunday—if she will—
May publish me and Sally.

O how my heart wad loup for joy,
To lead her up the alley;
And with what courage cou'd I cry—
I tak thee bonny Sally.

Now, sud not we a bargain strike?—
I's seer our temper's tally;
For deuce a thing can e'er I like
But just what likes my Sally.

I's sick, and know not what to do;
And nevermore may rally!—
What signify sec things a flea?—
O, send off-hand for Sally.

IT'S WRANG INDEED NOW, JENNY.

(HORACE.)

It's wrang indeed now, Jenny, quite,
To spoil a lad sae rare;
The games that yence were his delight,
Peer Jacky minds nae mair.

Nae mair he cracks the leave o' th' green,
The cleverest far abuin;
But lakes at wait-not-whats within,
Aw Sunday efter-nuin.

Nae mair i' th' nights thro' woods he leads,
 To treace the wand'ring brock ;
 But sits i' th' nuik and nought else heeds,
 But Jenny and her rock.

Thus Hercules, that ballats say,
 Made parlish monsters stoop ;
 Flang his great mickle club away,
 And tuik a spinnel up.

WHEN DAMON FIRST TO CÆLIA SPOKE.

[Relph, though simple and natural as a child at heart, fell into the prevailing custom of his age by introducing such imaginary names as Strephon and Chloe into some of his songs ; but, with this exception, he had nothing in common with the artificial school of pastoral poetry.]

When Damon first to Cælia spoke,
 And made his passion known ;
 So free her air ! so kind her look !
 He thought the nymph his own.

Poor Damon ! all thy hopes are vain,
 Success no longer boast :
 Such Cælia *is* to every swain,
 But catch—and Cælia's lost.

Thus oft we see at close of eve
 When all is calm and fair,
 An idle wand'ring feather wave,
 And saunter here and there.

Tempting the grasp of every clown
Around the trifle plays :
He catches ! full of hopes—'tis gone,—
And Simon's left to gaze.

ONE SUNDAY MORN IN CHEERFUL MAY.

One Sunday morn in cheerful May,
When all was clad in best array,
Young Cælia tripp'd the garden gay
With robes of various dye :
The choicest flow'rs the virgin chose,
The lily pale, the blushing rose
With all that most delights the nose
Or tempts the wand'ring eye.

In artful rank when each was plac'd,
She fix'd the favourites on her breast,
O happy, happy flow'rs possess'd
Of such a heavenly seat !
But they with envy view the fair,
And (vain attempts !) presumptuous dare
With Cælia's beauties to compare,
And rival charms so great.

The rose displays its purple dyes,
Ten thousand sweets at once surprize ;
Ungrateful sight to Cælia's eyes !
Her cheeks a blush disclose !

Relp of Sebergham.

So much the glowing blush became,
Superior sweets so graced the dame,
The rose sunk down its head for shame,
And durst no more oppose.

The lily next resists the maid
In robes of purest white array'd
Its beauties gracefully display'd
Her finest charms defy'd ;
The blood forsook the fair one's face,
A sudden paleness took its place,
But paleness mix'd with such a grace
As check'd the lily's pride.

The flow'rs thus foil'd in single fight
Their force with utmost speed invite,
With lavished odours all unite
And scent the neighbouring air.
She sighs—such balmy breezes fly,
Such fragrant sweets perfume the sky,
The flowers drop down their heads and die
Oppress'd with deep despair.

COME, PANDORA, COME AWAY.

Come, Pandora, come away,
Who can brook such dull delay ?
Come and glad my longing eye ;
Could I now Pandora spy !

Ralph of Sebergham.

11

Envious hill, O why wilt thou
Intercept a lover's view !
Haste, Pandora, haste away,
Every minute seems a day.

Once lov'd plains no longer please,
There's no pleasure, but where she is,
I'd with her to town resort,
I'd with her endure a court ;
Wilds are gardens with my dear,
All's a wild if she's not there.
Haste, Pandora, haste away
Every minute seems a day.

See she comes—ye swains prepare
To entertain the lovely fair ;
Let blythe jokes and rustic rhyme,
Songs and dances cheat the time,
All your gambols, all be play'd
To divert the charming maid ;
May her hours unheeded flow,
And the clock ne'er seem too slow.

See she comes—ye maidens haste,
Sweep the hearth, nay do it fast ;
Mind that nought offend the sight,
Be the table wondrous bright ;
Rub the cupboard, rub it clean
Till your shadow's to be seen ;
Let clean pinnars grace each head,
Each her lily apron spread.

Ralph of Sebergham.

Now she's near—I burn, I glow,
 Short my breath, my voice grows low !
 Thus the lark with cheerful lay
 Hails th' approaching god of day,
 But when nearer he displays
 Brighter beams and warmer rays ;
 Then her little bosom heaves,
 And its gentle warbling leaves.

 TELL ME, FAIR ONE.

(HORACE.)

Tell me, my fair one, why so fast
 From a fond lover's arms you run ?
 Why, with that tim'rous cruel haste
 His tenderest endearments shun ?
 So flies the fawn, perplex'd with fear,
 When from its anxious parent stray'd ;
 It starts at every breath of air,
 And trembles with the trembling shade.
 So flies the fawn ; my fair one so ;
 But think what different causes move ;
 It wisely dreads a mortal foe ;
 You fondly are afraid of love.
 Cease then, dear trifler, cease to toy ;
 Those silly childish airs resign ;
 Now fit to taste substantial joy,
 Quit mamma's cold embrace for mine.

SEE, HOW THE WINE BLUSHES.

(HORACE.)

Sit down—'tis a scandal for Christians to fight ;
See, how the wine blushes ashamed at the sight !
Come, lay by your logic, let each take his glass ;
In vino (the proverb affirms) veritas.

Is mine the first bumper ?—then Damon your toast,
Say, what pretty charmer your soul has engross'd ?
What a-deuce do you scruple ? unless you'll comply,
I'll not touch a drop on't, no marry, not I.

Make haste then—good gods ! is it she ? O the queen !
A pert little tyrant as ever was seen !
What magic can loose thee ! alas, thou must hope,
No freedom from chains—till releas'd by a rope !

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO TOOK IT ILL
TO HAVE ME CALLED HER LOVER.

Lord ! Miss, how folks can frame a lie !
Love you, say they ?—by Jove not I.
Both Jove and you may witness bring
I never dreamt of such a thing.

Henceforth bid jealousy be gone ;
Thy dear, dear self is thine alone ;
From fear of rivals thou art free :
—O ! were I half so blest as thee.

ALL FEMALE CHARMS, I OWN MY FAIR.

All female charms, I own my fair,
In your accomplished form combine ;
Yet, why this proud assuming air ?
The praise is Nature's, none of thine.
Wouldst thou, with just pretensions, claim
Of our applause an equal share ;
Be thy desert, my dear, the same ;
And prove as kind as thou art fair.

WHAT CHARMS HAS FAIR CHLOE.

What charms has fair Chloe !
Her bosom's like snow !
Each feature
Is sweeter
Proud Venus than thine !
Her mind like her face is
Adorned with all graces,
Not Pallas possesses
A wit so divine.
What crowds are a-bleeding
While Chloe's ne'er heeding :
All lying
A dying
Thro' cruel disdain :
Ye gods deign to warm her
Or quickly disarm her ;
While Chloe's a charmer
Your temples are vain.

OLD AGE THOSE BEAUTIES WILL IMPAIR.

(HORACE.)

O think my too, too cruel fair,
Old age those beauties will impair ;
A few, short-pleasing triumphs past,
Themselves shall fall a prey at last.

That cheek, where fairest red and white,
The lily and the rose unite ;
That cheek its every charm shall lose
Like a brown leaf at autumn's close.

Then shall the glass thy change betray,
Then shalt thou fetch a sigh and say,
Why came not these kind thoughts before,
Or why return my charms no more.

FALSE OR TRUE.

Pensive Strephon, cease repining,
Give thy injured stars their due ;
There's no room for all this whining,
Be Dorinda false or true.

If she feeds a faithful passion,
Canst thou call thy fortune cross ?
And if sway'd by whim and fashion,
Let her leave thee—where's the loss ?

RELPH'S POEMS.

HARVEST; OR THE BASHFUL SHEPHERD.

A PASTORAL.

WHEN welcome rain the weary reapers drove
Beneath the shelter of a neighbouring grove;
Robin, a love-sick swain, lagg'd far behind,
Nor seem'd the weight of falling showers to mind;
A distant solitary shade he sought,
And thus disclos'd the troubles of his thought.

Ay, ay, thur drops may cool my out-side heat;
Thur caller blasts may wear the boiling sweat;
But my hot bluid, my heart aw in a broil,
Nor caller blasts can wear, nor drops can cool.

Here, here it was (a wae light on the pleace)
That first I gat a gliff o' Betty's feace:
Blythe on this trod the smurker tripp'd, and theer
At the deale-head unluckily we shear:
Heedless I glym'd, nor could my een command,
Till gash the sickle went into my hand:
Down hell'd the bluid; the shearers aw brast out
In sweels of laughter; Betty luik'd about;

Reed grew my fingers, reeder far my feace :
What cou'd I do in sec a despart kease ?

Away I sleeng'd, to granny meade my mean ;
My granny, (God be with her, now she's geane,)
Skilfu' the gushing bluid wi' cockwebs staid ;
Then on the sair an healing plaister laid ;
The healing plaister eas'd the painful sair,
The scar indeed remains, but naething mair.

Not sae that other wound, that inward smart,
My granny cou'd not cure a bleeding heart ;
I've bworn the bitter torment three lang year,
And aw my life-time mun be fworc'd to bear,
'Less Betty will a kind physician pruve ;
For nin but she has skill to med'cine luive.
But how should honest Betty give relief ?
Betty's a perfect stranger to my grief :
Oft I've resolved my ailment to explain ;
Oft I've resolved, indeed—but all in vain.

Can I forget that night !—I never can !
When on the clean sweep'd hearth the spinnels ran.
The lasses drew their line wi' busy speed ;
The lads as busy minded every thread ;
When, sad ! the line sae slender Betty drew,
Snap went the thread and down the spinnel flew.
To me it meade—the lads began to glope—
What cou'd I do ? I mud, mud tak' it up ;
I tuik it up, and (what gangs pleaguy hard)
E'en reached it back without the sweet reward.

O lasting stain ! e'en yet the eye may treace
A guilty conscience in my blushing feace.

I fain wou'd wesh it out, but never can;
Still fair it bides like bluid of sackless man.

Nought sae was Wully bashfu'—Wully spy'd
A pair of scissors at the lass's side;
Thar lowsed, he sleely dropped the spinnel down—
And what said Betty?—Betty struive to frown;
Up flew her hand to souse the cow'ring lad,
But ah, I thought it fell not down owre sad;
What follow'd I think mickle to repeat,
My teeth aw watter'd then, and watter yet.

E'en weel is he that ever he was bwoon!
He's free frae aw this bitterment and scwoon:
What, mun I still be fash'd wi' stragglin' sheep,
Wi' far-fetch'd sighs, and things I said a-sleep;
Still shamefully left snafflen by mysell
And still, still dogg'd wi' the damn'd neame o' mell!

Where's now the pith (this luive! the deucega wi't!)
The pith I show'd whene'er we struive, to beat;
When a lang lwonin' through the cwoon I meade,
And bustlin' far behind, the lave survey'd.

Dear heart! that pith is geane and comes nae mair
Till Betty's kindness shall the loss repair;
And she's not like (how sud she!) to be kind,
Till I have freely spoken out my mind,
Till I have learn'd to feace the maiden clean,
Oil'd my slow tongue, and edg'd my sheepish een.

A buik theer is—a buik—the neame—shem fa't
Some thing o' compliments I think they ca't:
That meakes a clownish lad a clever spark,
O hed I this! this buik wad do my wark;

And I's resolved to hav't whatever't cost :
My flute—for what's my flute if Betty's lost ?
And if sae bonny a lass but be my bride,
I need not any comfort lait beside.

Farewell my flute then yet or Carlile fair ;
When to the stationer's I'll straight repair,
And boldly for thur compliments enquear ;
Care I farding ?—let the 'prentice jeer.

That duin, a handsome letter I'll indite,
Handsome as ever country lad did write ;
A letter that shall tell her aw I feel,
And aw my wants without a blush reveal.

But now the clouds brek off and sineways run ;
Out frae his shelter lively luiks the sun,
Brave hearty blasts the droopin' barley dry,
The lads are gaun to shear—and sae maun I.]

HAY-TIME ; OR THE CONSTANT LOVERS.

A PASTORAL.

CURSTY AND PEGGY.

Warm shone the sun, the wind as warmly blew,
No longer cooled by draughts of morning-dew ;
When in the field a faithful pair appeared,
A faithful pair full happily endeared :
Hasty in rows they raked the meadow's pride,
Then sank amidst the softness side by side,
To wait the withering force of wind and sun
And thus their artless tale of love begun.

CURSTY.

A finer hay-day seer was never seen ;
The greenish sops already luik less green ;
As weel the greenish sop will suin be dry'd
As Sawney's 'bacco spred by th' ingle side.

PEGGY.

And see how finely strip'd the fields appear,
Strip'd like the gown that I on Sundays wear ;
White shows the rye, the big of blaker hue,
The blooming pezz green mix'd wi' reed and blue.

CURSTY.

Let other lads to spworts and pastimes run,
And spoil their Sunday clease and clash their shoon ;
If Peggy in the field my partner be,
To work at hay is better spwort to me.

PEGGY.

Let other lasses ride to Rosley-fair,
And mazle up and down the market there ;
I envy not their happy treats and them,
Happier mysell, if Roger bides at heame.

CURSTY.

It's hard aw day the heavy scythe to swing ;
But if my lass a halesome breakfast bring,
Even mowing-time is better far I swear,
Than Curs'mas and aw it's dainty cheer.

PEGGY.

Far is the Gursin off, topful the kits,
But if my Cursty bears the milk by fits,
For galloping to wakes I ne'er gang wud,*
For every night's a wake, or full as good.

CURSTY.

Can thou remember?—I remember't weel,—
Sin lal wee things we claver'd owre yon steel ;
Lang willy-wands for hoops I us'd to bay,
To meake my canny lass a lady gay.

PEGGY.

Then dadg'd we to the bog owre meadows dree,
To plet a sword and seevy cap for thee ;
Set off with seevy cap and seevy sword
My Cursty luik'd as great as onie sword.

CURSTY.

Beneath a dyke full monie a langsome day,
We sat and beeldded houses fine o' clay ;
For dishes acorn cups stuid dessed in rows,
And broken pots for dubblers mens'd the wa's.

PEGGY.

O may we better houses get than thar,
Far larger dishes, dubblers brighter far ;
And ever-mair delighted may we be,
I to meake Cursty fine, and Cursty me.

* *Wud*—Mad (used by Spenser and other old writers).

CURSTY.

Right oft at schuil I've spelder'd owre thy row
Full monie a time I've foughten in thy cause ;
And when in winter miry ways let in,
I bore thee on my back thro' thick and thin.

PEGGY.

As suin as e'er I learn'd to kest a loup,
Warm mittens wapp'd thy fingers warmly up ;
And when at heels I spied thy stockings out,
I darned them suin, or suin set on a clout.

CURST .

O how I lik'd to see thee on the fleer ;
At spworts, if I was trier to be seer,
I reach'd the fancy readily to thee
For nin danc'd hawf sae weel in Cursty's e'e.

PEGGY.

O how I swet, when for the costly prize,
Thou gripp'd some lusty lad of greater size ,
But when I saw him sprawling on the plain,
My heart aw flacker'd for't, I was sae fain.

CURSTY.

See ! owre the field the whurlin' sunshine whiews,
The shadow fast the sunshine fair pursues ;
From Cursty thus oft Peggy seemed to hast,
As fair she fled, he after her as fast.

PEGGY.

Ay, laddie, seemed indeed ! for truth to tell,
Oft wittingly I stummer'd, oft I fell,
Pretending some unlucky wramp or strean
For Cursty's kind guid-natur'd heart to mean.

CURSTY.

Sweet is this kiss as smell of dwallowed hay,
Or the fresh primrose on the first of May ;
Sweet to the teaste as pears or apples moam,
Nay, sweeter than the sweetest honey-comb.

PEGGY.

But let us rise—the sun's owre Carrock' fell,
And luik—whae's yon that's walking to the well ;
Up, Cursty, up ; for God's sake let me gang,
For fear the maister put us in a sang.

ST. AGNES FAST ; OR THE AMOROUS
MAIDEN.

A PASTORAL.

How lang I've fasted and 'tis hardly four ;
This day I doubt will ne'er be gotten owre :
And theer's as lang a night, alas ! beside ;
I lall thought Fasts sec fearful things to bide. *

Fie, Roger, fie—a sairy lass to wrang,
And let her all this trouble undergang ;
What gars thee stay ?—indeed it's badly duin :
Come, come thy ways—thou mud as weel come suin ;

For come thou mun, aw mothers wise agree
And mothers wise can never seer aw lee.

As I was powen pezz to scawd ae night ;
On ane wi' neen it was my luck to light :
This fain I underneath my bouster laid,
And gat as fast as e'er I cou'd to bed :
I dreamt—the pleasant dream I'll ne'er forgit ;
And, ah ! this cruel Roger comes not yet.

A pippin frae an apple fair I cut,
And clwose atween my thoom and finger put :
Then cry'd, where wons my luive, come tell me true ;
And even forret straight away it flew ;
It flew as Roger's house it wad hev hit,
And, ah ! this cruel Roger comes not yet.

I laited last aw Hallow-even lang
For growin' nuts the busses neak'd amang :
Wi' twea at last I met : to aither nut
I gave a neame, and baith i' th' ingle put ;
Right bonnily he burnt nor flinch'd a bit :
And, ah ! this cruel Roger comes not yet.

Turnips, ae Saturday, I pair'd and yell
A pairing seav'd, my sweetheart's neame to tell :
Slap fell it on the fleer ; aw ran to view,
And ca't it like a C, but ca't not true ;
For nought, I's seer, but R the scrawl wad fit :
And, ah ! this cruel Roger comes not yet.

A Fortune-teller leately com about,
And my twea guid King-Gworges I powt out.
Baith, baith, (and was not that a pity ?) went,
And yet I cannot ca' them badly spent.

She sign'd a bonny lad and a large kit ;
And, ah ! this cruel Roger comes not yet.

When t'other night the bride was put to bed,
And we wad try whea's turn was neest to wed :
Oft owre the shou'der flung the stockin' fell,
But not yen hit the mark except mysell.
I on her feace directly meade it bit ;
And, ah ! this cruel Roger comes not yet.

But what need I fash me any mair,
He'll be obleeg'd, avoid it ne'er sae sair,
To come at last ; it's own'd, it seems to be,
And weel I know what's own'd yen cannot flee.
Or sud he never come and thur fulfil ;
Sud cruel Roger pruiwe sae cruel still,
I mun not like a fuil gang fast aw day,
And kest mysell just wittenly away.

She said, and softly slipping 'cross the floor
With easy fingers op'd the silent door ;
Thrice to her head she rais'd the luncheon brown,
Thrice lick'd her lips, and three times laid it down ;
Purpos'd at length the very worst to prove :
'Twas easier sure to die of ought than love.

THE SNAW HAS LEFT THE FELS.

(HORACE.)

The snaw has left the fells and fled
Their tops i' green the trees hev cled,
The grund wi' sundry flowers is sown ;
And to their stint the becks are fa'n :

Nor fear the nymphs and graces mair
 To dance it in the meadows bare.
 The year, that slips sae fast away,
 Whispers we mun not think to stay :
 The spring suin thaws the winter frost,
 To meet the spring does simmer post ;
 Frae simmer autumn cleeks the hauld,
 And back at yence is winter cauld.
 Yit moons off-hand meake up their loss :
 But suin as we the watter cross,
 To Tullus great, Æneas guid,
 We're dust and shadows without bluid.
 And wha, Torquatus, can be sworn
 That thame abuin will grant to-mworn ?
 Leeve than ; what's war't i' merry cheer
 Frae thankless heirs is gitten clear.
 When death, my friend, yence ligs you fast,
 And Minus just your doom has past,
 Your reace, and wit and worth will mak
 But a peer shift to bring you back
 Diana, (she's a Goddess tee)
 Gets not Hippolytus set free ;
 And, Theseus aw that strength o' thine
 Can never brek Pirithous' chain.

AE DAY AS CUPID.

(THEOCRITUS.)

Ae time as Cupid sweet-tooth'd fairy
 A hive, owre ventersome, wad herry ;

A bee was nettled at the wrang,
And gave his hand a despart stang ;
It stoundit sair, and sair it swell'd,
He puff'd and stamp'd and flang and yell'd ;
Then 'way full drive to mammy scow'r't,
And held her't up to blow't and cur't,
Wondrin' sae feckless-like a varment
Could have sae fearfu' mickle harm in't.

She smurk'd—and pra' tha' says his mudder,
Is not lile Cupid sec anudder ?
Just sec anudder varment's he ;
A feckless-like—but fearfu' bee.

THE FAVOURITE FOUNTAIN.

[Relph often shunned and never sought company. His walks were solitary and generally by moonlight, along the margins of rivers, in woods, dells, and valleys. His evenings in summer were usually spent at a place called Crag-top, a romantic eminence, overshadowed with trees, and commanding a most beautiful view of the vale of the Caldew. At this place he had his "Favourite Fountain," and a table and chair cut out of the natural rock ; and in this sweet retreat he wrote his Pastorals.—SANDERSON.]

Hail ! sweet solace of my care,
As the Sabine fountain fair :
And were mine the Sabine's lays
Thou shou'dst rival it in praise.
Boast old springs a sacred train
Of their Nymphs and Satyrs vain ;
Frequent to thy streams repair
Swains as merry, maids as fair.

Relfh of Sebergham.

Boast old poets in their bowers
To converse with heavenly powers ;
Often here at evening walk,
With the power Supreme I talk.

Softly hurls the stream along ;
O how gentle, yet how strong !
Sweetly murmuring in its flow,
Not too loud nor yet too low :
Touch'd with cold nor heat extreme,
Pierce the frost or beat the beam :
Knowing nor to grow, nor fail,
Rage of storms nor draughts prevail.
Rise the mud, or fall the shower,
Spotless ever, ever pure :
May my life be like my theme,
Such a little cheerful stream ;
Nor in hurry wildly spent,
Nor quite flat and indolent ;
Thus resistless let me lay
Every ear attentive stay,
And each care-distracted breast
Soothe enchantingly to rest.

Let not fortune's smile or frown
Raise me up or cast me down.
Still the same, unalter'd still,
Change she fickle as she will :
May I always be inclin'd
To advantage human-kind,
But most ready to dispense
Benefits on indigence.

Thro' this world, and its vain toys,
Sullyng pleasures, soiling joys,
Let me wander without blame,
Pure returning as I came.

ON A LITTLE CHILD BURSTING
INTO TEARS UPON READING THE BAL-
LAD OF "THE BABES IN THE WOOD."

As the sad tale with accents sweet,
The little ruby lips repeat,
Soft pity feels the tender breast,
For infant innocence distress'd.
The bosom heaves with rising woe,
Short and confus'd the pauses grow,
Brimful the pretty eye appears,
And—bursts at once a flood of tears :
Sweet softness ! still, O still retain
This social heart, this sense humane :
Still kindly for the wretched bleed,
And no returns of pity need.

In plenty flow thy days and ease,
Soft pleasures all conspire to please ;
Long may a sire's affection bless,
And long a mother's tenderness.

And thou, O bard, whose artless tongue,
The sadly pleasing story sung,
With pride a power of moving own,
No tragic muse has ever known.

Complete is thy success at last ;
The throng admir'd in ages past ;
The wise and great have lov'd thy lays,
And Nature's self now deigns to praise.

THE POET'S WISH.

As in a vale thro' silent groves,
A little pleasing riv'let roves ;
Now here now there delights to stray,
And cheats with murm'ring songs the way ;
'Till weary with the wand'ring race,
It sinks into its sire's embrace.
In some lone place thus pass my life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares and strife :
And when my clear, unclouded light,
Gives way to gloomy shades of night ;
Weary with sport, with sleep oppress'd,
I'd gently sink to endless rest.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND AT OXFORD.

When country beaus at some great fair
Strut up the street with clumsy air,
What peals of laughter fill the shops,
Rais'd by more fashionable fops ;
So fares it with my rustic strain,
(Tho' prais'd by critics of the plain)

When I, rough bard ! to Oxford write,
The seat of muses more polite ;
But if, my friend, I pleasure you,
'Tis not a farthing matter how.

Say, shall I draw some rural scene,
A shady grove, a verdant green,
Or show how sweet the thrushes sing,
Or speak the bubbling of a spring ?
Or I shall tell (if you think meet)
How snug I live in this retreat :
How close I conjure every care,
Without a wish—I wish I were—
Ah me ! 'tis all an empty boast,
There's one—I find it to my cost.
There's one rebellious wish in arms
In spite of verse and all its charms.

Thrice happy, who by Isis stream
Enjoys the muses—in a dream ;
In classic grottoes melts away
In visions of poetic day.
Oh, waft me gentle gale of air !
Oh ! quickly, quickly waft me there ;
And place me underneath a shade
Where Addison and Tickell laid !
Nay, tho' I'm penn'd in garret vile,
Tho' duns be rapping all the while ;
Ev'n tho' without (which still is worse)
One splendid shilling in my purse :
All this I willingly could bear,
'Tis nothing all—since thou art there.

ON A WRANGLING COUPLE.

(MARTIAL.)

Alike in temper and in life,
The crossest husband, crossest wife ;
It looks exceeding odd to me,
This well-matched pair can disagree.

WOMAN'S VOWS.

(CATULLUS.)

My Jenny swears by all that's good,
She'll never marry man but me ;—
But female protestations should
Be written on the wind or sea.



MISS BLAMIRE OF THACKWOOD.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—
The Poets—who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays.

WORDSWORTH.

RAUGHTON-HEAD village is seated upon a gentle eminence, overlooking the valley of the Caldew, about seven miles from Carlisle. The scene from the churchyard, when viewed under the full splendour of a July summer evening, is one not easily to be forgotten. Beneath, on the southern side, the blue smoke ascending reveals the neighbouring village of Stockdalewath, and at short distances Thackwood-nook and High-head Castle. To the south-west are caught glimpses of the straggling dwellings of Sebergham; and on the northern side rise the venerable towers of Rose Castle. This pleasant interchange of hill and dale is bounded by the majestic Skiddaw and his companions, now seen in the azure of softened distance. Immediately in front, the look out is over a richly cultivated country, variegated with enclosures and scattered woodlands, forming at one glance a bright contrast to the dense mass of forest trees which darken the banks on both sides of the Caldew.

34 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

There is a picturesqueness, too, about the manner in which these quaint old-fashioned homesteads are scattered ; and profound peace appears to rest in that sloping valley beneath, save now and then when the stillness is broken by the lowing kine or tinkling sheep-bell near yonder narrow streamlet, at this moment suddenly revealed in the sunshine. The prospect is at once full of animation and quiet sylvan beauties ; and the whole landscape, to use a painter's phrase, is touched in with the broad free pencil which nature always uses wisely when left to work out her own designs.

Following the footpath by the side of the Caldew from Rose Castle to Carlisle, the variety of landscape scenery which presents itself—ever changing, ever new—is almost endless. Beauties unfold themselves on all sides. You pass quiet shaded pools overhung with masses of silver-leaved willows—the favorite haunts of speckled trouts—where the white-breasted ouzel, and the kingfisher with its long bill and bright plumage, sometimes sit perched upon mossy stones, unconscious of the presence of the patient angler. Presently you reach a bleak bit of moorland scenery—such as John Linnel can so truthfully depict—with a rich corn-field lying in the adjoining valley, now golden in the sunlight, now sombre in the shadow of a passing cloud, as it ripens day by day for the reaper's sickle ; while high overhead the lark at heaven's gate sings. These passed, the green footpath winds its way

under the overarching umbrage of a woodland glade, through which the sunbeams can only penetrate in fitful gleams ; where, if a student of landscape art, you may pitch your tent, as Sam Bough has often done, under the shadow of some giant oak—the ancient monarch of the forest. There you may amuse yourself with the antics of the playful squirrel as it leaps merrily from branch to branch of neighbouring trees. The plaintive notes of stock-doves fell softly upon the ear as you approached ; but now the coo-cooing is heard no more ; that crackling noise immediately overhead is occasioned by a couple of startled birds beating their way through the close branches of those dark tree tops. Ever and anon, too, we skirt the wide-spreading boundaries of low-lying meadow-lands, in which groups of many colored cattle are quietly grazing, sometimes with a sturdy-fronted bull, the lord of the herd, as leader—sometimes seen almost motionless standing knee deep in water ; with here and there a clean white-washed farm-stead and snug cottage—pleasant English homes of contentment and peace—peeping out from beneath their shaded coverts of tall sycamores or graceful ashes.

We have thus endeavoured to sketch a few of the leading features of this beautiful stream-scenery—and for why ?—simply because it has long been associated in our mind as *Susanna Blamire's country*—and because this same woman possessed the most original and most reflective mind that Cumberland

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has produced—always excepting the revered name of William Wordsworth. Her childhood's days were passed not far from where the Caldew is but a narrow streamlet, almost lost among the mountains, and her years were numbered near where the same stream falls into the broader waters of the Eden at Carlisle.

Our knowledge of Susanna Blamire is slight and imperfect. She was born in January 1747, at Cardew-hall, near the Oaks, Dalston. Her father was a fine specimen of an English yeoman of the period—generous and hospitable to a remarkable degree. She lost her mother in childhood; and some time after was removed from the family residence at the Oaks, and placed under the charge of her aunt Mrs. Simpson of Thackwood. This Mrs. Simpson was in many respects a remarkable woman—a woman of a “stirring life, whose heart was in her household.” She possessed great force of character, blended with amiable manners and warm-hearted benevolence—qualities rarely found combined in one individual—and consequently exercised considerable influence in moulding the girlish mind of Susanna. From Thackwood the girl went daily to the village school at Raughton-head, accompanied by her brothers and sister. She has left us a pleasant sketch of their school-day life in her longest poem, entitled *Stocklewath*.

Susanna Blamire grew to be “a bonnie and varra lish young lass,” as a countryman once quaintly

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remarked. About her twentieth year she is described as being somewhat above the middle height—possessing a graceful form and an open cheerful countenance. Such was the even tenor of her kindly nature that joy and happiness were diffused around her wherever she went. Did suffering or silent tears shroud the poor man's daily life? Then was she often found under the threshold of his humble roof; ever ready with sympathetic word and act to relieve the lorn and sorrowing heart, and happy only in creating happiness around her. Was there a "merrie neet" or social gathering held within moderate distance of Thackwood? There was her tall graceful figure to be seen, joining in the cheerful dance—the merriest of the merry—enjoying to the utmost the happiness of rustic farm-servant and humble village lass, and "marking with keen eye the various shades of character around her." The anecdote recorded of the honest-hearted farmer shows how much she had endeared herself to all classes. "Well, well," exclaimed he to one of her relatives, soon after her death, "I could find neither rest nor comfort till I had some talk with you about her. The merrie-neets won't be worth going to since she is no more!"

In 1764 her eldest sister, Sarah, married Colonel Graham of Gartmore, after which period she spent some portion of her life in Scotland. One of the Grahams of Gartmore was the author of the song entitled, *O tell me how to woo thee*. In her biography

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we also obtain passing glimpses of visits paid to London, Ireland, and Chillingham Castle; and learn, that while staying at the latter place, she wrote at the request of the Earl of Tankerville, her clever Cumberland song commencing, *Wey, Ned, man ! thou luiks sae down-hearted.*

Many of Miss Blamire's songs were composed in woodland glades—her favorite resorts for study—while she played an air on the guitar, plaintive or mirthful as the subject might call forth. She has sometimes been known to stop a wandering musician on the highway, dismount from her pony, and request him to strike up a jig or hornpipe, whilst she, like bonnie *Maggy Lauder*,

“Did shake her foot wi' right good will
When he blew up his chanter.”

Her friendship with Miss Gilpin, a descendant of Bernard Gilpin, the Apostle of the North, forms one of the most delightful chapters in her biography. They were kindred spirits. They lived together; visited together; wrote lyrics together; and in their deaths were not long divided. *The Cumberland Scold* and the *Sailor Lad's Return*, were their joint productions. We are thus pleasantly reminded of Beaumont and Fletcher working friendly together at their dramas; of Wordsworth and Coleridge issuing conjointly their lyrical ballads; of Sidney Cooper and Creswick touching in with skilful pencils sunny pictures of cattle grazing on the banks of quiet-gliding rivers.

Miss Blamire of Thackwood. 39

Miss Blamire, after suffering much from infirm health, died at No. 14, Finkle Street, Carlisle, April, 1794, in the forty-seventh year of her age, and was buried in Raughton-head churchyard. It is stated that between eighty and ninety persons, who had not received formal invitations, attended her funeral, a distance of seven miles. This incident speaks much for the manner in which her memory was held by those among whom she had lived and moved.* A plain headstone marks her resting place. She lived contemporary with Robert Burns, being born exactly twelve years before the great peasant poet, and died some two years before he was cut off in the full flush of manhood.

Miss Blamire's poetical works were first collected by Dr. Lonsdale of Carlisle, and Mr. Patrick Maxwell of Edinburgh; and issued in 1842 with notes and a somewhat lumbering and egotistic memoir by Mr. Maxwell. Every Cumbrian, however, who values the literature of his county, must feel himself under great obligations to those gentlemen for what was then so carefully gathered together. Previously Miss Blamire's name had only been known in connexion with her *Traveller's Return*, *What ails this*

* Miss Blamire was aunt to William Blamire, Esq., M.P., of Thackwood, who for twenty-four years was chief Tithe Commissioner for England and Wales. He represented East Cumberland in parliament from 1831, and was in many respects a remarkable man. Blamire did much for his native county and the country at large, and will be long remembered for his manly qualities and courteous disposition. He died in 1862, aged 72 years.

40 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

heart o' mine, and some half-dozen others; and further delay in collecting her writings must have proved fatal to her fame. Certain it is that the authorship of one of the finest songs in our language, *And ye shall walk in silk attire*—hanging as it then did upon a single thread—could never afterwards have been satisfactorily traced.

Her songs may be found in all Scottish collections of any extent or merit; sometimes with her name attached, but oftener without. Many of her productions were distributed in MS. among her friends and relatives; but not a single one, printed during her life-time, was acknowledged by her signature. Her poems, one and all, contain a fine poetic vein; they are true and sweet, but limited in their range as an inland river. Maxwell says: "Her poetry is characterized by ease, a happy gaiety, great earnestness, and often displays considerable imagination, vigour, and exuberance of thought. She was unquestionably the best female writer of the age." Nothing more need be added to this summary. It conveys in a few brief words, a just estimate of her poems. And now, what of her lyrical powers? "Many of her songs," he continues, "would have made the reputation of any writer of lyric poetry *in her day*; that however, *is a species of composition which has been much and successfully cultivated since her time.*" Indeed, Mr. Patrick Maxwell, how so? Are you not caught tripping here? We can't for the life of us believe

that your own convictions were truthfully recorded when this unfortunate paragraph was penned. After almost every line of these songs had rooted themselves in your very being, and were treasured up in your thoughts as pearls of beauty, was this all the commendation you could mete out? Why, verily, only think for one moment of a reputation being gained *in her day*! If ever there has been a golden age of song-writing, this was the one. There *were* giants in those days. The age of Burns—for its lyrical literature—stands out in as bold relief, and rises as much above all others, as the Shaksperian age does in that of dramatic literature.

Song-writing was pre-eminently Miss Blamire's forte. Nor is it too much to say that she takes her place but a few links in the chain below the best lyrical writers our sea-girt isle has produced. The genius of Scotland has been essentially of the lyrical order. The most gifted of her sons have put forth their greatest strength in that class of composition. The Scottish people undoubtedly possess a nobler collection of songs than any other country—songs which body forth the deepest feelings and emotions of all classes and conditions of men; yet we question if they can lay claim to a score of finer songs than some three or four left us by Miss Blamire. It may be urged that her powers of invention were not great or varied; that the rush and energy which characterize the writings of Burns are almost entirely absent; that she had little sarcasm and no tragic

power. Let this be freely admitted. Yet we love to read and enjoy her lyrics without a thought or care about comparison or contrast; and are thus made to feel that she possessed an exquisite play of fancy, a depth of pathos which has seldom been equalled, and a womanly tenderness of feeling, teaching us reverence for the universal sympathies and affections of the human heart. Her writings are pervaded by a spirit of purity, and breathe forth an intense love for what is true, and real, and earnest. The flashes of genius which ever and anon light up her songs, and the truthfulness of coloring thrown into all her pictures, prove that she knew how to reject the base metal, and give forth only the finest gold.

Her mind was indeed imbued with the spirit of the great masters of melody, who have left us heir-looms above all price—"old songs, the precious music of the heart"—and her soul was quickened and enlarged by the communion. Their very tones filled her ears, and became key-notes to her finest productions. Nor must it be said that she became an imitator, or in any sense a copyist, of these bird-like warblings of the olden times. Rather let us say, that she followed with a child-like simplicity, and was led by them through peaceful bowers to the same well-spring of truth and beauty.

When the sacred finger of sorrow has pressed heavily upon our struggling and depressed spirits—when we have passed through the fire of affliction—

we are gainers in the truest and deepest sense of the word, and not losers, as our self-encrusted natures would lead us to suppose. By affliction are we made perfect : by its blessed influence are we raised above that which is of the world, the flesh, and the devil—that which is of the earth, earthy. Sorrow is our greatest teacher. Who can tell “how rich a dowry, how firm a faith it gives the soul ?” Miss Blamire learned much in the school of affliction. Her spirit was bowed down by its chastening rod : she drank deeply of its cup of bitterness. At one time of her life, too, she had felt—with all the intensity of a sensitive nature—the bitter pangs of disappointed love.

She held it true whate'er betel,
She felt it when she sorrowed most ;
'Twas better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

Hence most of her songs are marked by a plaintive feeling of grief, and have been part and parcel of her own existence before they were reproduced and thrown off to relieve the beatings of a lonely heart.

A few of Miss Blamire's finest songs were the only productions which cost her any amount of labour. More generally they were but the work of a few minutes. She would dash off a ballad or short poem whilst the ideas flitted before her mind's eye, and probably never think of it afterwards. Many were written on the backs of old letters or

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other loose papers, and left to scatter about in careless profusion. Had she been more conscious of her own powers and given to these productions the requisite finishing touches, song-literature would have gained much thereby. She was an artist in the best sense of the word: and for her to revise or retouch was to work up all the details into graceful harmony—nor did she rest satisfied until the product of her mind had finally become “a thing of beauty and a joy forever.”

We have spoken this in no mere spirit of apology. Miss Blamire needs no apologist. Her songs have already stood the test of time, which is after all the only real touchstone of vitality. Had they not indeed been stamped with the unmistakable stamp of genius; had they not possessed the ring of true metal, we might long ere this have sung—

But they are dead and gone, lady,
They are dead and gone;
And at their head a grass-green turf,
And at their feet a stone.

How exquisitely true to nature, for instance, is the feeling of sadness which runs through the words of her simple song, *The Traveller's Return*. Pathos of the deepest and tenderest kind is its chief characteristic. The imagery and thoughts are conceived and expressed with the utmost simplicity, and the writing is beautiful throughout. “I have heard it sung,” says Maxwell, “in the South of Scotland when both singer and auditors were weeping.”

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Then again her song, *And ye shall walk in silk attire*, speaks to us of a love stronger than life; and reveals to our inward vision "two souls with but a single thought: two hearts that beat as one" It tells, in language at once chaste, beautiful, and tender, of a maiden—virtuous, though exceeding poor—bravely withstanding the temptations of the tempter; not in the voice of scorn or reproach, but in gentle words spoken in the pride of her purity. Taking this song all in all, we are inclined to pronounce it Miss Blamire's masterpiece. Does any one object and say that it is but a fragment? Well, truly, it is even so—and yet what a GLORIOUS FRAGMENT!

MISS GILPIN OF SCALEBY CASTLE.

IF the question were asked, which family in the North of England has been the most remarkable—which family, taken collectively, stands out in the clearest relief from the dim past—we would at once point to the GILPINS of Scaleby Castle. In that family group, no fewer than *five* figures have distinguished themselves in one attainment or other. And first, as the central figure, we have the bluff old Bernard Gilpin, the Apostle of the North, than whom a manlier, braver man never lived. We read at one time that this homely country parson of the sixteenth century boldly confronted his own bishop, a Right Reverend Father of Durham; and at another time that he refused the bishopric of Carlisle, owing to the vast amount of intrigue and priest craft then carried on in the diocese. We learn that his retired parsonage at Houghton-le-Spring was like a monastery, where hospitality and economy went hand in hand, and that his doors were always open to the poor and needy. We learn how he wandered over vast moorlands and heaths, with his Bible in his hand, to fulfil the mission of his Master; how he boldly rebuked the fierce borderer of Rothbury, among the wilds of Northumberland, for hanging up a glove in the church as a challenge to any man who dared to take it down. "I hear," thundered Gilpin from the pulpit, "that one among you hath hanged up a

Miss Gilpin of Scaleby Castle. 47

glove even in this sacred place. See, I have taken it down ! and who dare meddle with me ?”

In 1724, a century and a half after this brave man had been gathered to his fathers, a descendant of his was born at Scaleby Castle. This was the Rev. William Gilpin, who first appeared as an author in 1753, with a life of his great ancestor, old Bernard. He was one of our first and best writers on the picturesque. His *Forest Scenery*, and other works on kindred subjects, have now become scarce and valuable books.—A brother of the foregoing distinguished himself as an artist, and was patronized by the Duke of Cumberland and other noblemen. This was Sawrey Gilpin, R.A., who etched the cattle subjects which illustrate his brother's writings. His pictures may be found in the Royal galleries and in the collections of many eminent connoisseurs.—Another brother, Sir J. D. A. Gilpin, rose to such eminence in his profession that he was deemed worthy of knighthood. As a medical officer in the army he experienced long and active service in Gibraltar, America, and the West Indies ; and was a great favorite with William the Fourth and General Washington.

And now we come to the subject of this brief sketch, Miss Catherine Gilpin, a worthy sister of the three worthy brothers just named. She was born at Scaleby Castle, near Carlisle, in the year 1738, and was the daughter of the last of the Gilpins of that ancient stronghold. Her father had formerly

48 *Miss Gilpin of Scaleby Castle.*

served as a captain in the army, and had the command of the two companies of invalid soldiers who formed a great portion of the garrison of Carlisle when the city surrendered to Prince Charlie in 1745.

Miss Gilpin and Miss Blamire lived together for some time at No. 14, Finkle Street ; and it is more than probable that we are indebted to the friendship which existed between these two ladies for the few songs which the former has left us. It is a pity, however, that one who has written so well should have written so little. Her most conspicuous characteristic is a natural flow of quiet humour. If she was deficient in pathos, in tenderness of feeling, and in the overflowing fancy possessed by her friend ; she wrote with greater force and energy, and her diction is generally as pure and appropriate. In private life, though somewhat eccentric, she was full of anecdotes, loved a good joke, and was always fond of bringing out in company the favorite songs of Miss Blamire. A gentleman tells us that he has a vivid recollection of Miss Gilpin's figure as she moved about the streets of Carlisle at the end of the last century. Though then more than threescore years old, she was full of life and vigour ; her manner was lively and cheerful, and her step firm and elastic.

She died April 29th, 1811, aged seventy-three, and was buried in Scaleby churchyard, where a plain headstone has been erected to her memory.*

* Miss Gilpin was grand-aunt to James Fawcett, Esq., of Scaleby Castle, who has kindly rendered us much valuable assistance for this work.

MISS BLAMIRE'S SONGS.

THE TOILING DAY HIS TASK HAS DUIN.

AIR—Jockie's Grey Breeks.



HE toiling day his task has duin,
And neet sits on yon mountain's brow,
She's luik't her last luik o' the sun,
An' muffl'd up the vales below.
The weary ploughman seeks his heame,
His blythesome ingle far he sees ;
An' oft peeps out his winsome deame,
While the wee things rin aroun' the bleeze.

At last he comes, and on his knee
The wee tots a'thegether cling,
An' ilk ane strives to catch his ee,
Syna tugs his coat an' bids him sing.
An' when the halesome supper's duin,
An' noisy prattlers laid asleep,
A lad you spy by blink o' muin,
Wha says he seeks a strayand sheep.

The father bids the chiel come in,
Sweet Bessy blushes rosy red ;
She ne'er luiks up, for she mun spin,
An' fine she draws the slender thread.

50 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

But thé sly dad aft blinks his ee,
An' her flush'd cheek the redder grows ;
"Come, Bess, fling by the wheel," says he,
"And gie's the broom o' Cowdenknowes."
An' now the sang an' teale gae round,
An' the pint smiles wi' heartsome ale ;
An' mony a glance, sweet Bessy's found,
Has power to tell a flattering tale.
The stranger rises to be geane,
Treads Bessy's gown, and whispers low,
"O when, sweet lassie, ye're your leane,
This heart o' mine wad joy to know."

BARLEY BROTH.

AIR—Crowdy.

If tempers were put up to seale,
Our Jwohn's wad bear a deuced preyce ;
He vowed 'twas barley i' the broth,—
Upon my word, says I, it's reyce.
"I mek nea faut," our Jwohnnny says,
"The broth is guid and varra neyce ;
I only say—it's barley broth."
Thou says what's wrang, says I, it's reyce.
"Did ever mortal hear the like !
As if I hadn't sense to tell !
Tou may think reyce the better thing,
But barley broth dis just as well."

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"And sae it mud, if it was there ;
The deil a grain is i' the pot ;
But tou mun ayways threep yen down,—
I've drawn the deevil of a lot !"

"And what's the lot that I have drawn ?
Pervarsion is a woman's neame !
Sae fares-t'e-weel ! I'll sarve my king,
And never, never mair, come heame."

Now Jenny frets frae mworn to neet ;
The Sunday cap's nae langer neyce ;
She aye puts barley i' the broth,
And hates the varra neame o' reyce.

Thus treyfls vex, and treyfls please,
And treyfls mek the sum o' leyfe ;
And treyfls mek a bonny lass
A wretched or a happy weyfe !

WEY, NED, MAN !

AIR—Ranting, roaring Willie.

[This song was written at the request of the Earl of Tankerville of Chillingham Castle. The subject of discussion was actually overheard by Miss Blamire.]

Wey, Ned, man ! thou luiks sae down-hearted,
Yèn wad swear aw thy kindred were dead ;
For sixpence, thy Jean and thee's parted,—
What then, man, ne'er bodder thy head.

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There's lasses enow, I'll uphod t'e,
And tou may be suin as weel match'd ;
For there's as guid fish i' the river
As onie that ever were catch'd.

Nay, Joe ! tou kens nought o' the matter,
Sae let's hae nae mair o' thy jeer ;
Auld England's gown's worn till a tatter,
And they'll nit new don her, I fear.
True liberty never can flourish,
Till man in his reets is a king,—
Till we tek a tithe pig frae the bishop,
As he's duin frae us, is the thing.

What, Ned ! and is this aw that ails thee ?
Mess, lad ! tou deserves maist to hang !
What ! tek a bit land frae its owner !—
Is this, then, thy fine *Reets o' Man* ?
Tou ploughs, and tou sows, and tou reaps, man,
Tou comes, and tou gangs, where tou will ;
Nowther king, lword, nor bishop, dar touch thee,
Sae lang as tou dis fwok nae ill !

How can tou say sae, Joe ! tou kens, now,
If hares were as plenty as hops,
I durstn't fell yen for my life, man,
Nor tek't out o' auld Cwoley's chops :
While girt fwok they ride down my hedges,
And spang o'er my fields o' new wheat,
Nought but ill words I get for my damage ;—
Can onie man tell me *that's reet* ?

Why, there I mun own the shoe pinches,
Just there to fin' faut is nae shame ;
Ne'er ak ! there's nae hard laws in England,
Except this bit thing about game :
Man, were we aw equal at mwornin,
We couldn't remain sae till neet ;
Some arms are far stronger than others,
And some heads will tek in mair leet.
Tou couldn't mend laws an' tou wad, man ;
'Tis for other-guess noddles than thine ;
Lord help t'e ! sud beggars yence rule us,
They'd tek off baith thy cwoat an' mine.
What is't then but law that stands by us,
While we stand by our country an' king ?
As to being parfet and parfet,
I tell thee, there is nae sec thing.

AULD ROBIN FORBES.

AIR—The Lads o' Dunse.

[Miss Mitford, after quoting *The Traveller's Return*, says of this song :—"I now add an example of a still bolder effort ; an attempt to make tender sentiment felt under the rude dialect of Cumberland. Perhaps it may be the effect of 'Auld lang syne' on myself, but I think it eminently successful." This song has sometimes been erroneously attributed to Miss Gilpin.]

And auld Robin Forbes has gien tem a dance,
I put on my speckets to see them aw prance ;
I thought o' the days when I was but fifteen,
And skipp'd wi' the best upon Forbes's green.

54 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

Of aw things that is I think thought is meast queer,
It brings that that's by-past and sets it down here;
I see Willy as plain as I dui this bit leace,
When he tuik his cwoatlappet and deeghted his feace.

The lasses aw wonder'd what Willy could see
In yen that was dark and hard featur'd leyke me;
And they wonder'd ay mair when they talk'd o' my wit,
And slily telt Willy that couldn't be it:
But Willy he laugh'd, and he meade me his weyfe,
And whea was mair happy thro' aw his lang leyfe?
It's e'en my great comfort, now Willy is geane,
That he offen said—nea pleace was leyke his awn
heame.

I mind when I carried my wark to yon steyle,
Where Willy was deykin, the time to beguile,
He wad fling me a daisy to put i' my breast,
And I hammer'd my noddle to mek out a jest.
But merry or grave, Willy often wad tell
There was nin o' the lave that was leyke my awn sel;
And he spak what he thought, for I'd hardly a plack
When we married, and nobbet ae gown to my back.

When the clock had struck eight I expected him heame
And wheyles went to meet him as far as Dumleane;
Of aw hours it telt *eight* was dearest to me,
But now when it streykes there's a tear i' my ee.
O Willy! dear Willy! it never can be
That age, time, or death, can divide thee and me!
For the yen spot on earth that's aye dearest to me,
Is the turf that has cover'd my Willy frae me!

THE MEETING.

AIR—Merrily danc'd the Quaker.

If I hae been a week away,
My Jenny rins to meet me ;
Wi' aw the chat o' this bit pleace
My Jenny's fain to treat me :—
“ There's Rob has married Mary Gray,
And Bella's past aw tellin !
And Greace has fun' the little cat,
And Dick can say his spellin.

Peer Dick has broken deddy's dish,
And durstn't come to meet ye ;
But he has sent ye this bit cake,
He thought that he mud treat ye.
Our butter tells to fourteen pun' ;
Our cheese has fill'd the rimmer ;
And uncle Megs has sent us beef
Will sarra us aw at dinner.

And uncle Megs hes heard frae Gworge ;
He's gane to—I've forgittin ;
But it's some hard-word pleace owre seas,
I'll hae the neame on't written ;
I think they caw'd it Jemmycaw,
Or else it is St Christit ;¹
And if it isn't yen o' they,
I' faikins, I hae miss'd it !

¹ Jamaica.—² St Christopher's ; called by the sailors St Kit's

56 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

And peer auld Wully's telt his teale ;
He'll niver tell anudder !
And they've been up wi' uncle Megs,
To wreyte it till his brudder :
For he was varra nwotishin'
Of ought that Wully wanted ;
And mony time wad wreyte and tell
They wadn't see him scanted.

They brought him varra canny up,—
He had the best o' linen,
And kept it just to mense his death,—
'Twas peer auld Marget's spinnin.
The house, and aw the bits o' things,
Will just be for the brudder ;
I only wish he'd meade t'em owre
To Mary and her mudder ! ”

WE'VE HED SEC A DURDUM.

AIR—Come under my plaidie.

We've hed sec a durdum at Gobbleston parish,
For twenty lang years there's nit been sec a fair ;
We'd slack reape, and tight reape, and dogs that
wer dancin,
Wi' leytle roun' hats on to gar the fwok stare :
A leytle black messet danc'd sae leyke auld Jenny,
I thought it wad niver rin out o' my head ;
It was last thing at neet, and the first i' the mworning,
And I rwoar'd like a fuil as I laid i' my bed.

Miss Blamire of Thackwood. 57

And we hed stage playing, and actors frae Lunnon,
That hed sec a canny and bonny leyke say ;
I forgat the black messet, and gowl'd leyke a ninny,
Tho' I said to mysel, " Wey, it's nobbet a play!"
But aw that was naething, for mony were blinded,
And Jemmy, that brags aw the town for a feight,
He twisted and twirl'd—it was just for an off-put,
But aw wadn't dui, for he gowl'd half the neet.

And Betty Mac Nippen, and five of her dowters,
As feyne as May garlans, were clwose at my back ;
I was flayte they wad hinder fwok hear aw the
speeching,
But they gowl'd sec a guid'n, 'that nin o' them spak :
And Betty hes heard frae her sister in Lunnon,
And she's sent the bairns sec a mwort o' feyne
things,
That if Betty Mac Nippen wad mek tem stage
players.
She could fit tem out, ay leyke queens or leyke
kings.

Then down-the-brow Wully tuik up his cwoat lappet,
And held't till his een, for he's given to jeer ;
But I had it frae yen that was even fornenst him,
'Twas weel for his-sel his cwoat lappet was near.
Oh—*Venus preserv'd* was the neame o' the actin,
And *Jaffer* was him hed the beautiful weyfe ;
Tho' I gowl'd aw the teyme, it's a wonder to tell on't,
I niver was half sae weel pleas'd i' my leyfe !

58 *Miss Blamire and Miss Gilpin.*

THE CUMBERLAND SCOLD.

BY MISS BLAMIRE AND MISS GILPIN.

[AIR: Jack o' Latten.—This picture was sketched from real life. The two ladies were witnesses of the "fratch" described. Miss Gilpin contributed the greater part of the song.]

Our Dick's sae cross—but what o' that !
I'll tell ye aw the matter ;
Pou up your heads ; ay, deil may care,
Say, women-fwok mun chatter.
And sae they may ; they've much to say,
But little are they meynded ;
OBEY ! is sec a fearfu' word,
An' that the married find it.
Our Dick came in, and said it rain'd,
Says I it meks nae matter ;
"Ay, but it dis, tou silly fuil !—
But women-fwok mun chatter :
They're here an' there, an' ev'ry where,
And meakin sec a rumble,
Wi' te-te-te, an' te-te-te,
An' grumble, grumble, grumble !"
"Says I to Dick, to Dick, says I,
There's nought i' life can match thee !
Thy temper's ayways bursting out,
And nought I say can patch thee.
I's ass, and fuil, and silly snuil,
I's naething but a noodle ;
I's ayways wrang, and never reet,
And doodle, doodle, doodle."

"Deil bin!" says Dick, "if what I say
Is nit as true as Beyble!
And gin I put t'e into print,
The fwok wad caw't a reyble:
For deil a clout can tou set on,
In onie form or fashion,
Or dui or say a single thing
To keep yen out o' passion."

"Tou is a bonny guest, indeed!
Tou is a toppin fellow!
I think thy breast is meade o' brass,
Tou dis sae rwoar and bellow:
I nobbet wish that I were deaf,
There's ayways sec a dingin;
I never ken what I's about,
There's sec a ring, ring, ringing."

"Whea ever kens what tou's about?
Tou's ayways in a ponder;
Ay geavin wi' thy open mouth,
And wonder, wonder, wonder!
But of aw the wonders i' this warl,
I wonder we e'er married;
It wad hae been a bonny thing
Had that breet thought miscarried."

"But, hark ye, Dick! I'll tell ye what,—
'Twas I that meade the blunder;
That I tuik up wi' leyke o' thee,
Was far the greatest wonder!

60 *Miss Blamire and Miss Gilpin.*

For tou was nowther guid nor rich,
And temper'd leyke auld Scratchum !
The deil a day gangs owre my head,
But fratchum, fratchum, fratchum !”

THE SAILOR LAD'S RETURN.

BY MISS BLAMIRE AND MISS GILPIN.

[AIR: O'er Bogie.—Maxwell says of this fine song that “it is generally thought to be Miss Blamire's in Carlisle; but in *Dialogues, Poems, Songs, &c.*, London, 1839, it is said to be the production of Miss Gilpin.” Is it not more likely to be a joint production than otherwise? Both of the ladies left MS. copies of it.]

And is it thee, my Harry, lad ?
And seafe return'd frae war ;
Thou'rt dearer to thy mother's heart
Sin' thou hast been so far.
But tell me aw that's happen'd thee—
The neet is wearing fast—
There's nought I like sae weel to hear
As dangers that are past.
O mother ! I's reet fain to see
Your guid-like feace the seame ;
To monie a pleace you follow'd me
When I was far frae heame ;
And as I walk'd the deck at neet,
And watch'd the rippling tide,
My thoughts flew back to this lov'd spot,
And set me by your side.

Miss Blamire and Miss Gilpin. 61

O Harry ! monie a sleepless neet
I pass'd, and aw for thee,
I peyn'd, and turn'd just skin and beane,
Fwok aw thought I wad dee ;
Then when the wicked war brok' out,
The news I durs'n't read,
For fear thy neame, my only lad,
Sud be amang the dead.

Ay mother ! fretfu' seets I've seen,
When bullets round me flew ;
But in the feight or threatnin' storm
Still, still, I thought o' you.
Our neighbours aw, baith auld and young,
Please God, to-mworn I'll seë ;
O tell me is the oak uncut
That us'd to shelter me ?

Aye, that it is, my bonny bairn,
And I's reet fain to tell,
Tho' oft the axe was busy there,
Thy tree they ne'er durst fell ;
Oft as I wander'd near its shade
My eye wad drop a tear,
And monie a time to heav'n I pray'd,
"O that my lad were here !"

Now, mother, age has chang'd your hair,
We never mair will part,
To leave you, tho' for India's wealth,
Wad break my varra heart.

62 *Miss Gilpin of Scaleby Castle.*

You say my sweetheart, Sally's weel—
To leave you baith was wrang—
O mother, give but your consent,
We'll marry 'or its lang.

God speed ye weel ! a cannier pair
Ne'er kneel'd afwore a priest ;
For me, I've suffer'd lang and sair,
The grave 'll get me neist.
Suin, Harry, bring her frae the town,
And happy let us be ;
This house, the field, the cow, the sow,
Now aw belang to thee.

TRAFALGAR SEA-FIGHT. 1805.

BY MISS GILPIN.

[AIR: "Mrs. Casey."—We have only been able to meet with one printed copy of this spirited song, which will be found in Anderson's *Cumberland Ballads*, Wigton, 1808. It is there said to be "By a Lady;" but there can be no doubt that it was written by Miss Gilpin.]

O lass ! I's fit to brust wi' news !
There's letters frae the fleet ;
We've bang'd the French, aye, out and out,
And duin the thing complete :
There was sec show'rs o' shell grenades,
Bunch'd out wi' shot, like grapes ;
And bullets, big as beath our heads,
Chain'd twea and twea wi' reapes.

Miss Gilpin of Scaleby Castle. 63

Our Jwohn was perch'd abuin their heads,
To keep a sharp luik out;
And tell them, gin he kent his-sel,
What they were aw about:
They skimm'd the skin of Jwohnnny's cheek,
He niver heeded that,
But rwoar'd, tho' he was main-mast height,
We'll pay them weel for that!

It was a seet! our Jwohnnny says,
A seet nit often seen;
And aw their colours fifty flaff—
Some reed, some blue, some green:
The French rang'd up in aw their preyde,
Afwore our thunder brast;
But lang afwore it ceas'd to rwoar,
It hardly left a mast.

But we ha'e paid a fearfu' preyce;
For NELSON is no more!
That soul o' fire has breath'd his last,
Far frae his native shore!
"O waes in me!" our Jwohnnny says,
"That I sud ha'e to tell;
"For nit a man aboard the fleet,
"But wish'd 't had been his-sel."

Our British tars hev kindly hearts,
Tho' you wad hardly ken;
They'll shout, when ships are gangin down,
But try to seave the men:

64 *Miss Gilpin of Scaleby Castle.*

They'll risk the life that's hardly won,
To bring them to the shore ;
And sorrow dashes owre their een,
When they can do no more.

THE VILLAGE CLUB.

BY MISS GILPIN.

I lives in a neat little cottage ;
• I rents me a neyce little farm ;
On Sundays I dresses me handsome ;
On Mondays I dresses me warm.

I goes to the sign of the Anchor ;
I sits myself quietly down,
To wait till the lads are all ready,
For we hev a club i' the town.

O lozes o' me ! we are merry,
I nobbet but wish ye could hear ;
Dick Spriggins he acts sae leyke players,
Ye niver heard naething sae queer.

And first he comes in for King Richard,
And stamps wid his fit on the ground ;
He wad part wid his kingdom for horses ;
O lozes o' me ! what a sound.

And then he comes in for young Roma,
And spreads out his leetle black fist ;
I's just fit to drop whilst he's talking ;
Ye niver seed yen sae distrest.

Miss Gilpin of Scaleby Castle. 65

O lozes o' me ! it is moving,—

I hates for to hear a man cry ;

And then he luiks up at a window,

To see if lal Juliet be by.

And then he lets wi't that she's talking,

And speaks that ye hardly can hear ;

But I think she ca's out on Squire Roma,

And owther says Hinney or Dear.

Then up wi' Dick Spriggins for ever !

May he leeve a' the days of his life ;


May his bairns be as honest as he's been,

And may he aye maister his wife.

MISS BLAMIRE'S MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

[AIR: "Traveller's Return."—This beautiful, simple ballad—sometimes called *The Nabob*—may be found in almost every Scottish song book published during the last fifty years. It is supposed to have been written about 1788. Many copies of it exist, but the one here given is decidedly the best. It will be found set to music in R. A. Smith's "Scottish Minstrel," vol. vi.]

HEN silent time, wi' lightly foot,
Had trod on thirty years,
I sought again my native land
Wi' mony hopes and fears :
Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
May still continue mine ?
Or gin I e'er again shall taste
The joys I left langsyne ?
As I drew near my ancient pile,
My heart beat a' the way ;
Ilk place I pass'd seem'd yet to speak
O' some dear former day ;
Those days that follow'd me afar,
Those happy days o' mine,
Whilk made me think the present joys
A' naething to langsyne!

Miss Blamire of Thackwood. 67

The ivy'd tower now met my eye,
Where minstrels used to blaw ;
Nae friend stepp'd forth wi' open hand,
Nae weel-kenn'd face I saw ;
Till Donald totter'd to the door,
Wham I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad return
He bore about langsyne.

I ran to ilka dear friend's room,
As if to find them there,
I knew where ilk ane used to sit,
And hang o'er mony a chair ;
Till soft remembrance threw a veil
Across these een o' mine,
I clos'd the door, and sobb'd aloud,
To think on auld langsyne !

Some pensy chiels, a new sprung race
Wad next their welcome pay,
Wha shudder'd at my Gothic wa's,
And wish'd my groves away :
"Cut, cut," they cried, "those aged elms,
Lay low yon mournfu' pine :"
Na ! na ! our fathers' names grow there,
Memorials o' langsyne.

To wean me frae these waefu' thoughts,
They took me to the town ;
But sair on ilka weel-kenn'd face
I miss'd the youthfu' bloom.

68 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

At balls they pointed to a nymph
Wham a' declar'd divine ;
But sure her mother's blushing cheeks
Were fairer far langsyne !

In vain I sought in music's sound
To find that magic art,
Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays
Has thrill'd through a' my heart :
The sang had mony an artfu' turn ;
My ear confess'd 'twas fine ;
But miss'd the simple melody
I listen'd to langsyne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,
Forge an auld man's spleen,
Wha 'midst your gayest scenes still mourns
'The days he ance has seen :
When time has past, and seasons fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine ;
And aye the sang will maist delight
That minds ye o' langsyne !

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

AIR—Fy, gae rub her o'er wi' strae.

The wars for many a month were o'er
Ere I could reach my native shed,
My friends ne'er hoped to see me more,
But wept for me as for the dead.

As I drew near, the cottage blaz'd,
The evening fire was clear and bright;
And through the window long I gaz'd,
And saw each friend with dear delight.

My father in his corner sat;
My mother drew her useful thread;
My brothers strove to make them chat;
My sisters bak'd the household bread:
And Jean oft whisper'd to a friend,
Who still let fall a silent tear;
But soon my Jessy's griefs shall end,
She little thinks her Harry's near.

My mother heard her catching sighs,
And hid her face behind her rock;
While tears swam round in all their eyes,
And not a single word they spoke.
What could I do! if in I went,
Surprise might chill each tender heart;
Some story, then, I must invent,
And act the poor maim'd soldier's part.

I drew a bandage o'er my face,
And crooked up a lying knee,
And soon I found in that blest place
Not one dear friend knew ought of me.
I ventur'd in; Tray wagg'd his tail,
And fawning to my mother ran;
"Come here," they cry, "what can he ail!"
While my feign'd story I began.

70 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

I changed my voice to that of age,
 "A poor old soldier lodging craves,"—
The name and form their loves engage;—
 "A soldier! aye, the best we have!"
My father then drew in a seat,
 "You're welcome," with a sigh, he said;
My mother fried her best hung meat,
 And curds and cream the table spread.

"I had a son," my father sigh'd,
 "A soldier too, but he is gone :"
"Have you heard from him?" I replied,
 "I left behind me many a one ;
And many a message I have brought
 To familie's I cannot find ;
Long for John Goodman's I have sought
 To tell them Hal's not far behind."

"And does he live!" my father cried,
 My mother did not try to speak ;
My Jessy now I silent ey'd,
 Who sobb'd as if her heart would break.
"He lives indeed ; this 'kerchief see,
 At parting his dear Jessy gave ;
He sent it her, with love, by me,
 To show he yet escapes the grave."

No arrow darting from a bow
 More quickly could the token reach ;
The patch from off my face I threw,
 And gave my voice its well-known speech.

Miss Blamire of Thackwood. 71

My Jessy dear ! I softly said ;
She gaz'd, and answer'd with a sigh ;
My sisters look'd as half afraid,
My mother fainted quite with joy.

My father danc'd around his son,
My brothers shook my hand away,
My mother said her glass might run,
She cared not now how soon the day.
Hout ! woman, cried my father dear,
A wedding first I'm sure we'll have ;
I warrant us live these hundred years,
Nay, may-be, Meg, escape the grave.

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

[AIR : "The Siller Crown."—Stenhouse writes about 1820 : "This fine song was originally published by Napier as a single sheet song, from which it was copied into the Museum ; but neither the author nor the composer are yet known." Maxwell claimed it as Miss Blamire's on the authority of her neice, who perfectly remembered her mother saying that it was written by her aunt Susanna. But previous to this, Miss Blamire's name had been attached to the song, for the first time, in the "National Minstrel," published by D. Weir of Glasgow or Greenock. It forms the 240th song in Johnston's "Scots Musical Library," vol. iii., first published in Edinburgh in 1790 ; and it may also be found in R. A. Smith's "Scottish Minstrel," vol. ii.]

"And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think o' Donald mair."

72 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

O wha wad buy a silken gown
Wi' a poor broken heart !
Or what's to me a siller croun,
Gin frae my love I part !

The mind wha's every wish is pure
Far dearer is to me ;
And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith
I'll lay me doun an' dee !
For I hae pledg'd my virgin troth
Brave Donald's fate to share ;
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,
He gratefu' took the gift ;
Could I but think to seek it back—
It wad be waur than theft !
For langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me ;
And ere I'm forc'd to break my troth
I'll lay me doun an' dee.

O JENNY DEAR, I'VE COURTED LANG.

AIR—Lucy Campbell.

O Jenny dear, I've courted lang
I've telt my tale and sung my sang,
And yet I fear I'm i' the wrang,
For ye'll no mak a wedding o't.

Miss Blamire of Thackwood. 73

In winter, when the frost and snaw
Wi' bitter blast around wad blaw,
I'd o'er the moor, nor mind it a',

In hopes ye'd mak a wedding o't.
And gin ye smil'd or kindly spak,
It smooth'd the road, and help'd me back;
I thought nae answer I wad tak,
For we wad mak a wedding o't.

Now, when I gae to kirk or fair,
The laddies scoff, the lassies jeer;—
“Is this poor Jock?—the good be here;

For sure he's made a wedding o't.
What has become of a' his fun?
Alak! his joyfu' days are done;
Or else he's pawn'd his dancing shoon,

Sin he has made a wedding o't.
Sure marriage is a dreadfu' thing!
Ye mind 'tis only i' the spring
That little birdies chirp and sing,
Or, till they've made a wedding o't.”

Then up spak honest Johnny Bell:
“My bairns, I ance was young mysell;
I've mony a blithsome tale to tell

Sin first I made a wedding o't.
My Tibby was a winsome bride,—
Nay, yet she is her auld man's pride!
Nae faut i' her I ever spyed
Sin first we made a wedding o't:

74 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

Ilk day we live we fonder grow,
Though buckl'd fifty years ago ;
Here's comfort for ye, young ones a',
Then haste ye, mak a wedding o't."

THE WAEFU' HEART.

[AIR : "The Waefu' Heart."—Both the words and music of this elegant and pathetic song were taken from a single sheet, printed in London about the year 1788, and sold by Joseph Dale, 19, Cornhill, "sung by Master Knyvett." From this circumstance I am led to conclude that it is a modern Anglo-Saxon production, especially as it does not appear in any of the old collection of songs. If it be an imitation of the Scottish style however, it is a very successful one.—STENHOUSE.]

Gin living worth could win my heart,
You would nae speak in vain ;
But in the darksome grave it's laid,
Never to rise again.
My waefu' heart lies low wi' his,
Whose heart was only mine ;
And, O ! what a heart was that to lose,—
But I maun no repine.
Yet, O ! gin heaven in mercy soon
Would grant the boon I crave,
And take this life, now naething worth,
Since Jamie's in his grave.
And see ! his gentle spirit comes
To show me on my way ;
Surpris'd, nae doubt, I still am here,—
Sair wondering at my stay.

Miss Blamire of Thackwood. 75

I come, I come, my Jamie dear ;
And O ! wi' what good will
I follow wheresoe'er ye lead !
Ye canna lead to ill,
She said ; and soon a deadly pale
Her faded cheek possess'd ;
Her waefu' heart forgot to beat,—
Her sorrows sunk to rest.

I'M TIBBY FOWLER O' THE GLEN.

I'm Tibby Fowler o' the glen,
And nae great sight to see ;
But 'cause I'm rich, these plaguy men
Will never let me be.

There's bonny Maggy o' the brae
As gude as lass can be ;
But 'cause I'm rich, these plaguy men
Hae a' run wud for me.

There's Nabob Jock comes strutting ben,
He think's the day's his ain ;
But were he a' hung round wi' goud,
He'd find himsel mista'en.

There's Wat aye tries to glowre and sigh
That I may guess the cause ;
But, Jenny-like, I hate to spell
Dumb Roger's hums and ha's.

76 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

There's grinning Pate laughs a' day through,
The blithest lad you'll see ;
But troth he laughs sae out o' place,
He'd laugh gin I did dee.

There's Sandy, he's sae fou o' lear,
To talk wi' him is vain ;
For gin we a' should say 'twas fair,
He'd prove that it did rain.

Then Jamie frets for good and ill,
'Bout sma' things maks a phrase ;
And fears and frets, and things o' nought
Ding o'er his joyfu' days.

The priests and lawyers ding me dead,
But gude kens wha's the best ;
And then comes in the soldier brave,
And drums out a' the rest.

The country squire and city beau,
I've had them on their knee ;
But weel I ken to goud they bow,
And no downright to me.

Should like o' them come ilka day,
They may wear out the knee ;
And grow to the groun' as fast as stane,
But they shall ne'er get me.

WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?

[AIR: "Sir James Baird."—This is one of the few songs left us by Miss Blamire which received her final corrections. Several copies of it were found among her papers. It has long enjoyed great popularity; and will be found set to music in "The Scots Musical Museum," vol. vi. The air is also given in Neil Gow's First Collection of Reels, &c., 3rd edition.]

What ails this heart o' mine?

What ails this watery ee?

What gars me a' turn cauld as death

When I take leave o' thee?

When thou art far awa

Thou'lt dearer grow to me;

But change o' place and change o' folk

May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at een,

Or walk at morning air,

Ilk rustling bush will seem to say

I us'd to meet thee there,

Then I'll sit down and cry,

And live aneath the tree,

And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,

I'll ca't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bower

That thou wi' roses tied,

And where, wi' mony a blushing bud,

I strove mysell to hide.

I'll doat on ilka spot

Where I hae been wi' thee;

And ca' to mind some kindly word

By ilka burn and tree.

78 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

Wi' sic thoughts i' my mind,
Time through the world may gae,
And find my heart in twenty years
The same as 'tis to-day.
'Tis thoughts that bind the soul,
And keep friends i' the ee ;
And gin I think I see thee aye,
What can part thee and me !

I'VE GOTTEN A ROCK, I'VE GOTTEN A
REEL.

I've gotten a rock, I've gotten a reel,
I've gotten a wee bit spinning wheel ;
And by the whirling rim I've found
How the weary, weary warl gaes round,
'Tis roun' an' roun' the spokes they go,
Now ane is up, an' ane is low ;
'Tis by ups and downs in Fortune's wheel,
That mony a ane gets a rock to reel,

I've seen a lassie barefoot gae,
Look dash'd and blate, wi' nought to say ;
But as the wheel turn'd round again,
She chirp'd and talk'd, nor seem'd the same :
Sae fine she goes, sae far alee,
That folks she kenn'd she canna see ;
An' fleeching chiels around her thrang,
Till she miskens them a' day lang.

Miss Blamire of Thackwood. 79

There's Jock, when the bit lass was poor,
Ne'er trudg'd o'er the lang mossy moor,
Though now to the knees he wades, I trow,
Through winter's weet and winter's snow :
An' Pate declar'd the ither morn,
She was like a lily amang the corn ;
Though ance he swore her dazzling een
Were bits o' glass that black'd had been.

Now, lassies, I hae found it out,
What men make a' this phrase about ;
For when they praise your blinking ee,
'Tis certain that your goud they see :
And when they talk o' roses bland,
They think o' the roses o' your land ;
But should dame fortune turn her wheel,
They'd aff in a dance of a threesome reel.

FOR THE CARLISLE HUNT. 1788.

AIR—In Country Quarters close confined.

When the last leaf forsook the tree,
And languid suns were seen,
And winter whistl'd o'er the lea,
And call'd the sportsmen keen ;
The goddess of the silver bow
Stept forth, her sandals tipp'd with snow.
Fal, lall, &c.

80 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

Her beauteous nymphs rang'd by her side,
While hounds surround her horn ;—
Stop here, my woodland train, she cried,
Till welcom'd by the morn ;
See, yonder comes the blushing fair,
We'll soon hunt down her leading star.
Fal, lall, &c.

A stag for long kept up the chase,
But now at bay he stood ;
A nymph, of more than mortal race,
Rush'd eager from the wood :—
“I come to set the prisoner free !”
Then waved the cap of Liberty.
Fal, lall, &c.

Diana, smiling, took her hand :
“Where has my sister staid !
What hapless sons in foreign land
Demand her dauntless aid ?”
“A city, once well known to fame,
Has struggl'd hard to keep my name :
Fal, lall, &c.

“A few brave sons protect it now,
The bulwark of the laws ;
While I come here to ask of you
To aid the glorious cause ;
My daughters are like snowdrops seen,
All dress'd in white and trimm'd with green.”¹
Fal, lall, &c.

¹ White and green : the uniform of the Carlisle Hunt.

Miss Blamire of Thackwood. 81

They hasted to the social ball,
Good humour met them there ;
Diana's arrows Cupid stole
And aim'd them at the fair :
"Her train has yet escap'd my arts,
But now I shoot with Diana's darts :
Fal, lall, &c.

"Yon lucid eye shall drop a tear—
That haughty heart shall bleed—
And many moons shall round the year
Ere I repent the deed."
But Hymen heard, and with a smile,
Declar'd he'd hover round Carlisle.
Fal, lall, &c.

WHEN SEVEREST FOES IMPENDING.

When severest foes impending
Seem to threaten dangers near,
Unexpected joys attending
Ease your mind and banish care.
Though to fortune's frowns subjected,
And depress'd by anxious care,
Servile souls are soon dejected,—
Noble minds will ne'er despair !
Prithee, friend, why then so serious ?
Nought is got by grief or care ;
Melancholy grows imperious
When it comes to domineer.

82 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

Be it business, love, or sorrow,
That does now distress thy mind,
Bid them call again to-morrow,
We to mirth are now inclin'd.

O WHY SHOULD MORTALS SUFFER CARE.

AIR—Give round the word dismount.

O why should mortals suffer care
To rob them of their present joy?
The moments that frail life can spare
Why should we not in mirth employ?
Then come, my friends, this very hour
Let us devote to social glee;
To-morrow is a day unseen,
That may destroy the fairest flower,
And bring dull care to you and me,
Though so gay as we have been.

The wretch who money makes his god
Will feel his heart ache when 'tis gone;
Were this my lot I'd kiss the rod,
I ne'er had much, and care for none.
Then come, &c.

The great had never charms for me,
I follow not their chariot's wheel,
Their faults I just as plain can see
As Paris did Achilles' heel.
Then come, &c.

Miss Blamire of Thackwood. 83

And Love, with all its softening powers,
Could ne'er my hardy soul subdue ;
So I'll devote my social hours
To mirth, to happiness, and you.
Then come, &c.

Should dread of future ills molest,
I'd charm them from my careless heart ;
See, Hope steps in, all gaily drest,
And vows such souls should never part.
Then come, &c.

Yet part we must,—Hope, thou'rt a cheat!
The vision's fled—the friends are gone ;
Yet memory shall their words repeat,
And fonder grow of every one.
But still in absence, let us try
To think of all the pleasure past,
And stop the tear, and check the sigh ;
For though such pleasure cannot last,
Yet time may still renew the scene
Where so gay we oft have been.

AGAIN MAUN ABSENCE CHILL MY SOUL.

AIR—Jockey's Grey Brecks.

Again maun absence chill my soul,
And bar me frae the friend sae dear ?
Maun sad despair her torrents roll,
And frae my eyelids force the tear ?

84 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

Maun restless sorrow wander far,
Now seek the sun, and now the shade;
Now by the lamp of yon pale star
Dart quick into the thickest glade?

When morning sleeping nature wakes,
And cheery hearts wi' lav'rocks sing,
And glittering dew a jewel makes,
That shines in many a sparkling ring;
Her saffron robe is nought to me,
Though wi' the woodbine's fringes tied;
Things a' look dull i' the watery ee
If what we fondly love's denied.

I've seen when Evening on yon hill
Wad sit an' see the sun gae down,
And, as the air grew damp and chill,
Draw on her cloak of russet brown:
Her hamely garb was mair to me
Than a' the Morning's eastern pride;
A' things look beauteous i' the e'e
When by a dear, lov'd favourite's side.

Take these away, what else remain?
A voice of sad and mournful strain,—
A memory that longs in vain,
For joys that ne'er return again!
E'en books o'er me hae lost their power,
And wi' them fancy winna stay;
Heavy and sad creeps on the hour
When absence sickens through the day.

I've tried to break her potent spells,
I've pac'd unequal to and fro,
I've flown to where her name yet dwells,
But wander'd back again full slow :
And to forget how oft I've strove—
How oft to send sad thoughts away !
But still they meet me in the grove,
And haunt me wheresoe'er I stray.
Affection pulls the heart's soft cords,
And draws the e'e from cheerful scenes,
And, pondering o'er a favourite's words,
Bids fond Remembrance tell her dreams.
But weary dreams through life maun stray,
And weary hours that life attend,
And heavily maun move ilk day
That keeps us frae a darling friend.

'Twas WHEN THE SUN SLID DOWN
YON HILL.

AIR—Ettrick Banks.

'Twas when the sun slid down yon hill,
And Evening wander'd through the dale,
When busy life was growing still,
And homeward swam the milking pail ;
'Twas then I sought the murmuring stream,
That seem'd like me to talk of woes,
And lengthen out life's weary dream,
Which on like its dull current flows.

86 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

Why dwells the soul on pleasures past ?
Why think I Marion once was true ?
Those fleeting joys that fled so fast,
Why should fond fancy still renew ?
When fortune drove me far away,
My heart, dear Marion, dwelt with thee;
E'en now methinks I hear thee say,—
Wilt thou, dear youth, remember me ?

O yes ! I cried ; no change of place,
Nor favouring fortune's better day,
Can e'er erase thy lovely face,
Or wear thy heart-stamp'd form away.
Though mountains rise, and oceans roar,
They'll prove but feeble bars to me ;
In soul I'll seek my native shore,
And wander everywhere with thee.

And still, dull absence to deceive,
My thoughts fled to each former scene ;
And fancy fondly made believe
I was again where once I'd been !
I tended Marion's evening walk ;
We sat beneath the trysting tree ;
I saw her smile, and heard her talk,
And vow to love and live for me !

But time and absence both conspir'd,
And Marion's truth forgot its vow ;
And Fashion many a wish acquir'd,
That turns to wants—ye know not how.

O Marion ! could I e'er have thought
That splendour would have rivall'd me,
This foolish heart I ne'er had taught
To think, as it still thinks, on thee !

Still through my heart thy image strays ;
Thy breath is in each breeze that blows ;
Thy smile, thy song, in by-past days
In Memory's page more vivid glows !
So long my thoughts with thee have dwelt,
They're far the dearest part of me ;
For, O ! this heart too long has felt
It loves and only lives for thee !

THE AULD CARLE WAD TAK ME FAIN.

The auld carle wad tak me fain,
And trou's my dad will gaur me hae him ;
But troth he'll find himsel mista'en,—
When wrang, is't duty to obey him ?
I telt him but the other night
How sweer I was to cross his passion ;
That age and youth had different sight,
And saw things in another fashion.

Quo' he, "Now Meg, it canna be
But that ye think the carle handsome ;
He's younger by a year than me,
And goud has for a kingdom's ransom.

88 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

Come, take advice, and be his wife,
 'Tis fine to be an auld man's deary ;
I's warrant ye'll lead a happy life,
 And aye be mistress, never fear ye."

My mither then laid by her wheel,
 And said " Dear Joe, why will ye tease her ?
I ken ye lo'e our lassie weel,
 For a' your joy has been to please her.
Nay, come now, think upo' the time,
 When ye were just o' the same fancy,
When I was young and i' my prime,
 Ye cried—Ne'er tak an auld man, Nancy."

Then father like a tempest rose,
 And swore the carle should be the man ;
That wives were certain to oppose,
 Whatever was the husband's plan ;
" But Monday, Miss, shall be the day ;
 And, hark ye, gin ye dare refuse me,
One shilling never shall ye hae,
 Practise what arts ye like t' abuse me."

" To lo'e the carle that is sae auld,
 Alak ! it is na i' my nature ;
Save but three hairs he wad be bald,
 And wears nae wig to look the better :
The staff he's used this twenty year
 I saw him burn it i' the fire ;
Sae young the gowk tries to appear,
 And fain wad mak ilk wrinkle liar.

“ My Sandy has na muckle gear,
But then he has an air sae genty ;
He’s aye sae canty, ye wad swear
That he had goud and siller plenty.
He says he cares na for my wealth ;
And though we get nought frae my daddie,
He’ll cater for me while he’s health,—
Goodnight—I’m off then wi’ my laddie.”

AE NIGHT IN DARK DECEMBER.

AIR—Hap me wi’ thy petticoat.

Ae night in dark December, when wintry blasts
blew high,
Poor Jenny sat her i’ the nook and wish’d her
Jockey by :
Lang time thou’st promis’d me to come frae yonder
busy town,
And gin ye dinna haste I fear the wrinkles will
come soon ;
For I hae fret mysel wi’ care, thy face I canna see,
And when ilk lass is wi’ her lad I sigh and wish
for thee.

What signifies a mint o’ gear when we are baith
grown auld,
And when December i’ the heart keeps turning a’
things cauld ?

90 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

Thou'lt grow sae cross, and I sae stiff, my will I
winna bend,
For time aye hardens little fauts until they canna
mend :
Men never will gie up their way, and I'll think mine
the best,
And as sae lang we've courting been we'll be the
younker's jest.

I'd have thee in an April morn, when birds begin
to sing,
Like them to choose thysel a mate, and hail the
cheerfu' spring ;
O haste to me while o'er thy way she strews the
fairest flowers,
Nor suffer these poor een again to add to April
showers ;
I'll aye be gay, and ever smile, gin thou'lt make
haste to me,
If no, I'll quickly change my mind, and think nae
mair o' thee !

HAD MY DADDIE LEFT ME GEAR
ENOUGH.

AIR—My daddie left me gear enough.

Had my daddie left me gear enough,
Whene'er I'd gane to kirk or fair,
Ilk mither had held out her loof,
And led me to her son and heir.

Now, gin a canker'd minny comes
And sees her dawty set by me,
She looks as sour as *Gala's* plums,
And wonders what the fool can see.

Hout ! man, come here, ye're surely blind,
Do ye no see Miss Fowler there ?
A bonnier lass ye canna find ;
I wat there's nae sic dancer here.
Troth ! some folk might hae staid away,
And nae ane wad hae miss'd them yet,
For fient a chiel I've seen the day
Has spear'd gin she can dance a fit.

Then honest Jock loup't on the floor,
And cried—We'll a' be canty yet !
And if some grudging souls be here,
O may they never dance a fit !
And let them ken, if goud's their pride,
It's no won gear that's counted yet,
They're here wad take a poundless bride !—
Rise up, my lass, let's dance a fit.

O JENNY DEAR.

AIR—The Mason Laddie.

“O Jenny dear, lay by your pride,
Or else I plainly see
Your wrinkles ye'll be fain to hide,
May-be at sixty-three.

92 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

But, take my word, 'tis then o'er late
To gain a wayward man ;
A maiden auld her hooks may bait
But catch us gin you can ! ”

“ An unco prize forsooth ye are ;
For, when the bait is tane,
Ye fill our hearts sae fu' o' care,
We wish them back again.
To witch our faith, ye tell a tale
O' love that ne'er will end ;
Nae hinny'd words wi' me prevail,
For men will never mend.”

“ But Jenny, look at aunty Kate,
Wha is a maiden auld,
I's warrant she repented late
When wooers' hearts grew cauld.
An ape to lead's a silly thing
When ye step down below,
Or here to sit wi' chattering wing
Like birdies i' the snow.”

“ That's better than to sit at hame
Wi' saut tears i' my ee ;
An ape I think's an harmless thing
To sic a thing as ye.
Good men are chang'd frae wooers sair,
And naething do but slight ;
A wife becomes a drudge o' care,
And never's in the right.

"There's bonny Tibby o' the glen,
And Annie o' the hill,
Their beauty crazed baith their men,
And might delight them still ;
But now they watch their lordies' frowns,
Their sauls they daurna own ;
'Tis tyranny that wedlock crowns,
And woman's joys are flown."

O JENNY DEAR, THE WORD IS GANE.

AIR—Cauld and Raw.

O Jenny dear, the word is gane,
That ye are unco saucy,
And that ye think this race o' men
Deserves na sic a lassie.
Troth ! gin ye wait till men are made
O' something like perfection,
I fear ye'll wait till it be said—
Ye're late for your election.

The men agree to gie ye choice,—
What think ye o' young Harry ?
"He ne'er shall hae my hand or voice !
Wha wad a monkey marry ?
He plays his pranks, he curls his hair,
And acts by imitation ;
A dawted monkey does nae mair
Than ape the tricks o' fashion.

94 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

Now Sandy he affects the bear,
And growls at a' that's pleasing ;
Gin ye've a soft or jauntty air,
That air provokes his teasing :
Gin ye be cheerfu', blithe, and free,
A' that is unbecoming,—
Can ne'er the heartsome temper be
Of ony modest woman.

Then Colin, too, although polite,
Has nae sma' share o' learning,
Yet stretching out his words sae tight,
They're sadly spoil'd wi' darning.
He cons his speech, he mends his phrase,
For fear he speaks na grammar ;
When done, ye'd think that a' his days
He'd only learn'd to hammer.

Now Jockey he has wit at will,
He sings, he plays, he dances,
He's aye sae blithe, he's certain still
To hit the young ane's fancies ;
His words they flow wi' gracefu' ease,
They speak a heart maist tender ;
Yet underneath these words that please
There lurks a sad offender.

Not a' the wealth o' rich Peru
Could keep poor James frae fretting ;
The gentlest gales that ever blew
His peace wad overset in.

What can I'do, gin apes below
To lead should be my station,—
Although ilk ape should prove some beau
Once famous in this nation?"

O THERE IS NOT A SHARPER DART.

O there is not a sharper dart
Can pierce the mourner's suffering heart,
Than when the friend we love and trust
Tramples that friendship into dust,—
Forgets the sacred, honour'd claim,
And proves it but an empty name !

I almost as a sister lov'd thee,
And thought that nothing could have mov'd thee !
But, like the dewdrops on a spray
That shrinks before the morning ray,—
Like the frail sunshine on the stream,
Thy friendship faded as a dream.

When sickness and when sorrow tried me,
Thy aid—thy friendship was denied me ;
Thy love was but a summer flower,
And could not stand the wintry shower :
More for thyself than me I grieve
Thou could'st thus cruelly deceive.

96 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

I AM OF A TEMPER FIXED AS A DECREE.

I am of a temper fixed as a decree,
Resolv'd with myself to live happy and free ;
With the cares of this world I am seldom perplex'd,
I am sometimes uneasy, but never quite vex'd ;
I am neither too high nor too low in degree ; [me.
There are more that live worse than live better than

My life thus moves on amid freedom and ease,
I go where I will, and I come when I please ;
I am plac'd below envy, and yet above spite ;
I've judgment enough still to do myself right :
Some higher, some lower, I own there may be,
But ambition and want are both strangers to me.

When money comes in, pleas'd I live till 'tis gone,
I am happy when with it, contented with none ;
If I spend it 'mong friends I count it but lent,
It thus goes genteelly—I never repent ;
With mirth to my labour the hours sweetly pass,
Though at Saturday night I am just where I was.

I'LL HAE A NEW COATIE.

AIR—We'll a' to Newcastle by Wylam way.

I'll hae a new coatie when Willie comes hame,
I'll hae a new plaidie an' a' o' the same ;
An' I'll hae some pearlins to make mysel fine,
For it's a' to delight this dear laddie o' mine.

Bessy Bell is admir'd by a' sorts o' men,
I'll mind a' her fashions and how she comes ben ;
I'll mind her at kirk and I'll mind her at fair,
An' never ance try to look like mysel mair.

For I'll aye be canty when Willie comes hame,
To like sic a laddie why should I think shame !
Though the laird flytes my mither, and cries, " Do
ye see,
That lassie cares nought for my siller or me !"
The laird he has mony, the laird he has land,
While Willie has nought but the sword in his hand ;
Yet I'd live upon Chelsea, or even wad beg,
Should my soldier return wi' a poor wooden leg !

For I maun be happy when Willie comes hame,
To lo'e the dear laddie I'll never think shame !
I'll speak up to Maggie, who often would jeer,
And cry, "She's no canty, 'cause Willie's no here."
I own, when I thought I should see him nae mair,
My een they grew red and my heart it grew sair ;
To sing or to dance was nae pleasure to me,
Though often I danc'd wi' the tear i' my e'e.

But I'll get to singing an' dancing again,
An' I'll get the laddie and a' o' my ain ;
We've a' things but siller, then why should I fret ?
If there's riches in love we'll hae gear enough yet ;
For I ken weel that riches can make themselves wings,
That heart-aches hide under braw diamonds and
rings ;

98 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

An' though love canna happiness always ensure,
It will help us wi' patience our lot to endure.

Sae I'll aye be canty when Willie comes hame,
To lo'e sic a laddie why should I think shame !
Though the laird flytes my mither, and cries, " Do
 you see,
That lassie cares nought for my siller or me !"
The laird he has money, the laird he has land,
While Willie has nought but the sword in his hand ;
Yet I'd live upon Chelsea, or even wad beg,
Should my soldier return wi' a poor wooden leg !

O DINNA THINK, MY BONNIE LASS.

[This song has received considerable notoriety owing to Hector Macneil, the author of *Will and Jean*, having published one with the same title, which was undoubtedly suggested by Miss Blamire's. The first verse is a close copy from the original ; and the ideas throughout are much the same. Macneil finally threw up all connection with his version of the song, by refusing to insert it in the collected edition of his poetical works.]

O dinna think, my bonnie lass, that I'm gaun to
 leave thee !
I'll nobbet gae to yonder town, and then I'll come
 and see thee ;
Gin the night be ne'er so dark, and I be ne'er so
 weary, O !
I'll tak a staff into my hand, and come and see my
 dearie, O !

O dinna think, my bonnie lass, that ever I'll forsake
thee !

I mean to act an honest part, and loyally to take
thee ;

For thou art mine, and I'll be thine, and sure we'll
never weary, O !

I'll meet thee at the kirk-gate, my ain kind dearie, O !

"The fairest words o' wooing men they often turn to
marriage strife ;

There's Sandy, how he dawtit Jean, but now he
flytes sin' she's his wife ;

Ance she was good and fair, o' her he'd never
weary, O !

But now, I trow, he cares nae mair for his kind
dearie, O !"

But Sandy, lass, ye ken fu' weel, car'd nought but
for her siller ;

'Twas love of goud and glittering show that ay band
him till her ;

But I've nae band but love alone, and that can
never weary, O !

Therefore consent and wear the chain, my ain kind
dearie, O !

NOW SANDY MAUN AWA.

The drum has beat the General,

Now Sandy maun awa,

But first he gaes the lasses roun'

To bid God bless them a' !

100 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

Down smirking Sally's dimpl'd cheek
The tear begins to fa :

" O ! Sandy, I am wae to think
That ye maun leave us a'."

Poor Maggy sighs, and sings the sang
He lik'd the best of a',
And hopes by that to ease her heart
When Sandy's far awa.

Alak ! poor silly maiden,
Your skill in love's but sma' ;
We shouldna think o' auld langsyne
When sweethearts are awa.

In blythesome Nancy's open heart
His looks hae made a flaw ;
An' yet she vows the men a' loons,
And Sandy warst of a'.

Now Jenny she affects to scorn,
And sneers at their ill-fa ;
She reckons a' the warld thinks
He likes her best of a'.

At gentle Kitty's weel-kenn'd door
He ca'd the last of a' ;
Because his heart bade him say mair
To her than to them a' :

My gentle Kate, gin ye'll prove true,
I'll slight the lasses a'
On thee alane I'll swear to think
When I am far awa.

Now Sandy's ta'en his bonnet off,
An' waves fareweel to a';
And cries, "Await till I come back,
An' I will kiss ye a'."

THE LOSS OF THE ROEBUCK.

How oft by the lamp of the pale waning moon
Would Kitty steal out from the eye of the town ;
On the beach as she stood, when the wild waves
would roll,
Her eye shed a torrent just fresh from the soul ;
And, as o'er the ocean the billows would stray,
Her sighs follow after as moaning as they.

I saw, as the ship to the harbour drew near,
Hope redden her cheek—then it blanch'd with chill
fear ;
She wish'd to enquire of the whispering crew
If they'd spoke with the Roebuck, or aught of her
knew ;
For long in conjecture her fate had been toss'd,
Nor knew we for certain the Roebuck was lost.

I pitied her feelings, and saw what she'd ask,
For Innocence ever looks through a thin mask ;
I stepp'd up to Jack Oakum—his sad head he shook,
And cast on sweet Kitty a side-glancing look :
"The Roebuck has foundered—the crew are no
more,—
Nor again shall Jack Bowling bewelcom'd on shore !"

102 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

Sweet Kitty, suspecting, laid hold of my arm :
"O tell me," she cried, "for my soul's in alarm ;
Is she lost?"—I said nothing; whilst Jack gave a sigh,
Then down dropp'd the curtain that hung o'er her eye ;
Fleeting life for a moment seem'd willing to stay ;
Just flutter'd, and then fled for ever away.

So droops the pale lily surcharg'd with a shower,—
Sunk down as with sorrow so dies the sweet flower ;
No sunbeam returning, no spring ever gay,
Can give back the soft breath once wafted away!—
The Roebuck has foundered—the crew are no more—
And Kitty's pure spirit has pass'd from the shore.

WHEN NIGHT'S DARK MANTLE.

When night's dark mantle veil'd the seas,
And nature's self was hush'd to sleep,—
When gently blew the midnight breeze,
Louisa sought the boundless deep.
On the lone beach, in wild despair
She sat, recluse from soft repose,
Her artless sorrows rent the air,
So sad were fair Louisa's woes.

Three years she nurs'd the pleasing thought
Her love, her Henry would return ;
But ah! the fatal news were brought,
The sea was made his watery urn.

Miss Blamire of Thackwood. 103

Sweet maids, who know the power of love,
Ye best can tell what she must feel,
Who 'gainst each adverse fortune strove
The tender passion to conceal !

The lovely maid, absorb'd in grief,
While madness ran through every vein,—
Poor mourner ! sought from death relief,
And frantic plung'd into the main.
The heavens with pity saw the deed—
The debt the fair one paid to love,
And bade the angel-guard proceed,
To bear Louisa's soul above.

O DONALD ! YE ARE JUST THE MAN.

O Donald ! ye are just the man
Who, when he's got a wife,
Begins to fratch—nae notice ta'en—
They're strangers a' their life.

The fan may drop—she takes it up,
The husband keeps his chair ;
She hands the kettle—gives his cup—
Without e'en—"Thank you, dear."

Now, truly, these slights are but toys ;
But frae neglects like these,
The wife may soon a slattern grow,
And strive nae mair to please.

104 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

For wooers ay do all they can
To trifle wi' the mind ;
They hold the blaze of beauty up,
And keep the poor things blind.

But wedlock tears away the veil,
The goddess is nae mair ;
He thinks his wife a silly thing,
She thinks her man a bear.

Let then the lover be the friend—
The loving friend for life ;
Think but thyself the happiest spouse,
She'll be the happiest wife.

THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS.

[AIR : The Days o' Langsyne.—This song is beautifully harmonized in R. A. Smith's "Scottish Minstrel," vol. v.]

When war had broke in on the peace of auld men,
And frae Chelsea to arms they were summon'd again ;
Twa vet'rans, grown gray, wi' their muskets sair
soil'd,

Wi' a sigh were relating how hard they had toil'd ;
The drum, it was beating—to fight they incline,
But aye they look back to the days o' langsyne.

Oh ! Davy, man, weel thou remembers the time,
When twa brisk young callans, and baith i' our prime,
The Duke bade us conquer, and show'd us the way,
And mony a braw chiel we laid low on that day ;

Miss Blamire of Thackwood. 105

Yet I'd venture, fu' cheerfu', this auld trunk o' mine,
Could William but lead, and I fight, as langsyne.

But garrison duty is a' we can do,
Tho' our arms are worn weak yet our hearts are
still true ;

We care na for dangers by land or by sea,
For Time is turn'd coward and no thee and me ;
And tho' at the change we should sadly repine,
Youth winna return, nor the strength o' langsyne.

When after our conquests, it joys me to mind
How thy Janet caress'd thee and my Meg was kind ;
They follow'd our fortunes, tho' never so hard,
And we car'd na for plunder wi' sic a reward ;
E'en now they're resolv'd baith their hames to resign,
And will follow us yet for the sake o' langsyne.

NAY, NAY, CENSOR TIME.

Nay, nay, Censor Time, I'll be happy to-day,
For I see thou'rt grown gray with thy cares ;
Then preach not to me, as my life steals away,
Of the pleasure of far distant years.

The sands in thy glass in soft silence depart,
Yet thy cheek grows the paler the while ;
But the drops there in mine fill the tubes of the heart,
And mount to my lip with a smile.

106 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

And thou would'st smile too, if my fair one thou'd
Nay, sip of my bumper and see ! [toast ;
Her charms will dissolve e'en thy age's chill frost,
And make thee as youthful as me.

To be young, cried old Time, my own glass I'll
And freely will sip out of thine ; [forego,
Then tasted, and cried, Let thy Cynthia now know
She has warm'd the cold bosom of Time.

For this the late rose shall still hang on her cheek,
Though the blossoms of youth should decay ;
And the soft eye be left, its own language to speak,
For a mind far more beauteous than they !

THOUGH BACCHUS MAY BOAST.

Though Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl,
And folly in thought-drowning revels delight,
Such worship, alas ! has no charms for the soul
When softer devotions the senses invite.

To the arrow of fate, or the canker of care,
His potions oblivious a balm may bestow ;
But to fancy that feeds on the charms of the fair
The death of reflection's the birth of all woe.

What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine
With riot would bid the sweet vision begone ?
For the tear that bedews sensibility's shrine
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun !

The tender excess which enamours the heart
To few is imparted, to millions denied ;
Of those exquisite feelings, that please tho' we smart,
Let fools make their jest, for them sages have died.

Each change and excess have thro' life been my doom,
And well can I speak of its joy and its strife ;
The bottle affords us a glimpse through the gloom,
But Love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life,

Come, then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight
The magic illusions that ravish the soul !
Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl !

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Nor e'er, jolly god, from thy banquet remove ;
Each throb of my heart shall accord with the wine
That's mellow'd by friendship and sweeten'd by
love !

And now, my gay comrades, the myrtle and vine
Shall united their blessings the choicest impart ;
Let reason, not riot, the garland entwine—
The result must be pleasure and peace to the heart.

IN THE DREAM OF THE MOMENT.

In the dream of the moment I call'd for the bowl,
And fondly imagined each grief would depart ;
But I found that a bumper can't reach the pure soul,
Nor wine clear the sorrows that weigh down the
heart.

108 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

Though fancy may sparkle as shines the fair glass,
And wit, like air-bubbles, keep rising the while,
Or mirth and good humour shake hands as they pass,
And fond Recollections come back with a smile;

Yet, right if I ween, for the joys that are past
I see a soft tear stealing into her eye ;—
We know, gentle maid, that such hours cannot last,
Though held fast by friendship and brighten'd by
joy.

Ah! well do I know, for, since reason's young dawn
First held her light torch o'er his silver-grown head,
I have mark'd the sweet flow'ret adorning the lawn,
Fade under mine eye, and then mix with the dead.

The light leaves of summer that fan us to-day,
And shake their green heads as we frolic around,
One breath of cold winter shall waft them away,
And a new-waving race the next season be found.

Since thus it must be—since our summers must fade,
And autumn and winter succeed in their turn,
Let us make much of life, and enjoy her green shade,
Nor long for lost pleasures continue to mourn.

WHEN THE SUNBEAMS OF JOY.

When the sunbeams of joy gild the morn of our days,
And the soft heart is warm'd both with hope and
with praise,
New pleasures, new prospects, still burst on the view,
And the phantom of bliss in our walks we pursue :

Miss Blamire of Thackwood. 109

What tho' tangl'd in brakes, or withheld by the thorn,
Such sorrows of youth are but pearls of the morn;
As they "gem the light leaf" in the fervour of day,
The warmth of the season dissolves them away.

In the noon-tide of life, though not robb'd of their fire,
The warm wish abates, and the spirits retire;
Thus pictures less glowing give equal delight,
When reason just tints them with shades of the night;
Reflection's slow shadow steals down the gay hill,
Though as yet you may shun the soft shade as you will,
And on hope fix your eye, till the brightness, so clear,
Shall hang on its lid a dim trembling tear.

Next, the shades of mild evening close gently around,
And lengthen'd reflection must stalk o'er the ground;
Through her lantern of magic past pleasures are seen,
And we then only know what our day-dreams have
been :

On the painted illusion we gaze while we can,
Though we often exclaim, What a bauble is man!—
In youth but a gewgaw—in age but a toy—
The same empty trifle as man and as boy !

COME, MORTALS, ENLIVEN THE HOUR.

Come, mortals, enliven the hour that is lent,
Nor cloud with false fear the bright sunshine to-day;
The ills that hang o'er us what sighs can prevent,
Or waft from the eye one moist sorrow away ?

110 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

Though we see from afar, as he travels life's road,
Old time mowing down both the shrub and the flower,
Soon or late, we all know, he must sweep our abode,
But why damp our mirth by inquiring the hour?
In the span that's allotted then crowd every joy;
Let the goblet run high if in dreams you delight;
Though wine to true pleasure is oft an alloy,
And sober reflection grows sick at the sight.
Disguis'd are our pleasures, as well as our woes;
On their choice must depend half the turn of our fate;
With the tint of the mind every circumstance glows,
And gives to life's trifles their colour and weight.

O BID ME NOT TO WANDER.

[AIR: A Rose Tree.—This song was written when Miss Blamire was earnestly entreated to go to the South of France for the recovery of her health.]

O urge me not to wander
And quit my pleasant native shore;
O let me still meander
On those sweet banks I lov'd before!
The heart when fill'd with sorrow
Can find no joy in change of scene,
Nor can that cheat to-morrow
Be aught but what to-day has been.
If pleasure e'er o'ertakes me,
'Tis when I tread the wonted round
Where former joy awakes me,
And strows its relics o'er the ground.

Miss Blamire of Thackwood. I I I

There's not a shrub or flower
But tells some dear lov'd tale to me,
And paints some happy hour
Which I, alas ! no more shall see.

TO-MORROW.

'WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS.

[This song has sometimes been attributed to a Miss Parken who died in 1811, when very young. It was first published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1820, where the authorship was discussed at considerable length. The strongest proof in favor of its being Miss Blamire's, is that the copy left by her contains a stanzas more than the other, and is altogether a more finished production.]

How sweet to the heart is the thought of to-morrow
When Hope's fairy pictures bright colours display;
How sweet when we can from Futurity borrow
A balm for the griefs which afflict us to-day !

When wearisome sickness has taught me to languish
For Health, and the blessings it bears on its wing;
Let me hope (ah ! how soon would it lessen my
anguish),
That to-morrow will ease and serenity bring.

The pilgrim sojourning alone, unbefriended,
Hopes, joyful, to-morrow his wanderings shall
cease ;
That at home, and with care sympathetic attended,
He shall rest unmolested, and slumber in peace.

112 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

When six days of labour each other succeeding,
The husbandman toils with his spirits depress'd;
What pleasure to think, as the last is receding,
To-morrow will be a sweet Sabbath of rest!

And when the vain shadows of Time are retiring,
When life is fast fleeting, and death is in sight,
The Christian believing, exulting, expiring,
Beholds a to-morrow of endless delight!

The Infidel then sees no joyous to-morrow,
Yet he knows that his moments must hasten away;
Poorwretch! can he feel without heart-rending sorrow,
That his joys and his life must expire with to-day!

OLD HARRY'S RETURN.

The wars are all o'er and my Harry's at hame,
What else can I want now I've got him again!
Yet I kenna how 'tis, for I laugh and I cry,
And I sigh, and I sab, yet it maun be for joy;
My Harry he smiles, and he wipes aff the tear,
An' I'm doubtfu' again gin it can be he's here,
Till he takes wee bit Janet to sit on his knee,
And ca's her his dawty, for oh! she's like me.

Then the neighbours come in and they welcome him
hame,
And I fa' a greeting, though much I think shame;
Then I steal ben the house while they talk o' the war,
For I turn could as death when he shows them a scar.

Miss Blamire of Thackwood. 113

They tell o' ane Elliot, an' brave he maun be,
But I ken a poor soldier as brave yet as he ;
For when that the Spaniard's were wreck'd on the
tide— [cried.*
"They are soldiers, my lads,* let us save them," he

The neighbours being gane, and the bairns on his
knee,
He fetch'd a lang sigh, and he look'd sair at me ;
Poor woman, quo' he, ye'd hae muckle to do
To get bread to yoursel, and thir wee bit things too!
It is true, my dear Harry, I toil'd verra hard,
Sent Elspa to service, and Jockey to herd ;
For I kent unca weel 'twas an auld soldier's pride
Aye to take frae his King, but frae nae ane beside !

Then guide ye my pension, quo' Harry, my life,
'Mang a' the King's troops wha can match me a
wife ;
When young she was handsome, they envy'd me sair,
But now when she's auld they may envy me mair !
What's a' the wide world to the joys o' the heart ?
What are riches and splendour to those that maun
part ?
And might I this moment an emperor be,
I'd thraw down the crown gin it kept me frae thee !

* At Gibraltar the English soldiers risked their lives in saving the Spaniards when their floating batteries were on fire.—*Note by Mrs. Brown, (a sister of Miss Blamire's.)*

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

[The authorship of this song is involved in considerable obscurity. In the *Mason's Magazine* it is printed as the production of Miss Blamire; whilst in the *Scot's Magazine* for 1805, it is attributed to Lady Anne Lindsay, the author of "Auld Robin Gray."]

Why tarries my love?
 Ah! where does he rove?
 My love is long absent from me:
 Come hither, my dove,—
 I'll write to my love,
 And send him a letter by thee.
 To find him, swift fly!
 The letter I'll tie
 Secure to thy leg with a string:
 "Ah! not to my leg,
 Fair lady, I beg,
 But fasten it under my wing."
 Her dove she did deck,
 She drew o'er his neck
 A bell and a collar so gay;
 She tied to his wing
 The scroll with a string,
 Then kiss'd him and sent him away.
 It blew and it rain'd;
 The pigeon disdained
 To seek shelter, undaunted he flew;
 Till wet was his wing,
 And painful the string,
 So heavy the letter it grew.

Miss Blamire of Thackwood. 115

He flew all around
Till Colin he found,
Then perch'd on his hand with the prize ;
Whose heart, while he reads,
With tenderness bleeds
For the pigeon that flutters and dies.

MISS GILPIN'S SONG.*

[AIR : Logie o' Buchan.—In the MS. copy Miss Blamire playfully remarks that this is "A song for Miss Gilpin's ain singing, when set at her wheel."—Here first printed.]

Let lords and fine ladies look round them and see
If e'er ane amang them be blyther than me ;
I sit at my wheely and sing thro' the day,
And ca't my ain warld that runs rolling away.
Sae twirl thee round, wheely, I'll sing while I may ;
I'll try to be happy the hale o' the day :
If we wadna mak griefs o' bit trifles sae sma',
The world wad run smoothly roun', roun' wi' us a'.
There's ups and downs in it I see very plain,
For the spoke that's at bottom, gets topmost again ;
Sae twirl thee round, wheely, I see how things turn,
And I see too 'tis folly for mortals to mourn.
Sae twirl thee round, wheely, &c.

*We have much pleasure in introducing the following hitherto unpublished pieces of MISS BLAMIRE to the public : three songs and two poems. They are printed from a carefully written manuscript in the possession of James Fawcett, Esq., of Scaleby Castle. As the first song indicates the manuscript was written by Miss Blamire expressly for her friend Miss Gilpin.

116 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

That life is a spinster I often have read,
And too fine she draws out her spider-like thread ;
A breath can destroy what's so slenderly made,
And life for her trouble has seldom been paid.
Sae twirl thee round, wheely, &c.

'TIS FOR GLORY WE FIGHT.

[AIR : Black Sloven.—Here first printed.]

Come join us, brave countrymen, now is the time
For Englishmen's courage and valour to shine ;
O come, take up arms, 'tis for glory we fight,
To punish our foes and our freedom to right.
If a soldier in battle should happen to fall,
He's lov'd, he's lamented, he's honoured by all ;
Or if he by chance leave a limb in the field
There's Chelsea and pension misfortune to shield.
But come turn your thoughts to the prospect of peace
Our watchings, our marchings, our dangers shall
In barracks our wants are all fully supplied [cease,
Sufficient for nature we care not beside.
And when to a town or a village we come
The lassies all flock to the beat of the drum ;
Their honest old sweethearts they set them at nought,
They slight even a laird for a bonny red-coat.
We range thro' the world and we vary the scene
We please where we go from fourscore to fifteen ;
And, then, when our locks look respectably gray,
"There goes an old veteran, O bless him," they say.

THE BANKS OF YARROW.

[AIR: Mary Scott the Flower of Yarrow.—Here first printed.]

Why sighs the heart midst wealth and store?
Why all the anguish of the great?
Sure riches can elude the sigh,
And bribe the tear to shun the eye,
If so let's grasp the golden store,
And ev'ry moment gather more;
While milkmaids careless of to-morrow,
Are wand'ring on the banks of Yarrow.

Yet riches ne'er should be denied
A source of bliss if right applied;
For misery on her flock-worn bed
May sure be built a warmer shed;
And every ill that want can bring
'Tis happy wealth's to blunt the sting;
To help poor love to gain his marrow
And make a paradise on Yarrow.

If happiness you'd keep in view
The paths of splendour ne'er pursue;
The frowns of fortune likewise shun,
Or else you strive to be undone;
Watch o'er the feelings of the heart—
Forbid, nor yet indulge the smart:
Give much to joy—some tears to sorrow,
And make the mind the banks of Yarrow.

MISS BLAMIRE'S POEMS.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A PLOVER.

[Here first printed.]



OW bend thy head thou waving spray,
Soft drop the dew that falls on thee,
That still the early rising day

A tear on every leaf may see.

Soft may the zephyr whisper thro'
Thy rustling leaves, and seem to sigh,
For here beneath that pensive bough
The tender Plover closed her eye.

Tyrannic man with iron hand
Had snatch'd her from domestic love ;
And in the soft connubial band
Distress her cutting thread had wove.

A harsh, unfeeling, cruel mate
Imperious held the lordly sway,
And seem'd to think the will of fate
Was but to make the weak obey.

The soft communicative hour,
The wish to please, the tender care,
The history of each opening flower
Were sweets of love she ne'er must share.

Contempt her distance threw between,
Unsocial hours their languor cast,

Joyless became each flowery scene,
And soon the fret of life was past.
Blow soft ye winds, descend ye showers,
Still murmur round this little heap,
That eve may from more gloomy bowers,
Be tempted here to stop and weep.

EXPECTATION.

[Here first printed.]

Sweet expectation ! sister fair
Of soft solicitude and prayer,
Allied to hope, allied to fear,
Those joint companions of the year,
Who thro' all chequer'd scenes must run
That fall beneath the rolling sun ;
And light and shade to pictures give
Where men are drawn that really live.
Now lively hope in frolic measure
Trips in the silken round of pleasure,
And still with joy-shot glance proposes
Sweet walks, midst groves tied up with roses :
Where fancy keeps her glow-worm court,
Where wearied wishes all resort,
Who mixing in her tinsell'd train
Still keep their title light and vain.
For now with Fancy's glass they see
That long sought spot in destiny
Which hope had ever in her view
And which her hand keeps pointing to.

120 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

Tho' oft her castles rest on air,
And golden clouds the columns are,
Till from beneath the farthest mound
Pale fear—that starts at her own sound—
A train of vapours brings along,
Which winding all the scenes among,
Forms here and there a misty veil
Now hides the hill and now the dale.
While Hope to find a purer air
Strays far from hence we know not where ;
Till expectation wandering near
Lifts up the veil drawn close by fear.
'Tis then we see the playful maid
So busy in the opening glade,
A tuft of roses scatter here,
A bed of lilies sprinkle there,
Along the meads carnations throw,
And sod-seats make where hare-bells grow.
Where o'er the stream the poplars bend,
The woodbines little arms extend,
While climbing up its curls diffuse
The sweets of long-collected dews.
A thousand knots fond hope will tie
Entangling oft the wandering eye ;
She, like the sun-beam, ever throws
The loveliest tincture on the rose,
Hide but a while her gilding ray
The fleeting colour cannot stay,
Tho' nature's cunning hand should try
To mix it for the admiring eye.

Miss Blamire of Thackwood. 121

In expectation scenes arise
That drop not from the bounteous skies
The groves bestow a cooler shade,
And softer sounds by streams are made ;
More sweetly blows the fragrant breeze,
More softly whisper whispering trees ;
While every insect gilds his wing,
And every bird essays to sing.
How blissful is this state of mind
Thro' which such scenes of pleasure wind,
Thro' which lone thought can safely stray,
Delighted, though she lose her way :
Still certain that the path will end
Where happiness would seat a friend.
Yet even amidst these sacred bowers
The blest retreat of cheerful hours,
The tender heart will sometimes sigh
And the round tear fill up the eye ;
Solicitude will hither come
Whose numerous wishes keep her dumb,
And panting with both hope and fear
Will now retreat, now venture near ;
Will sometimes essay to believe
Then doubt again that all deceive ;
That promises are shadowy things
Which flit away on airy wings ;
That joy will never meet the heart
For those who love must live apart.
Ah ! cease, Solicitude to dwell
On ills, alas ! we know too well ;

122 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

Too well we know hope will deceive,
Yet they're ne'er blest who ne'er believe.
The present hour is all we boast
And happiest they who prize it most ;
Who most enjoy the good it brings
Deserve the best of nature's things ;
And grateful be that heart esteem'd
Who most of happiness has dream'd.

WRITTEN IN A CHURCHYARD,
ON SEEING A NUMBER OF CATTLE GRAZING IN IT.
1766.

[This is one of Miss Blamire's earliest poems. It was written in her nineteenth year ; and is a remarkable production for so early an age. It may have been suggested by Gray's *Elegy*, to which it bears some resemblance. *The Elegy* was published about ten years before.]

Be still my heart, and let this moving sight
Whisper a moral to each future lay ;
Let this convince how like the lightning's flight
Is earthly pageantry's precarious stay.
Within this place of consecrated trust
The neighbouring herds their daily pasture find ;
And idly bounding o'er each hallow'd dust,
Form a sad prospect to the pensive mind.
Whilst o'er the graves thus carelessly they tread,
Allur'd by hunger to the deed profane,
They crop the verdure rising from the bed
Of some fond parent, or some love-sick swain.

Miss Blamire of Thackwood. 123

No more does vengeance to revenge the deed
Lodge in their breasts, or vigour aid the blow ;
The power to make the sad offenders bleed
The prostrate image ne'er again shall know.

Nor can the time-worn epitaph rehearse
The name or titles which its owner bore ;
No more the sorrow lives within the verse,
For memory paints the moving scene no more.

Perhaps 'tis one whose noble deeds attain'd
Honour and fame in time of hostile war ;—
Whose arm the Captive's liberty regain'd,
And stamp'd his valour with a glorious scar.

Alas ! his widow might attend him here,
And children, too, the slow procession join,
And his fond friends indulge the trickling tear,
O'er his last honours at the awful shrine.

Perhaps some orphan here might see inurn'd
The only guardian of her orphan years ;
And, on the precipice of errors turn'd,
Become reclaim'd by sweet repentant tears.

The lover, too, might strain an eager look,
Once more attempting to survey the fair
Who, for his sake, her early friends forsook,
With him her days of joy or grief to share.

What beauty or what charms adorn'd the frame ?
Of this cold image, now to earth consign'd ;
Or what just praise the heart's high worth might claim
The time-worn letters now no more remind.

124 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

Then, what is honour?—what is wealth or fame?

Since the possessor waits the common doom!

As much rever'd we find the peasant's name

As the rich lord's, when in the levelling tomb.

To both alike this tribute we may send,

The heart-swollen sigh, or the lamenting tear;

And without difference o'er the ashes bend,

For all distinctions find a level here.

For nought avails the marble o'er each head,

Nor all the art which sculpture can bestow,

To save the memory of the honour'd dead,

Or strike the living with their wonted awe.

Then come, ye vain, whom Fortune deigns to bless,

This scene at once shall all her frauds expose;

And ye who Beauty's loveliest charms possess

From this may find a moral in the rose.

For soon infirmity shall fix her seat,

And dissolution lastly close the scene;

No more shall youth your jocund acts repeat,

Or age relate what graver years have been.

Yet think not death awaits the course of years,

He comes whilst youth his shield of health supports;

In every place the potent king appears,

To youth, to age, to every scene resorts.

But why, my heart, that palpitating beat!

Can death's idea cause that pensive gloom?

Since in the world such thorny cares we meet,

And since 'tis peace within the silent tomb.

Miss Blamire of Thackwood. 125

Yet still the thought of nature's sad decay,
And the reception in the world unknown,
Must cast a cloud o'er hope's celestial ray,
• If not dispell'd by conscious worth alone :
May this support me in the awful hour
When earthly prospects fade before my view ;
O ! then, my friends, into my bosom pour
Some soothing balsam at the last adieu.
Say, in Elysium we shall meet again,
Nor there shall error hold the enchanting rod ;
But freed from earth at once we'll break the chain,
And thus releas'd shall ne'er offend our God.
Then hence aversion to the body's doom,
Nor let this scene a pensive murmur raise,
Nor let thought grieve when pondering o'er the tomb,
Though on my grave the senseless herd should graze.

WRITTEN ON A GLOOMY DAY IN
SICKNESS.

THACKWOOD, 4TH JUNE, 1786.

The gloomy lowering of the sky,
The milky softness of the air,
The hum of many a busy fly,
Are things the cheerful well can spare ;
But to the pensive, thoughtful mind,
Those kindred glooms are truly dear,
When in dark shades such wood-notes wind
As woo and win Reflection's ear ;—

126 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

The birds that warble over head,
The bees that visit every flower,
The stream that murmurs o'er its bed,
All aid the melancholy hour.

The weary, weary, wasting frame,
Through which life's pulses slowly beat,
Would fain persuade that nought's the same
As when health glow'd with genial heat.

Where are the spirits, light as air,
That self-amus'd, would carol loud?
Would find out pleasure everywhere,
And all her paths with garlands strow'd?

Nature's the same : the Spring returns,
The leaf again adorns the tree ;
How tasteless this to her who mourns—
To her who droops and fades like me !

No emblem for myself I find,
Save what some dying plant bestows—
Save where its drooping head I bind,
And mark how strong the likeness grows.

No more sweet Eve with drops distill'd
Shall melt o'er thee in tender grief ;
Nor bid Aurora's cup be fill'd
With balmy dew from yonder leaf.

What, though some seasons more had roll'd
Their golden suns to glad thine eye !
Yet as a flower of mortal mould
'Twas still thy lot—to bloom and die.

EPISTLE TO HER FRIENDS AT
GARTMORE.

[This poem contains a lively and striking picture of some of the every-day incidents in Miss Blamire's life. "It is quite biographical," says Maxwell, "and gives us a fine glimpse, freely and unreservedly, into her character." The Grahams of Gartmore were related to the Blamires by marriage.]

My Gartmore friends, a blessing on ye,
And all that's good still light upon ye !
Will you allow this hobbling rhyme
To tell you how I spend my time ?
'Tis true I write in shorten'd measure,
Because I scrawl but at my leisure ;
For why ?—sublimity of style
Takes up a most prodigious while ;
To count with fingers six or seven,
And mind that syllables are even,—
To make the proper accent fall,
La ! 'tis the very deuce of all :
Alternate verse, too, makes me think
How to get t'other line to clink ;
And then your odes with two lines rhyming,
An intermitting sort of chiming,
Just like the bells on birth-days ringing,
Or like your friend S. Blamire's singing,
Which only pleases those whose ears
Ne'er heard the music of the spheres.
As for this measure, these trite strains
Give me no sort of thought or pains ;
If that the first line ends with head,
Why then the rhyme to that is bed ;

128 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

And so on through the whole essay,
For careless ease makes out my say ;
And if you'll let me tell you how
I pass my time, I'll tell you now.

First, then, I've brought me up my tea,—
A medicine which I'd order'd me ;
It's from the coast of Labrador,
Sir Hugh, the gallant Commodore*
Brought it to me for my rheumatics,—
O girls ! these aches play me sad tricks ;—
And e'en in London had you found me,
You'd found a yard of flannel round me,
At eight I rise—a decent time !
But aunt would say 'tis oftener nine.
I come down stairs, the cocoa ready,—
For you must know I'm turn'd fine lady,
And fancy tea gives me a pain
Where 'tis not decent to complain.
When breakfast's done, I take a walk
Where English girls their secrets talk ;
But as for you, ye're modest maids,
And shun the house to walk i' the shades ;
Often my circuit's round the garden,
In which there's no flower worth a farthing.
I sit me down and work a while,—
But here, I think, I see you smile ;
At work ! quoth you ;—but little's done,
Thou lik'st too well a bit of fun.

* Admiral Sir Hugh Palliser.

At twelve, I dress my head so smart,
Were there a man—he'd lose his heart ;
My hair is turn'd the loveliest brown,
There's no such hair in London town !
Nor do I use one grain of powder,
Either the violet or the other ;
Nature adopts me for her child,—
Fair is her fruit when not run wild.

At one, the cloth is constant laid
By little Fan, our pretty maid,
Round her such native beauty glows,
You'd take her cheek to be some rose
Just spreading forth its blossom sweet,
Where red and white in union meet ;
She's prettier much than her young lady,
But that, you know, full easily may be.
" Well, Fanny, do you wish to go
To the dance there in the town below ! "
" Yes ;—but I dare not ask my mistress."
" O ! I'll relieve you from that distress ! "
I ask for her,—away she goes,
And shines à belle among the beaus.
Now, my good friends, by this you see,
Rustics have balls as well as we ;
And really as to different stations,
Or comforts in the various nations,
They're more upon an equal par
Than we imagine them, by far.
They love and hate—have just the same
Feeling of pleasure and of pain ;

Only our kind of education
 Gives ours a greater elevation.
 I oft have listen'd to the chat
 Of country folks, 'bout who knows what !
 And yet their wit, though unrefin'd,
 Seems the pure product of the mind.

You'd laugh to see the honest wives
 Telling me how their household thrives ;
 For, you must know, I'm fam'd for skill
 In the nice compound of a pill.
 " Miss Sukey, here's a little lass,
 She's no sae weel as what she was ;
 The peer, peer bairn, does oft complain,—
 I'd tell you where, but I think shame."
 " Nay, speak, good woman,—mind not me ;
 The child is not quite well I see."
 " Nea ;" she says, " her belly aches,
 And Jwohnie got her some worm-cakes ;
 They did nea good—though purg'd her well,—
 What is the matter we can't tell ;
 She sadly whets her teeth at neet,
 And a' the day does nought but fret ;
 It's outhier worms, or wind, or water,
 Something you know mun be the matter.'
 " My little woman, come to me ;
 Her tongue is very white I see ;
 Come, wrap her little head up warm,
 And give her this,—'twill do no harm ;
 'Twill give a gentle stool or so."
 " Is it a purge ? " " No, Peggy, no ;

Miss Blamire of Thackwood. 131

Only an easy, gentle lotion,
To give her once a-day a motion ;
For 'Pothecaries late have found
Diseases rise from being bound,
'Gainst which they've physic in their shop,
And many a drug, and useless slop ;
This here will purify your blood,
And this will do your stomach good ;
This is for vapours when splenetic,
And here's a cure for the sciatic ;
But let her take what I have given,
'Twill help to keep your child from heaven."
"Lord grant it may ! and if it do,
Long as I live I'll pray for you."

After I've dined, maybe I read,
Or write to favourites 'cross the Tweed ;
Then work till tea, then walk again
If it does neither snow nor rain.
If e'er my spirits want a flow,
Up stairs I run to my bureau,
And get your letters—read them over
With all the fondness of a lover ;
This never fails to give me pleasure,
For these are Friendship's hoarded treasure,
And never fail to make me gay ;
How oft I bless the happy day
Which made us friends and keeps us so,
Though now almost five years ago !
Trust me, my dear, I would not part
With the share, I hope, I've in your heart,

132 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

For any thing that wealth could give ;
Without a friend, O who would live !
My favourite motto runs—" He's poor
Who has a world and nothing more ;
Exchange it for a friend, 'tis gain,
A better thing you then obtain."

But stop, my journal's nearly done ;
Through the whole day 't has almost run.
I think I've sipp'd my tea nigh up,
O ! yes, I'm sure I drank my cup ;
I work till supper, after that
I play or sing, or maybe chat ;
At ten we always go to bed,
And thus my life I've calmly led
Since my return ;—as Prior says
In some of his satiric lays,
" I eat, and drink, and sleep,—what then ?
I eat, and drink, and sleep again ;
Thus idly lolls my time away,
And just does nothing all the day ! "

THE ADIEU AND RECALL TO LOVE.

Go, idle boy, I quit thy power,
Thy couch of many a thorn and flower,
Thy twanging bow, thine arrow keen,
Deceitful Beauty's timid mien ;
The feign'd surprise, the roguish leer,
The tender smile, the thrilling tear,

Have now no pangs—no joys for me,
So, fare thee well, for I am free !
Then flutter hence on wanton wing,
Or lave thee in yon lucid spring,
Or take thy beverage from the rose,
Or on Louisa's breast repose,
I wish thee well for pleasures past,
Yet bless the hour I'm free at last !

But sure methinks the alter'd day
Scatters around a mournful ray ;
And chilly every zephyr blows,
And every stream untuneful flows,
No rapture swells the linnet's voice,
No more the vocal groves rejoice ;
And e'en thy song, sweet bird of eve
With whom I lov'd so oft to grieve,
Now, scarce regarded, meets my ear
Unanswer'd by a sigh or tear ;
No more with devious steps I choose
To brush the mountain's morning dews ;
To drink the spirit of the breeze,
Or wander midst o'er-arching trees ;
Or woo with undisturb'd delight
The pale-cheek'd Virgin of the night,
That, peering through the leafy bower,
Throws on the ground a silver shower.
Alas ! is all this boasted ease
To lose each warm desire to please ?
No sweet solicitude to know
For other's bliss, for other's woe,

134 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

A frozen apathy to find—

A sad vacuity of mind ?

O ! hasten back, thou heavenly boy,
And with thine anguish bring thy joy ;
Return with all thy torments here,
And let me hope, and doubt, and fear ;
O ! rend my heart with every pain,
But, let me, let me love again !

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

The Rose, I own, has many a charm

To win the partial eye ;

Her sweets remain to glad the sense

E'en when her colours fly :

Just so good humour charms the heart,

After a face once fair

Parts with its bloom, and withering time

Has planted wrinkles there.

But should I ask from beauty's store

A tint to gain the heart,

It should not be the blooming tinge

Which looks so like to art.

No ; spread along the downy cheek

The tender Lily fair ;

And soon the eye shall teach the heart

To find an interest there.

The bending form, the drooping head,
Shall dwell upon the mind,
And ever round the feelings strong
Some soft affection wind.

So Flora, once in pensive mood,
Pronounc'd the fix'd decree,
When passing many a flaunting flower,
She dropped a tear o'er thee ;

"Others," said she, "may charm the eye,
And fancied joys impart ;
But thou shalt learn the secret way
That wins into the heart.

Within thy bell this pearl shall rest,
Which seems a lucid tear,
The only gem that Pity loves
To tremble in her ear.

Then let Health make the blooming Rose
The favourite of her bower ;—
The eye may woo the flow'ret gay,
The heart shall own thy power."

TO A LADY

WHO WENT INTO THE COUNTRY IN APRIL.

Go, sweet companion of the Spring,
Go, plume the little songster's wing ;
And, when it steals from every eye,
Place thou the downy feather nigh ;

136 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

The softest moss be sure to lay
Within the little builder's way ;
Assist in deep domestic toil,
And many a labouring hour beguile ;
Avert from hence unhallow'd feet,
And guard like Peace the lone retreat :
Whether in tangling brake conceal'd,
Or yellow broom, too much reveal'd,
In antique thorn, or rocky cell,
On waving spray, or mossy dell,
Midst social woods, or lonely tree,
Or where the household else shall be.
So may the snowdrop raise her head,
So may the primrose leave her bed ;
So may the breeze refreshment bring
To every daughter of the Spring ;
So may the cowslip walk the mead,
And daisies, wondering at their speed,
With haste their flowery carpet spread
Where'er the wandering foot shall tread,
While the light heart some charm shall see
In every meadow, hill, and tree,
Nor yet a shadow cross the lawn
That's not by her bright pencil drawn.

But, ah ! while Nature courts your eye,—
While genial beams flit o'er the sky ;
Though pleas'd to view the shifting scene,
From rage-ting'd red, to blue serene ;
Remember that a friend may sigh,
And the round tear bedim the eye ;

That absence throws a deeper shade
Than ever darken'd through the glade ;
And that, when heart-lov'd friends appear,
Not all the changes of the year—
Not all the blossoms of the rose—
Nor all the sweets that Summer throws,
Such joy, such life, the heart can lend,
As the return of that dear Friend!

A PETITION TO APRIL.

WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS, 1793.

Sweet April ! month of all the year
That loves to shed the dewy tear,
And with a soft but chilly hand
The silken leaves of flowers expand ;
Thy tear-set eye shall I ne'er see
Weep o'er a sickly plant like me ?
Thou art the nurse of infant flowers,
The parent of relenting showers ;
Thy tears and smiles when newly born
Hang on the cheek of weeping Morn,
While Evening sighs in seeming grief
O'er frost-nipp'd bud or bursting leaf.
Once Pity held thee in her arms,
And, breathing all her gentle charms,
Bade thy meek smile o'ertake the tear,
And Hope break loose from trembling Fear ;
Bade clouds that load the breast of Day
On melting Twilight weep away ;

138 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

She bade thee, when the breezy Morn
 Kiss'd the sweet gem that deck'd the thorn,
 O'er the pale primrose softly pour
 The nectar of a balmy shower ;
 And is the primrose dear to thee ?
 And wilt thou not give health to me ?
 See, how I droop ! my strength decays,
 And life wears out a thousand ways ;
 Supporting friends their cordials give,
 And wish, and hope, and bid me live ;
 With this short breath it may not be,
 Unless thou lend'st a sigh to me.
 O ! fan me with a gentler breeze ;
 Invite me forth with busy bees ;
 And bid me trip the dewy lawn
 Adorn'd with wild flowers newly blown ;
 O ! do not sternly bid me try
 The influence of a milder sky ;
 I know that May can weave her bower,
 And spot, and paint, a richer flower ;
 Nor is her cheek so wan as thine ;
 Nor is her hand so cold as mine ;
 Nor bears she thy unconstant mind,
 But ah ! to me she ne'er was kind.
 To thee I'll rear a mossy throne,
 And bring the violet yet unblown ;
 Then teach it just to ope its eye,
 And on thy bosom fondly die ;
 Embalm it in thy tears, and see
 If thou hast one more left for me.

In thy pale noon no roses blow,
Nor lilies spread their summer snow ;
Nor would I wish this time-worn cheek
In all the blush of health to break ;
No ; give me ease and cheerful hours,
And take away thy fairer flowers ;
So may the rude gales cease to blow,
And every breeze yet milder grow,
Till I in slumber softly sleep,
Or wake but to grow calm and weep ;
And o'er thy flowers in pity bend,
Like the soft sorrows of a friend.

THE OLD SOLDIER'S TALE.

(FROM "STOKLEWATH.")

But hark ! what sounds of mingl'd joy and woe
From yon poor cottage bursting seem to flow.
'Tis honest Sarah's. Soldier-Harry's come,
And, after all his toils, got safely home.
" Welcome, old soldier, welcome from the wars !
Honour the man, my lads, seam'd o'er with scars !
Come give's thy hand, and bring another can,
And tell us all thou'st done, and seen, my man."
Now expectation stares in every eye,
The jaw falls down, and every soul draws nigh,
With ear turn'd up, and head held all awry.
" Why, sir, the papers tell you all that's done,
What battle's lost, and what is hardly won.

140 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

But when the eye looks into private woes,
And sees the grief that from one battle flows,
Small cause of triumph can the bravest feel,
For never yet were brave hearts made of steel.

"In a dark and dismal corner once I found
A youth, whose blood was pouring through the wound ;
No sister's hand, no tender mother's eye
To stanch that wound was fondly standing by ;
Famine had done her work, and low were laid
The loving mother and the blooming maid.
He rais'd his eyes, and bade me strike the blow,
I've nought to lose, he cried, so fear no foe ;
No foe is near, I softly made reply,
A soldier, friend, would save and not destroy.
Well ; as I dress'd the youth, I found 'twas he
That oft had charm'd the sentinels and me ;
From post to post like lightning he would fly,
And pour down thunder from his red-hot sky ;
We prais'd him for't,—so I my captain told,
For well I knew he lik'd the foe that's bold ;
So then the surgeon took him in his charge,
And the captain made him prisoner at large."
"Was he a Spaniard, or a Frenchman, whether ?
But it's no matter ; they're all rogues together !"
"You're much mistaken : Goodness I have found
Springs like the grass that clothes the common ground ;
Some more, some less, you know, grows every where ;
Some soils are fertile, and some are but bare.
Nay, 'mongst the Indians I've found kindly cheer,
And as much pity as I could do here !

Once in their woods I stray'd a length of way,
And thought I'd known the path that homeward lay ;
We'd gone to forage, but I lost the rest,
Which, till quite out of hearing, never guess'd.
I halloo'd loud, some voices made reply,
But not my comrades ; not one friend was nigh.
Some men appear'd, their faces painted o'er,
The wampum-belt, and tomahawk they bore ;
Their ears were hung with beads, that largely spread
A breadth of wing, and cover'd half the head.
I kiss'd the ground ; one older than the rest
Stepp'd forth, and laid his hand upon my breast,
Then seiz'd my arms, and sign'd that I should go,
And learn with them to bend the sturdy bow :
I bow'd and follow'd ; sadly did I mourn,
And never more expected to return.

We travell'd on some days through woods alone,
At length we reach'd their happy silent home.

“A few green acres the whole plot compose,
Which woods surround, and fencing rocks enclose,
Skirting whose banks, a river fond of play
Sometimes stood still, and sometimes ran away ;
The branching deer would drink the dimpl'd tide,
And crop the wild herbs on its flowery side,—
Around the silent hut would sometimes stray,
Then, at the sight of man, bound swift away ;
But all in vain ; the hunter's flying dart
Springs from the bow, and quivers in the hart.
A mother and four daughters here we found,
With shells encircled, and with feathers crown'd,

142 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

Bright pebbles shone amidst the plaited hair,
While lesser shells surround the moon-like ear.
With screams at sight of me away they flew
(For fear or pleasure springs from what is new) ;
Then, to their brothers, screaming still they ran,
Thinking my clothes and me the self-same man ;
When bolder grown, they ventur'd something near,
Light touch'd my coat, but started back with fear.
When time and use had chas'd their fears away,
And I had learned some few short words to say,
They oft would tell me, that I should allow
The rampant lion to o'erhang my brow,
And on my cheek the spotted leopard wear,
Stretch out my ears, and let my arms go bare.
Tho' different in their manners, yet their heart
Was equal mine in every better part.
Brave to a fault, if courage fault can be ;
Kind to their fellows, doubly kind to me.
Some little arts my travell'd judgment taught,
Which tho' a prize to them, seem'd greater than
they ought.

“Needless with bows for me the woods to roam,
I therefore tried to do some good at home.
The birds, or deer, or boars, were all their food,
Save the swift salmon of the silver flood ;
And when the long storms the winter-stores would
drain,
Hunger might ask the stinted meal in vain.
Some goats I saw that brows'd the rocks among,
And oft I thought to trap their playful young ;

But not till first a fencing hedge surrounds
Their future fields, and the encloséure bounds ;
For many a father owns a hatchet here,
Which falls descending to his wealthy heir.
The playful kid we from the pitfall bring,
O'erspread with earth, and many a tempting thing ;
Light lay the branches o'er the treacherous deep,
And favourite herbs among the long grass creep.
The little prisoner soon is taught to stand,
And crop the food from the betrayer's hand.
A winter-store now rose up to their view,
And in another field the clover grew ;
But, without scythes or hooks, how could we lay
The ridgy swath and turn it into hay ?
At last, of stone we form'd a sort of spade,
Broad at the end, and sharp, for cutting made ;
We push'd along, the tender grass gave way,
And soon the sun turn'd every pile to hay,
It was not long before the flocks increased,
And I first gave the unknown milky feast.
Some clay I found, and useful bowls I made,
Tho', I must own, I marr'd the potter's trade ;
Yet use is everything—they did the same
As if from China the rude vessels came.
The curdling cheese I taught them next to press ;
And twirl'd on strings the roasting meat to dress.
In all the woods the Indian corn was found,
Whose grains I scatter'd in the fruitful ground ;
The willing soil leaves little here to do,
Or asks the furrows of the searching plough ;

144 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

Yet something like one with delight I made,
For tedious are the labours of the spade,
The coulter and the sock were pointed stone,
The eager brothers drew the traces on,
I stalk'd behind and threw the faithful grain,
And wooden harrows clos'd the earth again :
Soon sprung the seed, and soon 'twas in the ear,
Nor wait the golden sheaves the falling year ;
In this vast clime two harvests load the field,
And fifty crops th' exhaustless soil can yield.

“Some bricks I burnt, and now a house arose,
Finer than ought the Indian chieftain knows ;
A wicker door, with clay-like plaster lin'd,
Serv'd to exclude the piercing wintry wind ;
A horn-glaz'd window gave a scanty light,
But lamps cheer'd up the gloom of lengthen'd night ;
The cotton shrub through all the woods had run,
And plenteous wicks our rocks and spindles spun.
Around their fields the yam I taught to grow,
With all the fruits they either love or know.
The bed I rais'd from the damp earth, and now
Some little comfort walk'd our dwelling through.
My fame was spread : the neighbouring Indians came,
View'd all our works, and strove to do the same.
The wampum-belt my growing fame records,
That tells great actions without help of words.
I gain'd much honour, and each friend would bring
'Mong various presents many a high-priz'd thing.
And when, with many a prayer, I ask once more
To seek my friends, and wander to the shore,

They all consent,—but drop a sorrowing tear,
While many a friend his load of skins would bear.
Riches were mine ; but fate will'd it not so,—
They grew the treasure of the Spanish foe ;
My Indian friends threw down their fleecy load,
And, like the bounding elk, leap'd back into the wood,

“What though a prisoner ! countrymen I found,
Heard my own tongue, and bless'd the cheerful sound ;
It seem'd to me as if my home was there,
And every dearest friend would soon appear.
At length a cartel gave us back to share
The wounds and dangers of a bloody war.
Peace dawn'd at last, and now the sails were spread,
Some climb the ship unhurt, some few half dead.
Not this afflicts the gallant soldier's mind,
What is't to him tho' limbs are left behind !
Chelsea a crutch and bench will yet supply,
And be the veteran's dear lost limb and eye !

“When English ground first struck the sailor's
view,

Huzza ! for England, roar'd the jovial crew.
The waving crutch leaped up in every hand,
While one poor leg was left alone to stand ;
The very name another limb bestows,
And through the artery the blood now flows.
We reach'd the shore, and kiss'd the much-lov'd
ground,

And fondly fancied friends would crowd around ;
But few with wretchedness acquaintance claim,
And little pride is every way the same.

146 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

“ In coming down, the seeing eye of day
Darken'd around me, and I lost my way.
Where'er a light shot glimmering through the trees,
I thither urg'd my weary trembling knees,
Tapp'd at the door, and begg'd in piteous tone,
They'd let a wandering soldier find his home ;
They barr'd the door, and bade me beg elsewhere,
They'd no spare beds for vagabonds to share.
This was the tale where'er I made a halt,
And greater houses grew upon the fault ;
The dog was loos'd to keep me far at bay,
And saucy footmen bade me walk away,
Or else a constable should find a home
For wandering captains from the wars new come.
Alas ! thought I, is this the soldier's praise
For loss of health, of limb, and length of days ?
And is this England ?—England, my delight !
For whom I thought it glory but to fight—
That has no covert for the soldier's night !”



EWAN CLARK OF STANDING-STONE.

EWAN CLARK was born in the year 1734, at Standing-stone, near Wigton.* His brother, the Rev. Wilfrid Clark, was Vicar of the parish of Wigton for thirty-nine years. In his youth, Ewan Clark was in the army; but what experience he had of military life, or how long he served there, we have not been able to learn. In his longest poem, *The Rustic*, he has left us a clever sketch of an old soldier, tired and worn out with a long day's march, part of which we quote :—

In a close lane,
A veteran soldier on his knapsack slept ;
His remnant trunk, (its limbs were lopt away,)
Spoke the fair stature of his perfect day.
Oft in his slumbers would the old hero start,
And mutter terms of military art ;
Grasp close his crutch, and impetuous cry,
"Charge, charge brave comrades—see, the Frenchmen
Fly !"

In 1779, he published a volume of Miscellaneous Poems at Whitehaven, which contained his Pastorals in the Cumberland dialect.

* Mr. W. A. Fidler, of Standing-stone, has kindly furnished us with all our information respecting Ewan Clark. It was mostly gathered from an old gentleman, since dead, who left Clark's school in 1796, when he was twelve years old.

148 *Ewan Clark of Standing-stone.*

He afterwards kept a school at Standing-stone, where he taught about fifty boys and girls the elements of a plain English education. His wife was a homely frugal dame, who spun her own linen, and gave the girls lessons in sewing during school-hours—a branch of female instruction much neglected in our day. The school became famous for turning out good readers. Ewan Clark took great interest in the progress of his pupils, and was always anxious to promote their happiness by all means in his power. The children had few holidays; but once a year they were given free access to a garden full of gooseberries, behind the cottage, and allowed to frolic and play there as long as they pleased.

His song *I trudg'd up to Lunnon thro' thick and thro' thin*, first appeared in Hutchinson's History of Cumberland. *The Rustic*, a poem in four cantos, was published in London, 1805, when its author was seventy years old. This poem, though unequal as a whole, contains passages worthy of Bloomfield or Clare.

After passing a life of great retirement at Standing-stone, Ewan Clark died May 26th, 1811, aged seventy-seven years. He was interred in Wigton church-yard, where a plain headstone marks his resting place. The family burial ground is adjoining.

EWAN CLARK'S SONGS.

I TRUDG'D UP TO LUNNON THRO' THICK AND THRO' THIN.

[This clever song—full of playful, harmless satire—was written for the Cumberland Anniversary Society of London, and was sung with great *accolade* at their annual meeting held April 14th, 1785.]



KEST off my clogs, hung th' kelt cwoat on
a pin,
And trudg'd up to Lunnon thro' thick and
thro' thin,
And hearing the fiddlers—guid fwoks—I've meade
free
To thrust mysel in, your divarshon to see.

Derry down, &c.

Odswinge! this is brave! canny Cumberland, oh!
In aw my bworn days sec a seet I ne'er saw;
Sec honest-like feaces, sec freedom, and then
Sae feyne,—to be seer ye're aw parliament-men.

Derry down, &c.

150 *Ewan Clark of Standing-stone.*

Since I's here, if you'll lend your lugs to my sang,
I'll tell you how aw things in Cumberland gang;
How we *live*—I mean *starve*—for, God bless the king!
His ministers—darr them!—are nit quite the thing.

Derry down, &c.

Thur taxes ! thur taxes ! Lord help us, amen !
Out of every twel-pence I doubt they'll tek ten.
We're tax'd when we're bworn, and we're tax'd
when we dee;

Now countrymen these are hard laws, d'ye see.

Derry down, &c.

My honest plain neighbor, John Stoddart, declares
That the tax upon horses and tax upon mares
Is cutting and cruel; nay, some of us vow,
Instead of a horse we'll e'en saddle a cow.

Derry down, &c.

The tax upon maut—*argv*, tax upon drink—
Wad mek yen red mad only on it to think.
Then the measure's sae sma'!—between me and you,
We may drink till we're brussen before we're hawf fou,

Derry down, &c.

And windows—ey, there I can feelingly speak—
I paid three wheyte shillings this varra last week
For paper-patch'd leets, that my scholars meeght see
To spelder their words, and ply A B C.

Derry down, &c.

But dead or alive, I my taxes will pay,
To enjoy every year the delights o' this day.
Success to you aw! and, if it be fair,
I'll meet you neist year, and for twenty years mair!
Derry down, &c.

ENGLISH ALE.

Whilst barley grows on British ground,
Ale king of liquor shall be crown'd,
And till we die, or drunk or sober,
Let's sing the sweets of brown October.

Some praise the generous juice of wine,
And cry in raptures, 'tis divine!
But while to wag our tongues are able,
We'll swear 'tis false, and all a fable.

Of nectar, drink of gods we've heard,
With which great Jove oft wet his beard;
But by this tankard, and great Jove,
'Twas ale brew'd from yon fields—above.

Mount then the tankard with full measure,
Ale's the true celestial treasure;
Above—what gods have quaff'd before,
Below—we quaff on Britain's shore.

THE HAPPY BACHELOR.

A Bachelor's life of all lives is the best,
No cares matrimonial disturb his calm rest ;
No lectures, call'd *curtain*, shake sleep from his eyes,
When tir'd he can rest, and when tir'd he can rise.

If a ride be propos'd, a walk, or the bowl,
No tongue dare to thwart him, no wife can controul ;
Whate'er be his humour : to sing, snore, or pout,
That man, sure, is happiest, that freely can do't.

A friend he can visit, or by himself sit,
Put on just what clothes or what looks he thinks fit :
Can fondle with Jowler, and give him a kiss,
And no one to say to him,—Fie ! 'tis amiss.

On beef he can breakfast : with ale wash it down,
Unenvying muse on the modes of the town ;
With content in his heart, but no horns on his head,
Unmarry'd if thus,—*what bewitchment to wed !*



EWAN CLARK'S POEMS.

SEYMON AND JEMMY.

A PASTORAL.

SEYMON.



HAT ails-ta, Jemmy, thou's sae soon a-fit !
Day wulln't peep thur twea lang hawf-hours
yet ;

I'se pinch'd to ken my thoom afore my eyne,
And not ae lav'rock yet has left the green.

JEMMY.

The self-same question, Seym, I to thee make ;
For, to my thinking, Seymon's wide awake.

SEYMON.

True, Jemmy, true, owre true is what thou says ;
I've not yence wink'd thur seven lang neets and days.
My Nan's the cru'lest lass that e'er was bworn,
To aw my sighs she answers nought but scworn ;
'Twas this day week we rak'd the meadow's preyde—
And sen that day thur eyne have waken'd weyde,—

154 *Ewan Clark of Standing-stone.*

The sun shin'd het, we aw wi' ae consent,
 To flee its fworce, to the deyke-gutter went;
 Each lad tuik her he lik'd upon his knee,
 Nin stood unmarrow'd save my Nan and me.
 I set my tongue to luive, and said, "Sweet Nan!
 When aw the lave are down why sud we stan' ?
 Come to thy Seym—thy Seymkin's only preyde!—
 If nought thou grant me, aeways grace my seyde."
 "Wa whoo-te-whoo!" she cried, and scowpt away,
 "I wad as soon come to our cur-dog Tray."
 My varra bluid ran cauld within my breast,
 Thus to be liken'd to a dumb brute beast;
 The lads gap'd wide, the lasses glopp'd about,
 I sigh'd and luik'd full sheepishly nae doubt.
 'Twas but yestreen—a waefu' day, God kens!—
 We loaded hay down in the wide Lang-tens;
 The wark was pleasant, and shwort seem'd the day,
 For Nan was loader, and I fork'd the hay,
 And could have fork'd a month without a meal;
 Luiking at Nan my pith would never fail.
 A cannier loaded car thou never saw;
 Nin loads like Nan—nin, nin amang them aw.
 When aw was duin, I crept to the car seyde,
 And gleymin up, wi' beath my arms spread weyde,
 "Come luive," quo I, "I'll waanly tak thee down."
 "Stand off, thou gowk," she answer'd with a frown,
 Then with a spang lowpt down amang the hay.
 I scratch'd my lug; what could I dui or say.
 Waes me! oh, Jemmy, hard's peer Seymon's kease!
 Wad that I ne'er had seen her witchin' feace!

I'se aw foan frae my coat six inch or mair ;
This waefu' luive pulls down a body sair.

JEMMY.

O simple Seymon ! that's thy proper name,
Pluck up thy heart and be a man, for shame ;
Leave thur waes-me's, sighs, sobs, and sec like stuff,
For women mind not whinging-wark a snuff.
I'll tell thee how I sarv'd my lassie, man,—
And I luive Rose as weel as thou luives Nan,—
We loaded hay tui in yon three nuikt clwose,
Mysel was forker and the loader Rose ;
She smurk'd sae sweetly, luik'd wi' sec a grace,
I got lal wrought for gleymin at her face ;
Wi' mickle-a-de the ropes at last were tied,
When " Flower of flowers, my red-cheek'd Rose,"

I cried,

" Skurrlle, skurrlle thee down—I'll kep thee—come
thy ways—

I'll luik behint me—never mind thy claes."

" Nay, Jemmy, nay," she cried, " I'll come mysel."

She came, but straight into my arms she fell ;
I coddled her clwose, and gave her many a smack,
For full five minutes not a word she spak ;

When she gat loose, she luik'd like ane reed-mad,
Up went her rake wi' " Tak thee that, my lad !"

Twice mair she rais'd it, " Aye, and that, and that !"

Waanly it fell, I hardlins felt each bat ;

For aw her frowning, I could plainly see

A luively smile sit lurkin' in her ee.

156 *Ewan Clark of Standing-stone.*

At neet I met her by her own sweet sell,
And then—but lovers munnet aw things tell.

SEYMON.

Oh, Jemmy, thou's deep vers'd in womankind,
Kens aw their feekment, feikment ways I find ;
Wad thou but 'vise me how to make Nan mine,
At Rosley Fair I'll treat wi' bluid-reed wine.

JEMMY.

I'll freely do't, and hope 'twill mend thy state,
I'se greiv'd to hear thee whinging at this rate.
When neist Nan frumps and frowns, and flisks and
kicks,
Tell her thou sees through aw her shallow tricks,
And sen she leads thee sec a wild-goose chase,
Thou'lt owre the burn off-hand to blinking Bess.
And seem to gang ; thou'lt hear her in a crack
Cry "Mayslin gowk ! I nobbit jwok'd—come back !"

SEYMON.

Thanks, Jemmy, thanks, I find thy council's reet ;
When Nan I've strok'd she's pulsh'd me like a peet.
I'll now grow wise, I've been a fool owre lang,
I'll change my nwote and sing a diff'rent sang.
Whish ! yon's their Tray, Nan's ganging to the kye ;
I'll follow, and my new-fangled courtship try.

ROGER MADE HAPPY.

A PASTORAL.

One summer morn, at early peep of day,
Ere yet the birds had left the dewy spray,
A faithful couple sought the darksome grove,
And thus, alternate, told their artless love.

ROGER.

Mun I still sigh, and luik with a sad feace ?
Will Susan never pity my peer kease ?
Mun I still graen, and hing my heartless head,
And luik like yen just risen frae the dead ?
Wul-ta' still wear a heart sae hard, my luive ?
Can sighs ne'er soften't, nor compleenins muive ?
Alas ! my soul is sadly out of tune ;
Thy scworn will send me to the kirk-garth suin.

SUSAN.

What have I duin by either word or deed,
To gar thee sigh, luik sad, or hing thy head ?

ROGER.

Ah ! mun I tell thee what thou kens owre weel,
The slights I suffer, and the pangs I feel ?
Have I not follow'd thee four years or mair,
In hopes thy favour and thy love to share ?
Treated at fairs with ale, and shwort keakes tee ?—
The keakes thou lik'd, but ah ! thou likes not me ;
When oft I clapp'd, and strok'd thy cheeks sae reed,
Thou fidg'd and cried, "Thou's not stroke me indeed !"

158 *Ewan Clark of Standing-stone.*

When but last night thou smil'd on slav'rin Jack,
I saw, and heard owre weel each hearty smack.
This is the cause that makes—how sud it fail?—
My heart sae heartless, and my cheek sae pale.

SUSAN.

Thou wrangs me, Roger; wrangs thy Susan still; ;
Jack kiss'd me unawares again my will.
If I did smile 'twas not the smile of luive,
For nin but Roger can my heart approve.

ROGER.

Is this a dream to drown peer Roger's care?
If sae, wad I may never woken mair!
Am I awake? It, sure, can never be—

SUSAN.

Thy een are open, and, nae doubt, they see.

ROGER.

Nay, then I'se blest! I now believe my ears,
And to the winds kest aw my fuilish fears;
Nae mair of graens, nae mair of greaves I'll tell;
Roger is richer than King George himsel.
Thus let me clasp thee—kiss thee thus to death—

SUSAN.

Stop!—stop, dear Roger!—or thou'lt stop my breath.

ROGER.

Thy lips are sweeter, sweeter far, I vow,
Than honey made frae sweetest flowers that grow:
Honey suin surfeits, maks a body seek,
But I could feast on thur sweet lips a week.

SUSAN.

I'll seave them for thee, then, nin else shall share ;
But O, ne'er leave them for a sweeter pair !

* * * *

ROGER.

Bless on that tongue !—but luik, my Susan, luik !
Old Esther's chimley has begun to smuik.

A hasty kiss now seal'd their faithful vows,
Roger the scythe, and Susan sought the cows.

COSTARD'S COMPLAINT.

Waes me ! what's this that lugs sae at my heart,
And fills my breast with sec a despart smart !
Can 't be that thing ca't luive? Good folks now tell,
And I'se set down just how I find mysel.
When I'se wi' Nell my heart keeps such a rout
It lowps, and lowps, as if it wad lowp out ;
I'se apt to think—judge if my thoughts be reet—
It fain wad fling 't sell at sweet Nelly's feet.
But when I'se frae her, oh ! it's fearfu' flat,
My hand can hardlin's find it gang pit-pat ;
It's aw sae sare, it mun for sartin bleed ;
It seems as heavy as a stean aw leed.
My neighbours jeer me, and cry, "See, cocks-dogs!
Costard's reed heels are glowrin' owre his clogs !"
It's but owre true, and I mun beyde their flouts,
For I've nae heart to darn or clap on clouts.

160 *Ewan Clark of Standing-stone.*

Sleep has forsworn me, as thur een can tell,
Or if I sleep I dream of nought but Nell.
A comb's grown quite a stranger to my head,
My cheeks luik white that us'd to luik sae reed,
Clwose but my een and you wad swear I'se deed ;
If this be huive nae spwort in't can I spy ;
Good Lword deliver us frae luive ! say I.
I used to sing my sang, and crack my joke,
And shake my sides at mirth like other folk,
But I'se sare chang'd frae what I used to be ;
Luik i' my feace, and you may fairly see
I'se nowther like to live nor like to dee.
If I'se not eas'd, and soon, of this ill pain,
I'll burn my sonnets and ne'er sing again.

THE FAITHFUL PAIR.

A PASTORAL.

One summer's evening, when the sun was set,
Young Dick and Dolly by appointment met,
Beneath a hedge they squatted side by side,
When thus Dick spoke, and thus his Doll replied.

DICK.

Let lwords and ladies press the downy seat.
And on fine carpets set their mincin' feet,
I grudge them not their cushions soft—not I,
This ground seems softer when sweet Dolly's by.

DOLLY.

Let other lasses shine in silken gowns,
And fix fause hair upo' their cockin crowns,
Sec fashions I'll ne'er follow while I'se whick,
Lang as plain grogram and thur locks please Dick.

DICK.

Till I kent thee I never kent true bliss,
Never, dear Doll, I swear by this sweet kiss ;
To fairs and spworts and merry-neets I've geane,
But like sweet Doll I never yet saw yen.

DOLLY.

Tho' I'se but young—just sweet sixteen, no more—
I might have had sweethearts at least a scwore ;
But nin amang them aw could please my ee
Till Dick I saw : right soon I fancied thee.

DICK.

Blest Whussen Tuesday!—best day in the year—
I, on that day first saw my Dolly dear.
My twea shwort keakes were war'd weel worth the
while,
For Dolly took them—took them with a smile.

DOLLY.

Thar keakes, thar silent keakes, did mair for thee
Than a week's wooing frae some tongues wad dee.
The teane I eat, the other carefu' laid
Beneath my bou'ster ; when I went to bed
I turn'd north, south, I turn'd me east and west,
And thus I cried ere I crap to my nest :

162 *Ewan Clark of Standing-stone.*

"May luiky dreams laké round my head this night,
And show my true-luive to my langing sight."
I dream'd—cocksfish! as seer as I'se here whick—
The leeve-lang neet of nought but thee, my Dick;
And when I woken—keakeshave powerfu' charms—
I fand the bed-claes clwose row'd in my arms.

DICK.

And m'happen thought 'twas me?

DOLLY.

Nay, that I'll keep;
But never lass, seer, had a sweeter sleep.

DICK.

The case is a clear case; I plainly see
That Dick's ordain'd for Doll and Doll for me.
Why sud we saunter? if my Doll thinks fit,
The nwote this varra mwornin' shall be writ,
And gien on Sunday to the parish-clerk:
There ne'er comes luck of dilly-dallying wark.
Why silent, luive? and why that blushing cheek?
I hope 'tis right plain English that I speak.

DOLLY.

Plain as a pike-staff.—But what need I say?
I'se ready; and have been this monie a day.

THE SCOTCH PARSON'S ADDRESS

TO THE CULPRIT ON THE STOOL OF REPENTANCE,
AND TO THE REST OF THE DEFAULTERS.

A weel, guid hearers ! are ye a' come ben ?—
Best rin you owre, syne I shall better ken.
First, there's Kate Thamson—nay, ne'er creel you
down—

Fu' weel I ken you by your tartan gown.
Weel may you be asham'd to show your face,
For, troth, I dread it's unco scant of grace.
It's na twa years yet sen you play'd the fool ;
I gar'd you sit for't on't repentance stool ;
And now I hear you're gaun the same foul gate,
And that you're half-way gaen to glimm'rin' Pate.
Is't true or fause now Kate ? fu' fain I'd spear ;
Appen your gab, and tell your minister !
—You winna speak ?—than I maun speak mysel :
It's true, I dread, as th' muckle Deil's in hell.
Weel ; sen your silence has your fault confest,
Of a bad bargain you maun mak the best.
I'se na be owre hard on you, honest Kate !
(Our wife yence slippit i' this slidd'ry gate)
When your time comes—as come it will I trow,
Gie your bairn sook, and do as weel's you dow ;
Stap not its breath, or I ken whare you'll lowe.
Neest, Wully Wulson's fire-red nose I see ;
Weel a-waite Wully mon, how's a' wi' ye' ?

164 *Ewan Clark of Standing-stone.*

An unco stranger you i' this guid place ;
 It's full twal weeks sen here you shaw'd your face.
 I need na speer, whare been? your dram-burnt nose,
 And pluiky cheeks fu' weel that truth disclose.
 Wa fie now, Wully mon, wa fie for sham !
 Are sax lang days owre short to drink and dram?
 Resarve, at least, yen for a godly use ;
 Let the seeventh see thee here i' thy auld buese ;
 Or gif thou winna—truth I needs maun tell—
 The Deil will gar thee drink het drinks in hell.
 Gif my auld een can gang that far areight,
 Yon's young Gib Rackle i' the gall'ry seat.
 —Aye, aye 'tis him—wa wow ! but Gib, my lad,
 You're unco spruce i' your braw spang-new plad.
 Is't paid for, Gib ?—for a' your muckle luiks,
 I dreed it stands uncrosst i' th' shapman's buiks,
 Fie, Gibbie, fie ! afore I'd rin a trust,
 I'd water drink, and munch a mouldy crust.
 I hear foreby you're vilely gi'en to vice,
 To the Deil's buiks and banes, the cards and dice :
 And that hale nights you'll to the bag-pipes dance,
 In monkey lowps, imported first frae France ;
 But quat thur tricks, or than I'se read your doom,
 You'll dance at last i' the Deil's drawing-room.
 —Wha's that sits ben ? our worthy Laird, ifec !
 Excuse my glimm'rin' een's owre lang neglec'—
 'Tis their foul fault, not want of due respec'.
 I'se unco glad again to see you out ;
 You've lang laid up wi' that same waefu' gout.

The gout, I trow, gif my auld skill be reight,
Rins frae your thrapple quite down to your feet.
Your owre fat flesh, and your high-season'd sauce,
Your teas, and trashments that gang down your awse,
These are the things, as sure as you are whick,
That cause you thus to hirple owre a stick.
With a whun parridge wad you break your fast,
Your shanks wad then as lang's your body last.
Sup guid sweet milk, kale, crowdie, and the like,
And you'll be fit to lowp the highest dike.
These the best staff for limbs, health's blumin'smile;
Could I, ilk Sabbath, else walk sax Scotch mile?
—But whisht! I hear twal chappit o' the clock—
Just a short prayer, syne I'll let loose my flock.
May what I've preach'd this day provehalesome food,
Stick to your hearts, and do your sauls much guid!
—Now to your crowdies—I've na mair to say;
Guid Laird!*—I'se take a bite wi' you the day.

EPITAPH ON A LAWYER.

Here lies—good reason that he should—
A man that never did much good.
He was a Barrister, d'y'see?
And from both sides oft took a fee.
His tongue was with persuasion-oil'd;
His client's cause was never foil'd.

* Rubbing his hands, and bowing to the Laird of the Manor.

Cases in point he had by rote;
 He needed neither book nor note.
 He could make out as clear as light,
 That white was black, and black was white;
 And, by like arguments, well-strung,
 That wrong was right, and right was wrong.
 At last—for Lawyers, friend, must pack—
 Death clapp'd an action on his back:
 Confin'd him here; and here he lies,
 To wait the final grand assize.
 How he'll then plead his rotten cause,
 HE that knows all things only knows.

CHILDHOOD.

FROM "THE RUSTIC."

Sing we man's life through each progressive stage,
 From lisping infancy to silver'd age.
 But, chief, we paint the manners of the plain,
 Where Joy, and Health, and honest Labour reign.
 Oh, might the poet's vent'rous song succeed!
 His pains how pleasing, if applause their meed!
 Behold the infant! mark his earliest days,
 His changeful humours and his wayward ways!
 This moment joy sits laughing in his eyes;
 The next comes laden with his doleful cries.
 An April day his semblance apt appears,
 Sunshine and rain—his smiles are seen through tears.

His motions, in expressive language, sue
For needful aids, for fancies not a few.
Though reason yet beams not its quick'ning ray
T' illume his mind with intellectual day,
Yet, ev'n thus early, may observance scan,
And trace the passions of the future man.

Time flies ; the infant's strength and stature grow,
And health has ros'd his cheek with vermeil glow ;
Behold him now ; how worthy to be seen !
The mighty two-foot giant of the green.
Buoyant of heart, he roams the mead around ;
He treads in air, and scarcely feels the ground.
He springs a butterfly of various hues ;
The chase begins ; it flies, and he pursues ;
Now high in air, now low the trifier flies,
And all its young pursuer's arts defies ;
Baffled, not conquer'd, in the ardent chase,
He wipes the trickling moisture from his face ;
He flaps his hat ; untouch'd the flutt'r'er flew ;
His toil how vast !—how vast the prize in view !
At length kind Fortune all his hopes befriends,
Th' gold-wing'd wand'r'er near to earth descends ;
The heedful boy, his fit occasion found,
Steals on his prize, and beats it to the ground.

Success in this, his first attempt at fame,
Has fir'd his soul to feats of nobler name.
The humble bee, whose buzzing threats alarm,
Provokes the prowess of his conquering arm :
High rais'd his hand, his heart begins to glow,
Eager to see, and fight the dreadful foe :

He seeks him 'midst the garden's tempting sweets,
Of bees and butterflies the lov'd retreats ;
He quick surveys each bush and ev'ry flower,
Each thymy bank and honeysuckl'd bower ;
At length he spies him perch'd upon a rose,
And his heart pants to come to instant blows.
Trembling with hope, he strikes with all his might ;
The erring blow but puts the foe to flight.
Anon, the doughty warriors re-engage ;
Th' opprobrious blow has rous'd the bee to rage :
The lowest reptile will at danger spurn,
When sharp resentments in his bosom burn ;
The younker's head he darts around, around,
And in his ear drums a tremendous sound ;
Now flies in front, now hangs upon his rear,
Intent to pierce him with his pois'nous spear,
Whilst the young hero of the hazel-wand,
On the defensive now compell'd to stand,
With eye alert averts the wheeling foe,
And now on this, now that side, gives the blow ;
Oft shifts his ground, as circumstance requires,
Advances now, as quickly now retires ;
In air his brandish'd weapon now uprears,
And waves it round to guard his threaten'd ears :
Oft, oft he strikes, but still he strikes in vain ;
The foe retreats, turns, and attacks again.
At length a side blow, aim'd with skill discreet,
Lays dead the mottled monster at his feet.
The hero's glist'ning eyes his raptures show ;
He strides, like Zanga, o'er his prostrate foe.

The unwilling poet quits th' infantine scene,
And all its gladdening gambols on the green ;
For much he loves to see the cherubs glide
In airy ring, or amble side by side.
To hear them lisp, to note their artless smiles,
Their guiltless cunning, and sweet winning wiles.
Health to your hearts, joy to your playful hours !
Your poet's transports equal even yours.

YOUTH.

FROM "THE RUSTIC."

Youth next, its pastimes, pleasures, and its pains,
Demand the poet's tributary strains.
Well pleas'd, the poet prosecutes the page ;
Sweet the remembrance to his drooping age.
Behold yon fabric, rais'd by pious hands,
That near the Weisa's winding streamlet stands,
Where sit the hamlet's youth, in decent guise,
To reap the lore this sem'nary supplies.
Sensations warm recall the former scene ;
Such as these are, we, long time past, have been ;
On this dear spot have oft at trap-ball play'd,
And loiter'd oft beneath that poplar's shade,
Oft sought the spring that bubbles from yon hill,
And, stretch'd at ease, gulp'd all its sweets at will :
Rich the remembrance of each happy day,
When Time, on tip-toe, softly stole away ;

The long-past scene is present to my view,
And gives to age its youthful joys anew.

But ah ! the momentary dream is o'er !
He, who presided here, presides no more !
He mildly solv'd our ev'ry early doubt,
And taught the young ideas how to shoot.
We all the parent in the tutor view ;
Reproof itself fell soft as morning dew :
Such was the man, in classic lore deep read ;
Light rest the turf upon his blameless head !

Now clos'd the letter'd labours of the day,
Arriv'd the school-boy's joyous hour of play,
Some to the level green impatient fly,
To drive the buzzing trippet through the sky ;
And some to launch the winged kite prepare,
And bid it mount, and sail sublime in air.
Others their hopes on skill at taw confide,
And knuckle,`knuckle ! sounds on every side.
But oft will spring the wordy war from play,
And bleeding noses close the dreadful fray.
A group their hour of play at top employ,
And from their hands dash down the whirring toy ;
Awhile it sings, and smoothly spins around,
Then weak, and weaker, tumbles to the ground.

Glad Easter-tide, of eggs the annual bane,
Is hail'd and echo'd by the youthful train.
Eggs are requested ; eggs are not denied,
By doting mothers and fond aunts supplied.
Behold them, rang'd in many a lengthen'd row,
Reflecting all the colours of the bow !

Pasch-day is come ; each boy transported flies,
Eggs in his hat, and hurry in his eyes ;
Flies to the rendezvous upon the green ;
Time out of mind, the pasch-egg trundling scene.
Now is the eager war of eggs begun,
And many a bloodless battle lost and won ;
Crash after crash reverberates around,
And shiver'd shells bestrew the painted ground.
Each egg is crush'd—and see ! with stomachs keen,
How the young rogues regale upon the green !
High flavour'd is the feast the yokes supply,
And chins and cheeks partake their saffron dye.

Come, blushing Spring ! with thee the school-boy
Rush joyous forth to plunder round the plain ; [train
Each brake, each bush, with eager eye survey,
And burn to bear the speckled spoils away ;
Through fen and forest, wet and wearied roam,
Till frowning evening chase them to their home !
No nest escapes with whate'er art disguis'd,
And not a twig is left unscrutiniz'd.
Each crannied wall their eyes and hands explore,
And tits and red-tails must resign their store.
Some youth, the hero of the daring train,
Risks his young neck the magpie's nest to gain ;
With labour vast attains the top-most bough,
And waves, a living gibbet to the view.
Then will each youth triumphantly detail
The chequer'd fortune of the hill and vale ;
Boast in what bush the blackbird's nest he took ;
On what tall oak despoil'd the cawing rook ;

Beneath what hillock the wild duck betray'd,
 What antic stratagems the dam display'd ;
 From what close copse,—the glory of the day !
 He bore the full-fledg'd goldfinches away ;
 What dangers he escap'd, what risks he brav'd,
 And down which precipice his limbs he sav'd.

The school-boy for that day impatient sighs,
 When black-brow'd Winter frowns thro' all the skies,
 When the wing'd warblers cease their cheering lay,
 And droop, dejected, on the leafless spray ;
 When shiv'ring redbreasts to lone cots repair,
 To shun the arrowy north's benumbing air.
 Thou, Winter, worship'd by youth's votive train,
 How sacred's held thy crystalizing reign !
 How pour they forth, unshackled from the school,
 With hasty stride, to seek the glassy pool !
 With pike-staff arm'd, how urge the rapid race !
 How glow for glory in the slipp'ry chase !
 Behold the victor's pleasure-speaking eyes !
 What joys from conquering competition rise !
 They who too young the pleasing sport t' explore,
 In rapturous gaze, cringe, shiv'ring on the shore.
 Perchance some boy, to sliding yet unus'd,
 Bumpsthe mark'd board with breech full sorely bruised ;
 Loud peals of laughter roar the dire disgrace,
 And the balk'd boy limps off with lengthen'd face.

MANHOOD.

FROM "THE RUSTIC."

Of Manhood next the Muse essays to sing,
And to its shrine her Doric offering bring ;
Nor shall she roam to cities, thence to show
Th' unmanly manners of the fribblish beau,
But strive to paint, in unaffected strains,
The man and manners of these humble plains.

Soon as to manhood youth asserts his claim,
Love's soft emotions flutter through his frame.
To catch th' attention of the youthful fair,
He talks, walks, dresses with a jauntier air ;
At ev'ry fair, and merry-night is seen,
And ev'ry May-pole meeting on the green ;
And many a tender, side-long look he throws,
On faces fairer than the blushing rose.
Should some bright nymph of soft bewitching mien,
The boasted beauty of the crowded green,
Beam approbation from her speaking eye,
Straight is he struck with love-sick lunacy ;
Of her he thinks by day, and dreams by night,
And quits his bed the most unhappy wight !

At crowded fairs the rural lovers meet,
Where nymphs in troops parade in ev'ry street ;
Now mirth and music, joke and joy prevail ;
The reels go round, and eke the cakes and ale ;
Each tune is echoed by each answering toe,
Till ev'ry cheek has gain'd a brighter glow.

174 *Ewan Clark of Standing-stone.*

Nor thou, O Merry-night, unsung remain !
 Thou night of nights to ev'ry nymph and swain ;
 The night long talk'd of, thought of, dreamt of long,
 Sacred to courtship, mirth, and modest song,
 When, in trim Sunday-suits, and faces clear,
 The youths and maidens in neat pride appear.
 A clay-rais'd barn receives the buxom train,
 Whose rush-thatch'd roof protects from wind and rain ;
 Expectance high holds ev'ry female mute,
 Till the brisk music calls the couples out ;
 Fiddler, strike up ! and smoothly smite the string,
 And ev'ry heel in unison shall ring.
 Now quick, now slow they move with measur'd grace,
 Till joy shines dewy on each blushing face.
 Jigs, horn-pipes, reels, alternately go round,
 And the light toes scarce touch the speaking ground.
 Into a darkling corner some remove,
 And in soft whispers breathe their artless love ;
 And some retire t'enjoy the cooler air,
 And with more freedom all their heart declare ;
 They plight their troth behind the barley-mow,
 And ev'ry star shines witness to the vow.

The rural youth at various pastimes play,
 To wile a winter evening's hour away.
 Now Blindman's buff lights up the laughing hour ;
 The merry mortals marshall round the floor.
 The damsels seize a swain of slightly mien,
 To act the hood-wink'd Cupid of the scene.
 A napkin tight across his eyes they tie,
 That not a ray can reach his darken'd eye ;

Then swing him round, and cry, in pointed jest,
"View us, and seize the lass thou likest the best."—
The nimble nymphs then fly, with hasty bound,
To hide in corners, or to glide around.
The youth, with ev'ry strenuous effort, tries
To make the light-toed fugitives his prize.
And well he may : for Buff's soft laws ordain
A kiss, the ransom of each captive ta'en.
He spreads his arms to catch the flying fair ;
His arms, alas ! embrace the empty air ;
Alert, he listens to each tongue that speaks,
And gives hot chase to ev'ry shoe that creaks ;
Oft comes his head in contact with the wall ;
He clasps old chairs, o'er stools meets many a fall.
Each awkward toil and bruise he's forc'd to bear,
Though not one prisoner yet falls to his share.
But, oh, ye pow'rs ! a miracle takes place ;
For, sure it was a preternatural case ;
Each agile lass, who lately scudded round,
Stands, like a statue, rooted to the ground ;
Spell-bound they seem,—a pitiable train !
And, in dark corners, motionless, remain ;
Goodness, restore them to their legs again !
Short, fev'rish coughs escape from ev'ry breast ;
Were e'er poor mortals with such ills oppress'd !
To case thus stubborn what shall doctors say ?
They're sure bewitch'd, and cannot bound away,
And Blindman gropes upon his pow'rless prey.
His Poll, belov'd, he seeks with sed'lous care ;
Her sweeter breath leads to the ambush'd fair.

176 *Ewan Clark of Standing-stone.*

He, nine times o'er, each nymph has captive made ;
Each nymph, right promptly, has nine ransoms paid.

To manhood more mature is due the strain,
To the grave, useful tiller of the plain.

Soon as wild daisies glisten through the soil,
The husbandman prepares for vernal toil,
Inspects the implements his hands must guide,
Ploughs, harrows, spades, wains, waggons, side by side,
And all in order, trim and tight are found,
To turn the furrow, or to delve the ground ;
And, ere the lark twits forth his matin lay,
To the lea upwards points his twilight way,
Leans to the work with steady arm and strong,
And cheers his hard-hoof'd helpmates with a song ;
Computes the product of the spacious field,
And what each furrow which he turns will yield.
E'en now reaps all the future waving prize,
And tow'ring ricks in rich perspective rise.
Ended the healthful labours of the day,
To home and happiness he bends his way.
His faithful partner, in unstudied style,
Welcomes his entrance with an honest smile,
Then hastes to serve the plain but wholesome treat,
Which health and labour join to render sweet.
The clean-swept hearth invites him to his chair,
A peat-form'd fire's refreshing warmth to share.
His dame and daughters three the distaff ply ;
The spinning wheels buzz round right merrily ;
His only son, alternate, plies his book,
And whets a trippit in the chimney nook.

The father's eyes the busy group survey,
And thus he chats the evening hour away.

"Twelve springs, twice told, have now approach'd
Since, dame, I led you to the bridal bed. [and fled,
Our worldly wealth was then, indeed, but light ;
But now, praise Heav'n ! we be in better plight.
A truthful helpmate to me hast thou been,
As ever bustled in the farming scene.

Our daughters we have school'd with costly care,
And none trip trimmer to the church or fair.
Full well my handy girls beseem their place,
Though I, their father, speak it to their face.
And then our boy,—born, sure, to cheer our hearts !
Dame, I can judge,—he has amazing parts.
Ne'er did my heart partake a purer joy,
Than on last Easter Sunday, from that boy ;
Our good mild pastor catechis'd that day,
Our hamlet's children, in their best array ;
But, when the question to my William came,
Did'st ever hear the like, my dainty dame ?
Slow and distinct he spoke, and modestly ;
His voice was clear as parish-clerk's need be ;
No word he miss'd, no stop he overrun,
And ev'ry eye was fix'd upon our son.
The pastor nodded—and—I think—he smil'd,
As if to say, 'Well done, my charming child !'
Now these be signals great, good dame, I say—
He'll not be five till second Rosley-day.
—But hold ! my cattle must be corn'd and dress'd,
Then, in God's name, we'll all betake to rest."

OLD AGE.

FROM "THE RUSTIC."

Last, to Old Age the reverence due we pay,
A theme congenial to the poet's day.
The wise he courts, but lightly holds the fool
Who makes old age the butt of ridicule.
With kindness, critics, view th' imperfect page,
And spare the poet for the love of age !

His dame no more, and many a year pass'd by,
Again the farmer courts th' observant eye.
Behold him now in intellect still clear,
Though verging close upon his ninetieth year.
The old man's arms no longer, now,
Can wield the spade, or guide the crooked plough ;
Yet rural works he ever holds most dear,
And joys to view the toils he cannot share.
He ev'ry day surveys the scene around,
To note the culture of th' adjacent ground.
" Ay, ay, this man is master of his trade,
Fences well order'd, furrows neatly laid ;
Much here is seen to praise, scarce aught to blame ;
This man is worthy of a farmer's name !
But what is here ?"—as the next field he view'd ;
" A crop of docks and thistles, rough and rude !
From ev'ry hedge extended briars creep ;
Woe to the hands that shall this harvest reap !
This fellow's void of neatness, sense or care ;
A farmer ! sloven ! by this staff I swear !

Ewan Clark of Standing-stone. 179

I am no prophet, but may safely say
This man, ere rent-day, breaks, and runs away."
Thus he proceeds t' inspect the cultur'd scene,
Or halts to rest upon the head-land green.
'Tis Sunday ; and yon bell's faint tinkling sound
Summons to worship all the parish round.
Our sightless friend we here each Sunday meet,
Led by his daughter to his bench-form'd seat ;
To her exclusively this care's decreed,
And much she glories in the duteous deed.
The church-yard stile, of ancient date and rude,
Is worn with footsteps of the constant crowd ;
Funeral yews their spreading branches wave,
And cast a solemn shade o'er ev'ry grave.
Groups on the yet unhillock'd ground repose,
Boast loud their courage, and their country's cause ;
Or chat the village news, or plan a peace,
Or sink all France upon the narrow seas.
The bell has ceas'd ; the service now takes place ;
The pious pastor reads with lowly grace ;
His heedful flock, with decorous, thoughtful air
Make due response, and ponder ev'ry prayer.
His text the preacher reads, and reads again,
That all his hearers may the words retain.
No studied flights are from him heard to flow ;
He means t' instruct more than his parts to show ;
His plain discourse, enforc'd with pious zeal,
His flock attentive hear, and, hearing, feel.
Nor with the sermon does the Sabbath end ;
Further the duties of the day extend ;

180 *Ewan Clark of Standing-stone.*

The Bible on each cottage table's spread,
And many a chapter in rotation read.
Perchance some reader, than the rest more wise,
A modest comment on the text supplies.
With Israel's King they chant the pious lay,
Their Maker's praise concludes the holy day.

Ere population throng'd yon northern land,
When forests grew where now fair townships stand,
Then own'd Northumbria's sons with pride,
The good old Gilpin as their heav'nly guide.
With honest zeal, and apostolic rage,
He loudly lash'd the vices of the age,
Spar'd not ev'n kings, when kings were found in fault,
And boldly charg'd them, "Govern as ye ought."
Houghton, thy kind and conscientious lord,
To worth and want assign'd the daily board;
Plenty still grac'd his hospitable hall,
And much he gave in charitable dole.
The sons of poverty still sought his door;
His good heart gloried to relieve the poor.

Behold our friend, now bending low and blind !
But still of vig'rous and retentive mind.
On sacred truths his steadfast hope relies,
And Faith assures his entrance to the skies.
Beyond this earth he looks with pious eye,
And pants to join heaven's immortality.
"Ere I go hence—my last advice receive—
To die in hope—you must in virtue live."
He clasp'd his hands, and heav'nward rais'd his eye,
And thus expir'd, without a groan or sigh.



JOHN STAGG, THE BLIND BARD.*

JOHN STAGG—better known throughout Cumberland as “blin’ Stagg the fiddler”—was born at Burgh-by-Sands, near Carlisle, in the year 1770. His father was a tailor who possessed a small property in the village.

Stagg was educated for the church; but at an early period of his life an accident occurred whereby he lost his sight, which entirely broke up his studies for the pulpit. He afterwards eked out an existence by keeping a library at Wigton; and with fiddling at merrie-neets, village wakes, and social parties. A curious contrast of life, verily, for a young parson to adopt! Anderson thus ludicrously introduces Stagg among the general scrimmage at the *Worton Wedding*:—

“Blin’ Stagg, the fiddler, gat a whack,
The bacon-fleek fell on his back;
And neist his fiddle-stick they brak,
’Twas weel it was nea waur;
For he sang, Whurry-whum, whuddle-whum,
Derry-eyden dee.”

* We have been principally indebted to Mrs. Mc.Minn of Manchester for the particulars contained in this brief sketch of her father’s life.

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He was married in 1790, and had issue seven children. Two of his daughters are still living—one in Manchester and the other in Liverpool.

About the year 1806, he took a leading part in an amateur dramatic company then performing in Wigton and other places. We have heard many strange tales told of how successfully his powers of sarcasm and irony were exerted against what appeared to be injustice or tyranny. At one time he laid bare the doings of one Mr. Bumble, workhouse keeper, who had become notorious, according to common report, for mixing *nine* quarts of water with *three* quarts of milk ! and at another time he had a quarrel—a very pretty quarrel as it stood—with one of the Sir Oracles of the county, and successfully turned the tables upon him, for unjust sentences delivered from the magisterial bench.

Stagg removed from Wigton to Carlisle ; and afterwards lived in Manchester. About 1809 he visited Oxford, where he was the guest of the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, Chaplain of Queen's College, and the family of Dr. Paley. The blind man now seems to have won golden opinions from all sorts of men. We find that he was on intimate terms with most of the prominent men of the universities, some of whom encouraged him to publish his *Minstrel of the North*. We find, also, that he was a great favorite with the Duke of Norfolk, and was always invited to the Cumberland Anniversary of London when the Duke presided.

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After manfully fighting the battle of life under great difficulties, John Stagg died at Workington in 1823, aged fifty-three years.

The first edition of his poems—containing those in the Cumberland dialect—was published at Carlisle in 1804. Subsequent editions were issued at Workington in 1805, and Wigton in 1807 and 1808. *The Minstrel of the North* was dedicated to the Duke of Norfolk, and was first published at London in 1810. Other editions are dated Manchester 1816 and 1821. He also edited a *Selection of Poems* in 1815.

In personal appearance Stagg was a tall handsome looking man; and so active and spirited were his general movements that his blindness was scarcely perceptible.* In many points of character he reminds us forcibly of Burns. He had the same warm-hearted and generous disposition; the same independent cast of mind; the same fearlessness of

* This reminds us of an anecdote told of Joseph Strong of Carlisle, who was blind from his birth. He displayed an astonishing skill in mechanics, and was a good performer on the organ. At the age of fifteen he concealed himself in the cathedral of Carlisle, during the afternoon service. When the congregation had retired, he proceeded to the organ loft, and examined every part of the instrument. He was thus occupied till about midnight, when, having satisfied himself respecting the general construction, he began to try the tone of the different stops, and the proportion they bore to each other. This experiment, however, could not be concluded in so silent a manner as the business which had before engaged his attention. The neighbourhood was alarmed; various were the conjectures, as to the cause of the nocturnal music; at length some persons mustered courage sufficient to go and

consequences, which has been known to return scorn for scorn to possessors of titles and wealth. Like Burns, too, he was a jolly rollicking fellow; he loved, he drank, he sang; he prided himself in being a true-born Englishman, and had a most amusing contempt for French frog's, French dancing masters, and French fiddlers. You discover very clearly what manner of man he was from his writings. You see his figure there before you distinctly outlined, and can fancy him no other than a stout and sturdy Cumbrian; jovial, honest-hearted, and plain-spoken; with a merry laugh that rang through the whole house.

The great charm of Stagg's poems is their naturalness. We speak now of his writings in the dialect. Nothing can be more delightful than the heartiness of expression, the freshness of thought and feeling which pervades every line left us by this blind man, from his masterpiece, *Tom Knott*, downwards. He has produced and sung strains which reflect much of the actual life lived by the peasantry around him. He is at home among the rustic population of Cumberland; but awkward and commonplace whenever he leaves his native dialect and assumes a loftier flight. In his vigorous verses we possess a full

see what was the matter,—and Joseph was found playing the organ! Next day he was sent for by the Dean, who first reprimanded him for the method he had taken to gratify his curiosity, but afterwards gave him permission to play whenever he pleased. Strong died at Carlisle in 1798.—*Wilson's Biographies of the Blind.*

gallery of cabinet pictures. We there see country lads and lasses as they struggle in their own daily sphere of life ; as they dance, make love, and are merry at weddings, fairs, and "merrie-neets." We listen to the village gossips enjoying their crack in homely dialect round the winter fireside ; and catch glimpses of the whispered conversation in the cottage home, and the stolen interview at the lonely farm-house where the moon is seen shedding its unwelcome light through the branches of some sturdy oak. Stagg's poems are evidently recollections of his own adventures. He seems to have known all his characters personally. He had a vast acquaintance with the little world in which he lived and moved, though it is probable that he possessed but a small share of book-learning. He did not invent much ; the creative faculty was not his ; but has described whatever he attempted with graphic power, with wonderful freshness, and fine strokes of the broadest humour. It is astonishing with what force and truth he places the different characters before us ; and how quickly he dashes off a bit of flat, long-spreading Abbey-holme or Burgh-marsh landscape.

Of all our Cumberland writers, Stagg is the best portrait-painter. He has not merely drawn one side of the face, to omit a blind eye or any other defect, as Hannibal's painter did ; but has always attacked it in full front, and presented us with all its characteristic features and blemishes. Take his

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Tom Knott as an example. That strange mixture of courage, braggadash, and cowardice, has evidently been painted to the very life from some noted village character.

Tom Knott, leyke monie mair in life,
Was pester'd with an ill-gien weyfe,
Frae mworn till neet her mill-clack tongue
Dir'l'd in his lugs; and loudly rung
The clamour of her squeel-peype throat,
Tho' aye 'twas tun'd in mischief's note;
Whate'er he did, whate'er transacted,
Or whether ill or weel he acted,
Was a' as yen, for nought was reet,
An' Tib misca'd him day and neet,
Which made him wish his spouse uncivil
Full monie a teyme was at the devil.

And then again, what queer cronies he must have had; what strange acquaintance he must have mixed with before he was able to fix on the canvas such masterly groupings of old Cumberland worthies as are depicted in *The Bridewain*, *Rosley Fair*, *Auld Lang Seyne*, and *The Honest Sailor's Song*.

In Stagg's poems we find no artificial images, no fictitious raptures; sometimes he is coarse, sometimes vulgar; but all is simple, natural, and full of life and energy. His poetry bears the impress of a warm heart and vigorous intellect. Nor is it the less curious for its idiomatic and primitive forms of expression, than the faithful picture it contains of rustic manners and customs; and in these particular aspects alone it must possess a lasting interest.

JOHN STAGG'S SONGS.

THE HONEST SAILOR'S SONG.



COME listen to my jovial song
Ye sons of stormy ocean,
Condemn me or commend me,
As fancy leads your notion :
Though songsters frequently may err,
Yet think me not a railer,
For though I am a shaggy dog
Yet I'm an honest sailor.

When rattling thunders shake the air
To fill the mind with horror,
And mariners dismay'd behold
The scene with dread and terror :
When dreadful waves mountaineous roll,
And tempests loud are howling,
A sailor, though a shaggy dog,
Should ne'er be heard a-growling.

But patience, sirs, a while excuse
The sad account I give you,
No dastard base am I, d'ye see,
Therefore will not deceive you :

188 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

For sailing's now in fashion grown
With every rank and station,
Since piracy and bartering are
The business of the nation.

There scuds a lady of eighteen,
With all her sails full spread, sirs,
Well rigg'd, d'ye see, from stem to stern,
And bearing right a-head, sirs ;
But should some sprightly fopling buck
Attack her starboard quarter,
She'd soon abandon piracy
And heart for heart would barter.

The miser down his hatchets shuts
To all solicitations,
He values not the orphan's tears,
Or widow's lamentations ;
But stupid as the boisterous main,
He steers right off, and leaves 'em ;
Then to the devil steers his course,
Who down hell's gang-way heaves him.

The holy parson from aloft
Bawls out to Heaven for quarters,
To save a single sinking crew,
Implores both saints and martyrs ;
But stop his pay, and then you'll see
The ever zealous parson,
Will,—Bing like,—set his helm alee,
And sinners turn his back on.

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 189

The statesman, too, down folly's stream,
Glides on with sails unbended,
But founders oft on credit's coast,
'Ere half his voyage is ended.
Split on the rocks of mortgages
He's forc'd to steer abaft, sirs,
Whilst lawyers take the weather guage
And rake him fore and aft, sirs.

Thus all the world, as well as me,
Are sailors in their kind, sirs,
Some, fool-like, stem the sea of life,
Some drive before the wind, sirs :
One common harbour, though they seek,
Yet are their courses various ;
Two founder, whilst one gains the port,
The channel's so precarious.

OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER! 1805.

Tho' the tempest of discord again gathers round
And threatens to deluge our nation,
Yet true British courage this ne'er can confound,
Unknown to the fears of invasion.
'Tis not Gallia's proud boast nor the menace of Spain
Can e'er make true Englishmen fear them,
Whilst our country stands firm and our tars rule the
main,
They can ne'er suppose danger is near them.

190 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

See, the ensigns of liberty float in the air,
See, what loyalty glows in each bosom,
Round the standard of freedom, see, millions repair,
And dare those who scarce dare to oppose 'em !
'Tis loyalty binds every rank to the cause,
With one heart and one hand we engage, sirs,
To stand firm by our country, our king, and our laws,
And defy this proud Bonaparte's rage, sirs.

Should this Corsican ape with his train of baboons
Ever hope here to land, he's mistaken,
Let them come in their diving-boats, or their balloons,
We'll assuredly smoke dry their bacon.
From the bleak barren Orkneys to distant Penzance,
Each heart glows with true emulation, [France
And spurns with contempt the proud blusterings of
And their damnable rage of invasion.

Thus these bog-trotting croakers, our Gallican foes,
Would contend with the sons of old freedom,
And at surly John Bull toss each impudent nose,
Who, indignant, refuses to heed them :
How unequal the means they propose for their end,
How mistaken their insolent chief, sirs,
Shall the frog-eating miscreants of Gallia pretend
To vie with the sons of roast beef, sirs ?

May our Blakes and our Raleighs in memory long
May the spirit of union firm bind us, [live,
May the French when a hint of invasion they give,
As prepar'd to receive them still find us.

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 191

'Tis the honour of England that calls us to arms,
To repel the proud foe we'll endeavour ;
We'll shrink not in dangers, nor start at alarms,
But 'll fight for Old England for ever !



JOHN STAGG'S POEMS.

THE BRIDEWAIN.

[The subject of the following poem, with many of the incidents it contains, may, perhaps, to some appear rather romantic and ludicrous; but to those who are intimately acquainted with the rural manners and simple customs of the county of Cumberland, I am confident that they will acknowledge every circumstance that has been introduced; nay, even what may appear the fanciful embellishments of this pastoral. When a youthful couple conceive a disposition to venture on the voyage of matrimony, with more love than money, the bridegroom generally engages two or three of his companions to assist him in canvassing round ten or a dozen of the adjacent parishes, where they invite all indiscriminately to assemble. On the day appointed, the country people, for many miles round, repair to the place where the marriage is to be celebrated, when a scene of truly rural festivity is witnessed. The exercises and various entertainments which aid in beguiling this day of convivial merriment, are what chiefly occupy the subsequent verses.—*Note by Stagg.*]



' You that smudge at merry teales,
Or at devarshon sheyle,
Or goff and girm at tuolliments,
Now lend your lugs a wheyle;
For sec an infair I've been at
As hes but seldom been,
Where was sec wallopin' an wark
As varra few hev seen

By neet or day.

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 193

But first I'll tell you how an' why
This parlish bout begun,
An' when an' where, an' whea they were
That meade a' this feyne fun.
First, you mun ken, a youthfu' pair,
By frugal thrift exceyted,
Wad hev a brydewain, an', of course,
The country roun' inveyted
Agean that day.

At Skinburness, i' th' Abbey Holme,
This weddin' it was hauden,
But 'fore the teyme arriv'd some friens
An' neybors first were ca'd on ;
Wi' them in council grave they fixt
What methods to proceed on,
An' a' the bus'ness there an' than
Was finally agreed on,
Clean thro' that day.

Neist day a dizen lish young lads,
Wi' naigs weel graith'd an' hearty,
Wi' whip and spur, thro' stenk an' stoore,
Set off, a jolly party ;
Frae town to town leyke weyld they flew,
Or house, where'er they spied yen,
An' iv'ry lad or lass they met,
I'th' house or out, to th' breydwain
They bade that day.

194 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

Thro' o'th' Holme parish first they rode,
Frae th' Auld Kiln to Kirkbreyde,
To Aikton, Bowness, Banton, Bruff,
An' roun' o'th' the country seyde ;
An' monie a harlin reace they hed
Owre pasture, hill, an' deale,
An' monie a cowp an' keak they gat,
An' monie a tift o' yell,
I'th' rwoad that day.

An' some rode east, an' some rode west,
An' some rode fast an' far,
An' some gat sae mislear'd wi' drink,
They rode the de'il kens whar.
Now th' auld guid fwoks that staid at heame,
As thropweyfe they were thrang,
An' meat an' drink, an' ither things,
Reet moider'd were amang
Thro' a' that day.

Now a' their biddin' owre an' duin,
Reet tir'd they heamward speed,
But some at th' Abbey owre a quart
Theirsells to slocken 'greed ;
Then girt Joe Bruff gat on a thruff
An' rais'd a fearfu' rout,
That some day suin at Skinburness
They'd hev a parlish bout
O'th' breydewain day.

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 195

At last this sizlin pack consent,
When dark, towards heame to draw,
Then down to th' Cwoate, for t'other slwote,
They gallop yen an' a' ;
This neet, the cheerfu' breyde-pot's drunk,
Wi' dances, sangs, an' mirth,
An' mebbly some sma' jobs are duin
That bus'ness may ca' forth.
Some other day.

But now the lang-expected mworn
Of merriment arrives,
Wheyle helter-skelter frae a' airts
I' swarms the country drives,
The lasses in their feyne pearce claes,
The lads baith trig an' souple ;
Owre hill an' knowe, thro' seugh an' sowe,
Come tiftin' monie a couple,
Hauf saim'd that day.

Frae Cowgoe, Brumfelt, an' Crookdyke,
Frae 'Speatery, Bwoal, an' Bowtan,
An' iv'ry parish roun' about,
The fwoks i' swarms come rowten :
An' monie a queer-far'd chiel was there,
An' monie an unco't shaver,
Some wantin' mence, some wantin' sense,
An' some their best behaviour
Put on that day.

196 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

Frae Angerton queyte to Dubbmill
Nin miss'd, as yen may say,
But a' wi' yae consent seem'd met
To mence this merry day.
Wheyle Allonby turn'd out *en masse*,
Ding dang, baith man an' woman,
An' parlish pranks 'mang Silloth banks
They hed as they were comin'
To th' Cwoate that day.

But it wad need a Homer's head
Were I to tak' in han',
To sing or say what fwok that day
Were there, or how they wan ;
For far an' near, an' God kens where,
By common invitation,
Wi' young an' auld, and great an' laal,
Seem'd met on this occasion,
Wi' glee that day,

In shwort to say upon this day,
Frae yae nuik an' anither,
Twea thousand were, frae far an' near,
Assembled here together.
The rwoads were clean, the weather warm,
The lasses a' luik'd preymly,
An' whip for smack, the party pack,
A' aimin' to be teymly
O'th' sod this day.

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 197

Wi' busy care the blushin' breyde
An' maids theirsells are bussin,
Wheyle some wi' pillion seats and sonks
To gear their naigs are fussin'.
Wi' glentin' spurs an' weel clean'd boots,
Lin' sark, an' neyce cword breeches,
The breydegroom roun' the midden-pant
Proud as a peacock stretches,
Reet crouse that day.

Now heevy skeevy off they set
To the kirk, a merry crew,
Some gravely pac'd up the turnpike rwoad,
Wheyle some leyke leeghtnin' flew ;
Ne'er ak, they a' gat there i' teyme,
The priest was ready waitin',
The wed'ners just took gluts a-piece
Wheyle he his buik was laitin',
Frae th' kist that day.

His lesson fund an' a' set reet,
To wark they gat wi' speed ;
You tak' this woman for your weyfe :
The breydegroom grumph'd "Agreed."
An' you, young woman, promise here
To honour an' obey
Your spouse in a' he may require :
The breyde said, mantan, "N-yea,"
We'll see some day.

198 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

Clwose buckl'd now, the parson paid,
Forth frae the kirk they waddle,
An' thick an' threefau', han' owre head,
Each lowps out owre his saddle.
The lasses lap up 'hint their lads,
Some stridlin' an' some seydeways ;
An' some there were that wish'd their lot
Had been what Ann's, the breyde, was,
Ay, oft that day.

A' hors'd agean, straight up th' town geate,
Leyke weyld-fire off they flee,
An' nowther pool nor peet-stack flinch,
They're off wi' sec a bree.
'Twas a fair start, it's a preyme reace ;
Winge you ! how fast they gang ;
But yonder's Jerry Skelton lad,
He's fa'n off wid a whang,
For seer this day.

And now they're fairly out o' seet,
An' queyte down Coava lonnin',
Come, we mun fettle up oursells,
It's teyme we sud be donnin' ;
I waddent leyke to be owre lang,
Come, Jwosep, Izbel, hie ye !
You'll suin be buss'd, an' nin behin',
I, faikins, sal bang bye ye
O'th' rwoad this day.

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 199.

Now th' weddiners are at th' far end,
An' a' thro' ither croonin',
Wheyle th' fiddlers they're at wark i' th' leathe,
An' thrang their fiddles tuning;
Tom Trimmel, Tommy Baxter, Stagg,
Nay, hauf-a-scwore they've led in,
An' they're a' rozzlin' up their bows
To streyke up "Cuddy's Weddin"
Wi' glee this day.

The breyde now on a coppy-stool
Sits down i' th' fauld a' withrin',
With pewter dibbler on her lap
On which her tocher's gethrin';
The fwok, leyke pez in a keale-pot,
Are yen thro' t'other minglin',
An' crowns an' hauf-crowns, thick as hail,
Are i' the dibbler jinglin',
Reet fast that day.

Nit yen, that's owther mence or sheame,
Wad be that snafflin' ninny
As to haud back their gift, nay, some
Wad whuther in a guinea.
I'th' meanteyme the fiddlers changg'd and play'd
As hard as they could peg,
Till th' offering it was feckly duin,
When back to th' barn to sweg
They bows'd that day.

200 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

Now loundrin' shives o' cheese an' bread
Are down their gizzerns whang'd,
An' some there were could scarcely speak,
Their thropples were sae pang'd ;
But twea or three let-down's o' yell
Soon set their hawses free,
When thus with pith restwor'd yence mair,
They took anudder spree,
Till cramm'd that day.

Indeed there were some feckless fwok,
That luik'd to be owre neyce,
That nobbit nibbling peyk't and eat,
Just leyke as monie meyce ;
But then there were some yetherin' dogs,
That owre the lave laid th' capsteane,
For some they said eat lumps as big
As Sammy Liank's lapsteane,
I'th' barn that day.

Their keytes weel trigg'd wi' solid gear,
They now began to guzzle,
Wheyle yell in jugs an' cans was brought
An' held to iv'ry muzzle ;
They drank in piggins, peynts, or quarts,
Or ought that com' to han',
An' some they helt it down sae fast
They suin could hardly stan'
Theirsells that day.

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 201

At last some lish young souple lads
Their naigs frae th' steable brought
An' off they set to try a reace,
The prize was neist to nought,
A rig-reape, braugham, pair o' heams,
Or something o' that swort;
Nae matter, trifle as it was,
It made them famish spwort
O'th' sands that day.

Some for a pair of mittens loup'd;
Some wurstled for a belt;
Some play'd at pennice-steans for brass;
An' some amaist got fel't;
Hitch-step-an'-loup some tried for spwort,
Wi' monie a sair exertion;
Others for bits o' bacco gurn'd,
An' sec leyke daft devarshon
Put owre that day.

Now some o'th' menceful mak o' fwok
As suin as things were settled,
When they'd yence hed a decent snack
To set off heamewards fettled;
But monie a yen there was that staid,—
Auld sly-boots that were deeper,—
An' Philip Mesher cried, "Hout, stop!
Guid drink was never cheaper
Than it's here to-day."

202 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

Full monie a reet good teyper com',
As th' country seyde could brag on ;
Nay, there were some that at a win
Could teem down a whole flagon.
Wi' casks weel season'd frae a' nuiks
These Bacchanalians gether'd ;
An' some there were that clash't their keytes
Till they were fairly yether'd
Wi' drink that day.

Some crack o' brandy, some o' rum,
An' some o' wine far sought,
That drink i' my opinion's best
That we can get for nought ;
That day i' this seame thought wi' me
I witnessed monie a seyper,
For bleth'rin' Lanty Rutson gat
As full as onie peyper,
Suin on that day.

Wi' fiddlin', dancin', cracks an' yell,
The day slipt swiftly owre,
An' monie a scwore, 'or darknin', gat
As drunk as they could glowre ;
When girt Tom Carr, that man o' war,
Com' stackrin' on to th' fleer,
He slapt his ham, an' cried, "Od dam,
I'll box wi' onie here
That dare this day."

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 203

Then Watty Ferguson, provok'd
To hear this hauf-thick rattle,
Fetch'd him a fluet under th' lug.
An' sae began their battle ;
Clash to't they fell, wi' thumps pell-mell,
Wheyle a' was hurdum-durdum ;
An' some among the skemmels fell,
An' ithers nearly smuir'd them
I'th' fray that neet.

Then up lap Lowrie o' the Lees,
An' leyke a madman ranted,
A lang flail souple full'd his neif
That owre fwoks heads he flaunted ;
He yoller'd out for Cursty Bell,
Whea last Yule eve had vex'd him,
But was sae daft he could not see
Poor Kit, tho' he sat next him
I'th' leathe that neet.

Kit gat a braugham in his han',
Wi' veng'ance whurl'd it at him,
The collar leeted roun' his neck,
An' to the fleer it pat him.
Loud sweels o' laughter dirl'd their lugs,
The fwok were a' sae fain ;
An' wheyle he sprawl'd wi' rage an' sheame,
Some cried out he was slain
Cauld dead that neet.

204 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

Twea girnin' gibbies in a nuik
Sat fratchin' yen anudder,
An' nought wad sarra them but they
Wad hev a match together ;
A single roun' for hauf-a-crown
The question was to pruiue,
But t'yen objected to the bet,
An' said he'd box for luive
Or nought that neet.

Then off their duds these dusters doft,
An' tirl'd to their bare buffs,
Beath teyke-lekye tuing roun' the barn,
An' dealing clumsy cluffs ;
But Sir John Barleycorn sae sway'd
Their slaps, they a' flew slant,
Till a—e owre head they cowp'd at last,
Lang stretch'd i'th' midden-pant,
Weel sows'd that neet.

The fiddlers bang'd up on their legs,
Some fought, some swore, some holloed ;
The lasses, skirlin', clamb up th' mews,
An' some slee hanniels follow'd.
But suin as a' this stour was laid,
An' a' was whisht an' quiet,
Bounce down they lap, the spwort renew,
Anudder spell to try at
Their reels that neet.

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 205

Lang sair they kevvel'd, danc'd and sang,
An' parlish dusts they hed,
Till it began to grow nar th' teyme
That fwok sud gang to bed ;
The breydemaid, a' wi' fuslin care,
The breyde, hauf-yieldin', doft,
An' the blythe pair, in a han' clap,
Were guessend up i' th' loft,
Reet snug that neet.

The couple now i' th' blankets stow'd,—
A lot o' th' revelling bodies,
Unsatisfied, wi' yae consent,
Went leth'ring down to Lucy's ;
Just leyke louse nowts they bang'd up stairs,
Th' lang room it bumm'd an' thunner'd,
An' some yen'd thought t've brought down't house
About them waddent skunner'd,
Wi' noise that neet.

Here th' better mak o' them that com'
Wi' country-dances vapour'd ;
But them that dought not try sec sprees
Wi' jigs an' three-reels caper'd ;
Mull'd yell an' punch flew roun' leyke mad,
The fiddlers a' gat fuddled ;
An' monie a lad their sweethearts hed
I' nuiks an' corners huddled
Unseen that neet.

206 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

Auld Deacon, wi' his puffs an' speyce,
Was there ; wi' him Dog Mary
Wi' snaps an' gingerbread galwore,
Tho' neyce fwok ca'd them slairy ;
But plenty nought o'th' secret knew,
An' fast their brass were wairin' ;
An' th' lads reet keynd the lasses treat,
Wi' monie a teasty fairin'
I' dauds that day.

At last 'twas gitten' queyte for day,
The lav'rocks shrill were whuslin',
Wheyle yen by yen, queyte daiz'd an' deylt,
O'th' rwoad t'wards heame are wrustlin' ;
But some wad yet hev t'other quart
Befwore o'th' geate they'd venture,
Sae ramm'd away to Richard Rigg's
An' leyke mad owsen enter
Owre drunk that day.

Here a' was yae confusion thro',
Loud crackin', fratchin', swearin',
An' some o'th' hallan or th' mell deers,
Their geyle-fat guts were clearin'.
Wheyle 'bacco-reek beath but an' ben,
Had full'd leyke a kiln logie,
An' some that scarce could haud their legs
Were dancin' the "Reels o' Bogie,"
Stark mad that neet.

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 207

Some heads an' thraws were stretch'd i'th' nuik,
An' loud as brawns were snorin' ;
Others, wi' bluid an' glore a' clamm'd,
Were leyke stick'd rattens glowrin.
The fiddlers they i'th' parlour fough't,
An' yen anudder pelted,
Tom Trimmel, leyke Mendoza fierce,
Poor Tommy Baxter welted
Reet sair that neet.

Queyte tir'd at last wi' drink an' noise,
Hauf wauken an' hauf sleepin',
I heamwards fettled off, reet tir'd,
Just as the sun was peepin'.
Full monie a teyme I've thought sen syne,
On that seame bidden weddin' ;
An' heaven, in prayer, to bless that pair,
I've begg'd, in bwoard and beddin',
E'er sen that day.

A NEW YEAR'S EPISTLE.

John o' West-en,* auld friend, how fen' ye ?
Will this new year for better ken ye ;
Or, leyke me, rather mar than men' ye
By its addition ?
In sec a case we've nought, depend ye,
But fworc'd submission.

* Burgh West End.

208 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

But faith to glump ye I'd be sweer,
I wish ye luck o' this new year ;
May frien'ly cracks and Curs'nmas cheer
 Relax your care ;
Wi' health, lang leyfe, an' rowth o' gear
 For ever mair.

Tho' guidness wi' this new year gift ye,
Another eken to your fifty,
As tho' by stap an' stap 'twad lift ye
 Clean owre the deyme ;
Yet let nae snafflin' cares e'er drift ye
 To pleen an' peyme.

Sheame fa' these pingin' gowks that grummel
That waste their teyme, an' munge an' mummel
'Cause they, leyke millions mair, mun crummel
 In death's dark dungeon ;
It's nonsense o' sec stuff to jummel,
 An' guff-leyke mungen.

Hout man ! what signifies repeynin'
Owre grankin', snifterin', twistin', tweynin',
If down leyfe's hill we be decleynin'
 We cannot slack ;
Than gang on decent without wheynin'
 Or hingin' back.

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 209

Leyfe, at the best, is nowt owre pleasin',
As every day some fash comes teasin',
An' oft enough the wheels want greasin'
 To keep them gaen ;
Then brouce about nor tek sec preesin'
 To nate our awn.

They're peer ill-natur'd souls that cry,
This warl' is destitute of joy ;
We ken they lee, an' if they try
 Sec thoughts are banish'd :
Our lot of leyfe's not far a-jy
 If reetly mannish'd.

But if we willent be content
Wi' blessings sec as heaven has sent,
But obstinately wad prevent
 Wise fate's decree ;
Sec fwok mun just pursue the bent
 I' their own bree.

As for me, neybor, wheyle I'm leevin',
I'll ay be queyte resign'd to heaven,
An' thankfu' tak' the guid things given
 For fear o' forfeit :
Lest, for the swarth, I, past retrievin',
 The substance forfeit.

210 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

What, if the hand of fate unkind
Has us'd us fremtly, need we payne ?
Tho' you've lost your sect an' me meyne,
We cannot mend it :
Let us be glad the powers Divine
Nae waur's extendit.

Let us—sen leyfe is but a span—
Still be as canty as we can ;
Rememb'ring heav'n has order'd man
To practise patience,
An' not to murmur 'neath His han'
Leyke feckless gations.

Methinks I hear you cry, "Hout, stop !
"An' let sec feckless preachments drop ;
"Thou meynds me weel o' some foul fop
"I'th' pulpit rantin'."
Wey, than, we'll frae this subject pop
An' cease this cantin'.

Yet, man, it's lang sen we, together,
Hev hed a crack wi' yen anither,
An' now I'm nowther leath nor lither,
If ye've a meynde,
To range first t'yae part an' than t'other
Of auld lang seyne.

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 211

Of a' the scenes in leyfe's lang round,
Sweet youth ! leyke thee nin can be found,
With pleasure thou dost most abound,—
 Thrice happy times—
Wi' joys queyte perfect, fair, an' sound,
 Unclogg'd by crimes.

Or when of luive, the kittlin' dart
First whidders i'th unconscious heart,
Wi' a' the pleasin' painfu' smart,
 Sec passions awn,
An' raptures dirl thro' every part
 Before unknown.

Then doubly sweet the lav'rock sang ;
Wi' smeylin' sweets the cowslips sprang ;
An' a' the grove, wi' gladsome chang,
 Their joy confess'd :
An' happiness, the heale day lang,
 Glow'd in each breast.

Oft on that season I reflect,
That, when possess'd, I did neglect,
For which mysell I now correct,
 Tho' owre an' past ;
But which I ever mun respect,
 Aye, to my last.

212 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

Of-teymes I think, by mem'ry led,
What curious arguments we've hed,
Or crack'd away, till gaun to bed
Was queyte forgotten,
An' a' the lave, by sleep owresped,
Were round us sittin'.

Someteymes i'th' winter-neets, when dark,
We'd into th' Ladies' Diaries yark,
There, wi' charade or rebus stark,
We'd hev a bout,
An' monie a teyme we'd puzzlin' wark
To find them out.

Someteymes we'd politics in han'—
The king, the laws, the reets o' man,
The parish clash, the empire's ban',
Just as it chanc'd ;
Each art an' science now an' than
By turns advanc'd.

For subjects we but seldom sought,
They gaily oft were leyle or nought,
Ne'er ak, they ay amusement brought,
An' that was plenty ;
We freely spak' whate'er we thought
Without being stenty.

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 213

But shaugh ! what if these teymes be geane,
An' distance parts us, need we greane ?
We're nowther on us left our leane,
 What need o' grievin' !
We now an' then can meet agean
 Wheyle we're beath leevin'.

Ay, lad, be seer, whene'er I can,
I'll come an' see you now an' than,
To hear an' see how matters stan'
 'Mang th' Brough-seydefwoks;
Or what new clish-ma-claver's gaun,
 Or jibes or jwokes.

For still't mun rather ease my meynde—
That is but owre dispos'd to tweyne—
To ruminate on auld lang seyne,—
 That happy season,—
For which thro' th' lave o' leyfe we peyne,
 An' guid's our reason.

Yes, man ! there's pleasure in recitin'
Concerns that yence were sae invitin' ;
An' even now I feel delight in,
 By fair reflection,
The varra things which here I'm writin'
 Frae recollection.

214 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

Fell memory, leyke a mirror true,
Each youthful pastime hauds to view,
An' we wi' eagerness pursue
 The fond delusion,
Rangin' the pleasin' lab'rynth thro'
 In weyld confusion.

The weel-kent haunts I visit keen,
Or, saunt'rin', pace the paddled green,
Where monie a festive bout has been
 An' jocund turn.
Ah, man ! the days that we hev seen
 Mun ne'er return.

Thro' th' lwonely kirk-garth as I stray,
Surroundin' heaps o' kindred clay
In dumb monition seem to say,
 Wi' ghaist-leyke ca',—
“Stop, neybor, an' awhile survey
 The end of a'.”

Here my yence gay companions sleep ;
Or anters in yon mouldering heap
Some lovelier female form I weep,
 An' lang may mourn ;
Or wi' the briny tribute steep
 A parent's urn.

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 215

But, fancy, quit this mournfu' scene,
Sec objects nobbit beat in spleen,
An' nae occasion should be gien
To melancholy :
Life's joys are far owre few, I ween,
T' excuse this folly.

No ! let's be happy wheyle we may,
As life's but leyke a winter day,
An' hour on hour flees fast away
To reel of t'rest on't ;
Let us, sen we've nit lang to stay,
Be meakin't' best on't.

If fortune keyndly shall supply
A' our desires, let us enjoy
Her welcome gifts, nor thrust a-jy
The gracious deed ;
Lest unassissted we apply
In pinchin' need.

But if beneath misfortune's han'
We plunge, an' feel her smartin' wan',
Let us with fortitude withstan'
The lash extended ;
As a' things come by heaven's comman',
An' whea can mend it?

216 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

Still be your lot that happy state,
Unkent by a' th' extremes of fate
But peace and plenty on you wait
Clean thro' your life;
An' may nae skeath, at onie rate,
Mislear your wife.

Lang be your heart and happins heale ;
Ne'er may your constitution geale ;
But sups o' drink and guid lythe keale
Cheer up each day,
As lang as th' beck down Seggin Deale
Shall wind its way.

But now, my friend, guid evening to ye,
It's turning leate, sae peace be wi' ye ;
I've nought, except my prayers, to gie ye,
Ye ken me true ;
I'll some day soon pauk owre and see ye,
Till then adieu.

Wigton, Jan. 1st, 1805.

AULD LANG SEYNE.

Whilst some the soldier's deeds emblaze,
An' talk of sieges and campaigns ;
Or some the wily statesman praise
Whea hauds of government the reins ;

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 217

Or others range the rhymer's verse,
An' ca' the jinglin' sentence feyne ;
Be meyne the bus'ness to rehearse
The parlish turns of auld lang seyne.

Threycce-happy days of past delight,
That sliving teyme whurls fast away,
When pleasure smeyl'd on ev'ry night,
An' spworts beguil'd the leeve-lang day :
'Twas then, 'or worldly fash I knew,
Or love or loss had gar'd me peyne,
That oft, weel pleas'd, I wad review
The gladsome page of auld lang seyne.

Yence, on a clasyh winter neet ;
Queyte maiz'd wi' lounging i'th' nuik,
I palmer'd out as chance wad hev't,
An' till a neybor's house I tuik ;
The man was gaily up i' years,
An' wearin' fast to life's decleyne,
An' monie a famish teale could tell
O' upturns duin i' auld lang seyne.

When vile moss-troopers, bworder bred,
To rive and pillage flock'd to arms,
By waur than that-a-donnet led,
Bouzd into Cumberland i' swarms :
Our kye, our owsen, off they druive ;
Our gear, our graith, our naigs, our sweyne ;
An' monie a lass, her luckless luive,
Was left to wail for auld lang seyne.

218 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

Yence on a time a hangrell gang
 Com' with a bensil owre the sea,
 Wheyle flocks an' herds they gar'd them spang,
 An' put o't country in a bree ;
 Up a dark lonnin' fast they rode,
 Thinking to shelter their deseyne,
 Hoping their fit-hauld to meak guid,
 As monie a teyme they'd duin lang seyne.

Kemp Dobbie, as they canterin' com',
 First spy't-them ; but quo' he, "Ne'er ak,
 Divent be flait o' them, lad Tom,
 But let's cower down i' this deyke-back."
 Sae said, an' humly cowering sat,
 Up brouc'd the taistrels in a leyne
 Till reet fornenst them, up they gat
 An' rwoar'd, "Now, lads, forauld landseyne."

Back, helter-skelter, panic-struck,
 T'wards heame they kevvel'd, yen and a',
 Nor ventur'd yen an a—wards luik
 For fear he'd in the gilders fa'.
 Thus single twea abuin a scwore,
 Druive sleely frae their coarse deseyne ;
 An' yet, tho' disbelief may glowre,
 This really com' to pass lang seyne.

Thus, thro' the langsome winter neets,
 O' curious teales sec rowth he'd tell,
 O' Brownies, ghosts, and flaysome seets,
 Enough to flay the auld-yen's sell :

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 219

As how when witches here were reyfe,
Reet sonsy fwok they gar't to peyne;
An' Michael Scot's* strange fearfu' leyfe,
He telt, reet gleesomely, lang seyne.

Scot yence gat Criffell on his back,
Some pedder-leyke, as stwories tell;
But whow! his girtins gev a crack,
An' down his boozy burden fell.
Auld Nick and Scot yence kempt, they say,
Whea best a reape frae sand could tweyne,
Clouts begg'd some caff; quo' Michael, "Nay."
Sae bang'd the de'il at that lang seyne.

Wi' clish-ma-clatter, cracks, and jwokes,
My friend and me the evenings pass'd,
Unenvying finger-fed fine fwoks,
Unmindfu' o' the whustlin' blast:
Wi' sweet content, what needit mair?
For nought need we our gizzerns tweyne;
The auld man's common simple prayer
Was ay, "God be wi' auld lang seyne."

* Michael Scot, a celebrated philosopher of the 13th century, whose knowledge of the occult sciences caused him to pass among the unlettered for a magician. According to tradition he studied the black arts at Oxford until there was hardly anything which he could not do. Some say he was buried at Holme Cultram in Cumberland, and others at Melrose Abbey.

220 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

Someteymes he'd talk in wondrous rhyemes
About t' Rebellion, and how the Scots
Com' owre, and what sec parlish teymes
They hed to hide their butter-pots ;
A' maks o' gear i' sacks they hid ;
Toth' fell they drove beath beasts and sweyne.
Man ! it wad chill thy varra bluid
To hear o'th' warks o' auld lang seyne.

Yet tho' sec brulliments galwore
Oft snaip'd the quiet of our days,
Yet, God be thank'd, this awfu' stowre
Suin ceas'd, wi' a' its feary phraise.
Then smilin' peace yence mair restwor'd
Content or joy to every meynde,
An' rowth an' plenty crown'd each bwoard ;
Nae mair we fret for auld lang seyne.

Oh, weels me ! on those happy teymes
When a' was freedom, friendship, joys,
'Or paughty preyde or neameless creymes
Were kent our comforts to destroy ;
Nae thoughts of rank engag'd the soul,
But equals seem'd the squire and heynd ;
The laird and dar'ker, cheek-by-chowle,
Wad sit and crack of auld lang seyne.

'Twas then, that nin, however great,
Abuin his neybor thought his-sell,
But lads and lasses wont to meet
Wi' merry changs their teales to tell ;

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 221

Frae house to house the rock-gairds went
I'th' winter neets when t' moon did shine,
When lovesome sangs and blythe content
Beguil'd the hours of auld lang seyne.
Lang streek'd out owre the clean hearth-steane,
The lads their sicker stations tuik ;
Wheyle to beet on the elden,* yen,
As th' auld guid man, sat i'th' nuik.
When Curs'nmas com' what stiving wark,
Wi' sweet minch'd-pies and hackins feyne,
An' upshots constantly by dark,
Frae Yule to Cannelmas lang seyne.
But suin as smiling spring appears,
The farmer leaves the ingle-seyde,
His naigs he graiths, his ploughs he geers,
For ither winters to proveyde ;
Blythe as a lav'rock owre the rig,
He lilts thro' monie a langsome leyne,
An' southy crops o' beans an' bigg
Neest year mek up for auld lang seyne.
Owre a' the joys the seasons bring,
Nin, bonny hay-time ! comes leyke thee,
Weel pleas'd wi' lythe the lasses sing,
The lads drive on wi' hearty glee,
Rashly they skale the scatterin' swathe,
Wi' zig-zag fling the reakers tweyne,
An' seylin sweats their haffets bathe :
Sec wark was meyne, weel pleas'd, lang seyne.

* To put the wood or fuel on the fire.

222 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

But hay-time owre, an' harvest com',
Shek ripe an' ready to be shworne,
See how the kempan shearers bum,
An' rive an' bin' an' stook their cworm ;
At darknin' canty heame they turn,
Where a douce supper pangs them feyne ;
Or, if they're duin, a riving kurn
Meks up for pinchery lang seyne.

Last, best of a', comes Carel fair,
Frae every airt the young fwok druive,
The lads weel-donn'd, the lasses fair,
Joy in their een, their bwosoms luive ;
Wi' lowpin', dancin', and deray,
Wi' nice shwort keaks, sweet punch, an' wine,
An' sec leyke things they spent the day :
There's naespworts now leyke auld lang seyne.

Thus, vers'd in legendary teale,
This auld-far'd chronicle could tell
Things that yen's varra lugs wad geale,
Of what to this an' that befell ;
But hirpling fast on life's downhill,
His prejudice wad sair incleyne
To think the present nought but ill,
An' nought wad dow but auld lang seyne.

Frae sympathy, as strange as true,
E'en I his nwotions seem'd to catch,
For far-geane teymes when I review,
I'm with the present leyke to fratch.

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 223

Yes, there's a secret pleasure springs
Frae retrospect, that soothes the meynde ;
Reflection back to fancy brings
The joyous hours of auld lang seyne.

Fareweel ye moments of delight ;
Adieu ye scenes I lang may mourn,
Nae mair ye cheer my anxious sight,
Impossible ye shall return.
Life's darknin' low'rs, the sun of youth
On wint'ry age mun cease to sheyne ;
And stoutest hearts confess this truth—
The present's nought leyke auld lang seyne.

But whether 'tis the partial eye,
With glass inverted, shows the scene,
The guid things past resolve to spy,
An' blast the present with our spleen,
I know not ;— this alone I know,
Our past misfortunes we'd propeyne
T' oblivion, whilst our present woe
Maks dear the joys of auld lang seyne.

For, as I range the weel-kent haunts
Of past amusements, youthfu' bliss,
Wi' impulse strange my bwosom pants
For what yence was, for what now is ;
Each step I tread some far-fled hour
Of past endearment brings to meynd ;
Each caller shade an' silent bower
Ca' back the joys of auld lang seyne.

224 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

Then doubly sweet the blackbird sang,
Wi' tenfold beauties smil'd the grove,
Creation roun' yae chorus rang,
'Twas pleasure's tune inspir'd by luive ;
But when auld age, wi' slivin' han',
Shall roun' the heart insidious tweyne,
'Tis then we see, an' only than,
The present's nought leyke auld lang seyne.

TOM KNOTT.

Tom Knott, leyke monie mair in leyfe,
Was pester'd with an ill-gien weyfe,
Frae mworn to neet her mill-clack tongue
Dirl'd in his lugs, and loudly rung
The clangour of her squeel-peype thro'at,
Tho' aye 'twas tun'd in mischief's nwote ;
Whate'er he did, whate'er transacted,
Or whether ill or weel he acted,
'Was a' as yen, for nought was reet,
An' Tib misca'd him day and neet,
Which meade him wish his spouse uncivil,
Full monie a tyme was at the devil ;
But this he aye keep'd to his-sell,
An' tho' aggriev'd, durst never tell,
Because he knew reet weel sud he
Set up his gob, directly she
Would kick up hell's delight i'th' house,
Which meade him mum as onie mouse,

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 225

An', snool-leyke, yield a fworc'd submission,
To what he deem'd a deil's condition ;
But tho' to keep a quiet leyfe,
Tom teamly knuckl'd till his weyfe,
Yet, now and then, he'd raise a durdum
Sae loud that hauf o'th' town might heard him ;
But this was oft at the Blue Bell,
When met wid hauf-thicks leyke his-sell,
Owre some o' Nanny Newton's yell ;
Tom then wad tell a parlish teale,
Wad rive and rwoar, and raise a rumpus,
Ay, sometimes swear by jing to thump us.
For, frae experience, oft we see
When fwoks yence teaste of liberty
That hev befware oppression fun',
Still to some daft extreme mun run,
And slaves, the meast oppress'd, still wou'd
Be th' greatest tyrants if they cou'd :
Thus he, a sackless when at heame,
Nought of guidman but just the neame,
Wad, when he reach'd a public-house,
Unkenn'd to Tib, turn deev'lish crouse,
An' domineer owre fwoks, as vain
As if the town was a' his ain.

It chanc'd, ae Hallowe'en, that Tom,
Wi' Harry, Jack, an' Seymie, com',
An' monie jafflers leyke his-sell,
To slwote awhile at th' auld Blue Bell.
Ae quart fast after t'other follow'd,
Theysmuik'd, they drank, theysang, theyhollo'd,

226 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

An' lang befowre the mid-neet hour
 Were a' as drunk as they could glowre.
 Loud noise, by some ca'd disputation,
 For want of better conversation,
 Employ'd this open throppl'd crew,
 An' nonsense frae a' quarters flew,
 An' things were said, as reason ended,
 Unmeaning, and as unintended.
 Tom umbrage took at winkin' Wat,
 Whea something said, he knew not what,
 Ne'er ak, it matter'd not a fardin';
 Tom goister'd, Watty begg'd his pardin';
 It was a' yen—"Now, dam thy snout!
 I'se here; if thou's a man, turn out!
 Thou's monie a teyme run th' rig o' me
 For leyle or nought; but now let's see
 What màk' o' stuff thou is when tried.
 Thou needn't gleyme, I'll yark thy hide!
 I'll larn thee to cock-mantle, will I!
 An' teach thee better manners, Billy!"
 The room was full of noise an' racket,
 Tom doff'd his neck'loth, hat, an' jacket,
 An' leyke a madman stamp'd the fleer,
 When—wicked luck!—the entry-deer
 Just at that instant gev a creek,
 In bang'd 'Tom's weyfe, she couldn't speak,
 Rage tied her tongue, or else she would;
 'Tom petrified with horror stood;
 A besom-shank her hand first met,
 Wi' which she, leyke a vengeance, set

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 227

Upon his ready bare-meade back,
An' dealt him monie a wordie smack
Owre seydes an' shoulders, craig an' crown,
Until the bluid ran spurtling down ;
At last her yammer outgeat fan',
An' thus the rantipow began :—
“Thou nasty guid-for-neathing dog !
Here is thou drunk as onie hog,
Wheyle the bairns—a bonny speech indeed—
Mun sit without a beyte of bread.
O thou's a menceless hurlin is'ta,
Weel thou desarves thy pakes that dis'ta.
An' you,—'od queyte leet on you a' !—
A set o' dow-for-noughts, to draw
Fwoks' men away to th' public-houses,
An' here to haud your mid-neet bouses.
O, leytle stops me, but I'd jaup
This quart o' yell about your scope !”
Sae said, she cleck'd wi' baith her neeves
The glass an' stoup, an' on the thieves
Them shower'd ; at Seymie's chafts she clash'd
The quart, the glass at Jack she dash'd ;
An' when nae mair to throw she had
She clapp'd her han's an' skirl'd for mad.
Tom saw the storm was louder gethering,
An' flait o' gitten tudder lethering,
Thought it as prudent to retire
As stan' an' feace a second fire,
Sae thro' the snow stark-neak'd he pot,
Widout yence speering for his shot ;

228 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

Tib, leyke a fury, cursing efter,
 An' he, tho' swift, had nea bouk left her,
 For beath gat nearly heame together,
 As speyte sped yen an' freet the ither.
 Here was a fearfu' altercation,
 Wi' ill-far'd neames, noise an' vexation ;
 Tho' Tom, peer man, nit mickle said,
 But slipp'd off quietly to bed,
 Yet Tib you might hev heard a mile hence,
 Till sleep had stuik'd her gob in silence.

Oh, man ! oh, man ! what pity 'tis,
 That what we hope our highest bliss
 Sud disappoint us ; nay, what's worse,
 Sae oft turns out a real curse :
 It shows man's want o' fore-seet truly,
 In not considering matters duly,
 And gives him monie ill-far'd cowps,
 Whea, gowk-leyke, luiks not 'fore he louns.
 But shaugh ! what signifies reflection,
 To streyfe let's never add dejection.
 Tom had eneugh o' this at heame
 When th' meagrim took his stingy deame ;
 But what o' that ? he now an' than
 Could be a middlin' happy man ;
 Which shows that human disposition
 Is seldom fix'd in yae condition.

Tho' leately Tom hed sec a bruily
 An' hey-by wi' his weyfe, unholy,
 When, to avoid her clamorous jaw,
 He skelp'd stark-neak'd amang the snaw,

Yet scarce a month was owre or mair,
When Tom, returnin' frae the fair,
Met his three cronies on the rwoad,
An' he, a silly sackless pwoad,
God kens, sma' invitation sarra'd,
When thus wi' teypors sae weel marrow'd,
To gang an' pree anudder bicker
Of Nanny Newton's nappy liquor.
In bang'd our neybons helter-skelter,
For each was at a slwote a smelter,
An' he that fwoormost could advance
Ay thought he hed a double chance ;
Yence set, quart follow'd quart as fast
As if each yen had been their last,
An' a' the foursome gat as merry
As if they'd drunken sack or sherry :
Teyme they begeyl'd wi' clish-ma-clatters,
An' crack'd on monie diff'rent matters,
Someteymes on trade, someteymes on war,
Someteymes on countries, God kens whar,
When Seymie, that auld-fashion'd hannel
Whea was as sly as onie Daniel,
Declar'd to him 'twas parlish strange
That yell sud work sae mickle change
In fwoks, especially, says he,
As we've beheld, frien' Tom, in thee,
For generally; we mun allow,
In brulliments thou art nae cow,
Nay, for a pinch wad risk thy leyfe—
But when a rumpus wi' thy weyfe

Breks out, 'tis then a chang'd affair,
Thou has not hauf a word to spare ;
Why, man, she kelk'd thee leyke a log,
An' chas'd thee leyke a cwoley dog,
An' than, sec ill-far'd neames she ca'd thee,
Thou wad be vex'd Tom, I'll upho'd thee.
Damme ! I'd try to mend this matter,
An' breydle her infernal clatter.
Tho' Tom a buzzard was at heame—
Was not at every pleace the seame,
His stomach ne'er could brook adveyce,
Especially in points sae neyce,
His weyfe the subject—feigh upon her !—
But then you see it touch'd his honour.
Ay, there's the thing, that rais'd the racket,
Agean off flew cwoat, sark, and jacket,
Without a why or wherefore speering,
He rwose leyke onie deevil sweering ;
His thumps at random dealt pell-mell,
Beneath his strokes a' threesome fell ;
A' three he beat, threyce risk'd his leyfe,
Went heame.—was paick'd agean by th' weyfe.

ROSLEY FAIR.

[Rosley-hill fairs are held on an extensive tract of common, about five miles south-east of Wigton. When Stagg wrote his poem, fifty years since, these fairs stood out much more prominently than they do at present. They were then by far the largest gatherings of the kind held in Cumberland. Men and women, and lads and lasses, "frae a' quarters flocked to them in swarms;" and, as a matter of course, pedlars, showmen, quack-doctors, pickpockets, and such like fraternity. At this date they are noted for the sale of horses and horned cattle only.]

Of Isthmean and Olympian games
Let ancient rhymers sing,
Their wrestlers and their boxers neames
In noisy numbers sing;
Or Egypt, when the annual Nile,
Its common bounds owre-ran;
Sec auld far'd claver's not worth wheyle
Fwoks leyke o' us to scan
I'th' present day.

Twea thousand years are owre an' mair
Sen a' this nonsense vanish'd,
An' to th' deil, by Christian care,
Their Pagan pliskits banish'd;
Wheylst modern teymes, by change refeyn'd,
For wisdom mair reputed,
For sports t' oblivion lang conseyn'd
Hev merrier instituted

In latter days.

232 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

For what avail'd their ramish routs,
Wi' Sampson-leyke exertions,
Their broken nappers, seylan snouts,
Could thar be ca'd devarshions?
Not Athens, tho' for sense renown'd,
Nor Thebes could e'er compare
For pasteymes sec as may be found
Each year at Rosley Fair.
O'th' second day.

Here mirth and merchandise are mix'd,
There love with tumult rages,
Here fraud an' ignorance are fix'd,
An' sense with craft engages;
Sly villainy hauds out her han'
Your pocket nooks to reyfle;
An' clouds are rais'd o' stour an' san',
Eneugh auld Nick to steyfle,
O'th' hill this day.

See frae a' quarters, east and west,
I' droves th' country coming,
Wheyle flocks o' naigs an' kye are press'd
By flocks o' men an' women;
Buss'd i' their best the blythesome troop
Bang forrat helter-skelter,
Wheyle monie 'mang the mingled group
O'th' geat were fit to swelter
Wi' heat that day.

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 233

Here pedlars frae a' pairts repair,
Beath Yorkshire beytes and Scotch fwok ;
An' Paddeys wi' their fine lin' ware,
Tho' a' deseyn'd to botch fwok ;
Cheat that cheat can's the common rule,
Fwoks a' cheat yen anither,
For he that's nowther kneave nor fool,
Godseake ! what brought him hither
To th' fair this day.

See, mounted on an auld grey meare
Led forth in pompous preyde,
Auld Baxter fiddlin' through the fair,
Wi' th' bailiffs by his seyde ;
This is as mickle as to say,
The tryst is fairly started,
Now you may up an' cheat away,
For nae man shall be thwarted
That's here this day.

Now for a brek—'od seake, stan' clear !
Nor look for future evils,
A' Bewcastle's broken lowse—see there,
They're ga'n leyke stark-mad deevils ;
Wi' whip an' spur they rive away,
An' drive down a' befowre them,
An' heaps on heaps are whurld away
Or leam'd ;—the vengeance rwoar them,
For brutes this day.

234 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

Here ample rows o' tents are stretch'd,
The grass-green common bigg'd on,
An' baggin, ready cook'd, is fetch'd
Frae Peerith, Carel, an' Wigton ;
Wi' rowth o' spirits, weynes, and yell,
In bottles an' in barrels,
That will, ere neet, if reet's my teale,
Ferment a power o' quarrels
An' streyfe this day.

See Sawney, wi' his auld din'd yad,
Just cum'd frae Ecclefechan,
Gallin' the gimmer wi' a gad,
Tho' leyke a porpoise peighan ;
He warrants her soun' win' an' lim'
As onie o' the hill,
Tho' feint a yen wad credit him
That's owther seet or skill,
A word that day.

Patrick O'Flagan, wi' his cloth,
Comes on amang the rest,
And tells his dealers with an oath,
'Tis better than the best :—
"This yard, which cost me half-a-crown,
"For eighteen-pence I offer ;
"By Jasus, man, I'm quite torn down,
"Which forces me to proffer
"So cheap to-day."

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 235

Here's Yorkshire impudence, d'ye see,
Advancin' for a brek,
Just as'in' threyce as much as he,
Kens he'll consent to tek :—
"Here, maister, buy a coit cloith here,
"Ye's have it chep, believe me,
"'Tis of the foinest 'ool, I swear ;
"Mon, think ye I'd deceive ye ?—
"Not I this day."

Look, where i'th' nook o' yonder tent
Yon crew are slyly smugglin',
I warrant ye now thar gang are bent
To tek fwok in by jugglin' ;
Some cut-purse dow-for-noughts, nae doubt,
That deevilments hev skill in,
An' some that com' weel laden out
May gang widout a shillin'
Off heame this day.

Whisht ! what's yon noise amang yon crowd,
Yon rantin' an' huzzain',
Where trumpets skirl an' drums beat loud,
An' organs sweet are pleyin' :—
"Here, walk in, gentlemen, and see,"
Exclaims a hobthrust fellow,
"The king and royal family,
"Auld Nick and Punchinello,
"In style this day.

236 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

"Here's eagle, ostrich, and macaw,
"Wi' the fam'd horse o' knowledge,
"Who more sagacity can show
"Than twenty fools from college;
"A thousand tricks by cards he'd tell,
"Each one esteem'd a wonder,
"And all the pack he knows so well
"I never knew him blunder
"By neet or day.

"See the huge elephant advance,
"Of men he'd carry tharty,
"A thousand leyke him sent to France
"Wad crush proud Bonaparty;
"Here's the fierce tiger from Bengal,
"Th' opossum from Savannah,
"The royal lion and jackal,
"The lynx and fierce hyæna,
"Alive this day.

"Do walk in, gentlemen, walk in,
"The price is only threepence—
"We're just a going to begin—
"You two step in for fi'pence.
"You ne'er have seen in all your days,
"So fine a show as this is,
"Go where we will it gains the praise
"Of gentlemen and misses
"On every day."

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 237

Come, Jwohn, I think we'll shift our stan',
An' see what's yonder bawlin' ;
Winge ! lad, it's a quack doctor-man,
His drugs an' nostrums callin' :—
" Here are the pills that cure all ills,
" An' sleype off ev'ry evil,
" The cramp, the stitch, the pox, the itch,
" Nay, that wad kill the deevil
" If here to-day."

Sec hurdum-durdum, dust, an' din,
Wi' showman an' physician,
Yen'd think that they here meeght Babel fin',
Class'd for a new edition.
The noise o' boxers an' o' bulls,
O' drums an' dibblers jinglin',
O' cauves an' carles wi' clatter'd skulls,
Are leyke confusion minglin'
Reet loud this day.

But let us step into the Camp House
An' see their dancin' sprees,
There we may crook our hams an' bouse
A wee bit at our ease ;
There we our various cracks may ha'd
On ilka thing that passes,
An' watch the water castin' lad,
O' some our bonny lasses,
Unseen this day.

238 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

Wi' merry lilt the fiddlers chang,
The lads an' lasses bicker,
The drink o' acid teasts sae strang
'Twad mek an auld naig nicker.
Some sit an' rub their shins reet sad,
Full sair wi' sindry knocks,
Ithers wi' kevin' hey go mad,
Swet leyke as monie brocks,
I'th' room this day.

Here, lan'leady, some mair shwort keaks,
An' meng us up thar glasses ;
Fiddlers screw up your strings, for, faiks !
We'll lilt up *Sowerby Lasses*.
An' hey, for our town lads ! stan' back,
An' let's have room to rally,
We'll thump away till a' be black,—
Weel fidg'd my sonsy Sally,
Thou's meyne this day.

Here a' seems happiness throughout,
Lang be your pleasures lastin' ;
The punch and cider laves about,
An' few are here black fastin'.
Ilk lad now hugs the lass he leykes,
Wheyle some hev hauf-a-dizzen,
Unless some wreen ill-natur'd teykes,
That car'n't if th' lasses wizen
At th' fair this day.

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 239

But we'll agean our matty shift
An' stroll about together,
We'll not give yae pleace a' our gift
An' hain nought for anither ;
A thousand fairlies yet unseen
We'll fin' at diff'rent pleaces,
I' scwores o' tents we hevn't been,
Nor seen hauf th' bonny feaces
That's here this day.

Let's tek a scowver thro' th' horse fair,
An' hear some couper jargon,
We'll see them cheat an' lythe them lee
Owre monie a gallows bargain ;
For Bewcastle* aye bears the bell
For jobbers, scamps, and dealers,
And, low be't spoken, some fwoks tell
They erst hev been horse stealers
In there away.

* Fifty years since Bewcastle was much inhabited by dealers in horses and cattle, called "Border-coupers." They were generally men full of a rude and ready kind of wit, continual talkers, hard drinkers, and often quarrelsome companions. One of these "coupers" attempted to recommend himself to a travelling Scotchman by claiming kindred, affirming that he was a border Scot : "Gude faith, I dinna doubt it," quoth the canny Scotchman, "*the coarsest pairt o' the cloth is aye at the setridge.*"

240 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

Look, leyke mad bulls they bang about,
Wi' shouts their thropples riving,
Wheyle whip for smack the rabble rout
Are yen owre t'other driving;
Perdition seems to mark their gait
Wi' rage and wilfu' murder.
Some seafer bit we'll try to laite,
An' pauk on rather further
Frae skaith this day.

Queyte roun' the hill we'll tak' a range
An' view whatever passes,
The varying objects as they change,
Feyne wares and bonny lasses.
If e'er variety can please
What pleace is there in nature,
Where't can be fund wi' greater ease
Or where it can be greater,
Than here to-day?

Wi' monie mair see Meggy Houpe
Wi' her bit sarkin' linen,
That keep'd her feckly thro' th' how doup
Wate weel reet constant spinnin';
Thro' monie a lang cauld winter neet
I'th' nook has she sat drillin'
Her pund leyne gairn, an' now she's reet
If it bring forty shillin'
This Rosley day.

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 241

Here's baby-laikins, rowth o' speyce,
On sta's an' ra's extended,
Wi' nibelties as good as neyce
In strange confusion blended ;
Wi' bozlam wares, shoon scwores o' pairs,
An' whillimere's rare cheeses,
Clogs splinter new, bass-bottom'd chairs,
An' lea stanes for new leases,
I' heaps this day.

See swingin' owre the foggy swaird,
Begrac'd wi' angel features,
Wi' bra's weel buskit, rigg'd, an' squar'd,
A wheen deleytfu' creatures :
But beware o' the fause-feac'd fair,
That seek but your undoin',
Thar blythesome blinks are but t' ensnare
An' tempt to certain ruin
Poor gowks this day.

Ye heedless haufins that may-hap
To fa' into their clutches,
Tent ye, or you may nurse a clap
For a' their gaudy mutches ;
An' sud ye, aiblins, be sae daft,
Ye'd look but silly slouches,
Wi' not a plack o' kilter left
But heame wi' empty pouches
To slounge this day.

242 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

Hark ! where th' inveytin' drum o' Mars
Athwart the fair loud rattles,
It 'minds me aye o' wounds an' scars,
O' brulliments an' battles ;
But Sarjin Keyte wad fain persuade
It's but the call of honour,
Where certain fortune shall be made
By those who wait upon her
Off-han' this day.

I leyke the king, I leyke the state,
The kirk, and constitution,
An' on their foes, baith soon and late,
Wish downfa' an' confusion ;
But may nae frien' o' mine, by cheats,
Turn out that maizlin ninny,
To barter a' a Briton's reets,
For nonsense an' a guinea,
Wi' Keyte this day.

But here's a row worth a' the rest,
Come, we'll attend this tuily ;
I'faith ! we've fund a famous nest
That mek a battlin' bruily ;
Here crazy, lazy, blin', an' leame,
Engage for general trial,
An' heevy-skeevy, fire an' flame,
They yoke in battle royal
Pell-mell this day.

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 243.

A sodger, wid a wooden leg,
A keynd o' snafflin' noddy,
Had begg'd a bure, her neame was Meg,
A winsome weel-far'd body ;
A darky glaum'd her by the hips,
The sodger bang'd leyke thunder,
But still the blin' man held his grip
As tho' he ne'er wad sunder
Frae her that day.

Then up rrose Cæsar in a wrath,
An' sweying owre his crutches,
Swore he wad lib the fiddler's graith
If he com' in his clutches ;
But his inconstant marrow Meg,
As for a bang he bummel'd,
Lows'd in a treyce his timmer leg,
An' down the warrior tummel'd
Lang streek'd that day.

Now sprawlin' on the brade o's back,
Wi' rage the vet'ran ranted,
An' roun' laid monie a loundrin' whack,
But aye effect they wanted,
For as they keep'd ayond his reach
His bats fell fause not fairly,
Wheylst they kept batt'ring him *en breach*
Which vext the wight reet sairly,
Wate weel that day.

244 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

Roun' on his bum, his central bit,
As on a pivot wheelin',
The hero whurl'd him wi' his fit,
Fast roun' his duibs aye dealin' ;
At length owre-whelm'd wi' filth an' sods
Frae thar ferocious tartars,
He sank beneath superior odds,
An' grean'd aloud for quarters
An' leyfe this day.

Now a' seems outrage owre the hill,
Dread conflict an' confusion,
The watchword's blown,—be kill'd or kill ;
The day's wark's near conclusion ;
We'd best be fettlin' off wi' speed
Wheyle we've heale beanes for carrying,
For fear some hawbuck tek't i' his head
To brake us weel for tarrying
Sae lang this day.

THE RETURN.

Fast the patt'ring hail was fa'ing
And the sowing rain as thick,
Loud and snell the whurlwind blowing,
Wheyle the neet was dark as pick.
When upon her strae couch liggin',
Susan steep'd her waukreyfe een,
And about her crazy biggin
Rwoar'd the hollow whurlblast keen.

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 245

In each arm a bairn lay sleepin',
I' their luiks lank famine sat,
And their een seem'd blear'd wi' weepin'
For the things they seldom gat.
On her lwonely bed she toss'd her,
Darkin till the tempest ceas'd ;
But, peer lass, nae change of posture
Calm'd the conflict of her breast.

In her feace a heart sair anguish'd
Might a stranger's eye survey ;
Six dree years had Susan languish'd
Sen her Walter went away.
He, far owre the stormy ocean,
Was on India's distant shore,
Courtin' fortune and promotion
E'en amid the battle's rwoar.

Yence the rwose and lily blendit
In fair Susan's breydal feace,
But fwok said, whea earst had kent it,
Sadly alter'd was the kease.
She whea leate sae douse and jolly,
Need hae turn'd her feace frae nean,
Suin thro' grief and melancholy
Turns to perfec skin and beane.

Cruel fate, thy mandate alter,
Oft she murmur'd in despair,
Give me, give me back my Walter,
Give me him, I ask nae mair.

246 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

Here, disconsolate and weary,
Are my days of sorrow past,
An' my neets forlorn and eerie,
That ilk yen I wish my last.

Hark, the whirlblast loudly blusters,
Dreary howling owre my head,
A' with rage the tempest musters
On my crazy clay-built shed.
Wintry blasts, that bluster owre me,
Waft my sighs to Walter's ears;
Gales auspicious, quick restwore me
Him whea's smeyles can dry my tears.

Fancy, whither wadst thou lead me,
Say what phantoms to impart,
Visionary shades owre-spread me
To amuse my love-lorn heart.
Hark! what shriek was that 'at mingled
Wi' the liftin' tempest-howl?
On my ears leyke fate it jingled,
Piercing to my varra soul.

Heavier now the tempest musters,
Down in plennets teems the rain,
Louder, ay, the whirlblast blusters
Sweepin' owre the spacious plain.
Susan, fill'd wi' apprehension
At the dismal dang'rous rwoar,
Suin is fix'd in mute attention
Wi' loud knockins at her door.

John Stagg, the Blind Bard. 247

"Susan, rise !" a voice loud bawling
Said, " Unbar the envious door ! "
"Whea commands?" she scream'd, then falling
Senseless, streek'd her on the floor.
Wi' a rounge the yeldin' hinges
Frae the partin' stoothens flee,
In the storm-struck stranger swinges,
Walter enters—yes, 'twas he !

Swift to Susan's aid he hies him,
Greapin' roun' the weel kent bower,
Leet the leetnin's flash supplies him,
Her he spies upon the floor ;
Lang she sleeps not, strugglin' nature,
Suin suspended leyfe restwores ;
On his habit, form, and stature
Wi' impatient weyldness pores.

Prodlin' up the smotherin' embers,
Swift the sweelin' heather flies,
She nae trace of him remembers,
Alter'd sair by his disguise.
Sowp'd wi' rain, wi' glore bespatter'd,
Frowzy beard and visage wan,
Teated locks and garments tatter'd,
Mair he seem'd of ghaist than man.

" Ah," cried he, " can time sae alter
Fwoks, as thus to be forgot ?
Fair yen, I'm thy faithful Walter ;
Canst thou, Susan, know me not ? "

248 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

When his weel-kent voice she listens,
A' her doubts are suin supprest,
In her een keen transpwort glistens,
And she sunk upon his breast.

Here awheyle with ardour glowing
Stood the lover and his weyfe,
Beath their hearts wi' joy owre-flowing,
Suin he kiss'd her into leyfe.
"Yes," she said, "thou lang-lost stranger,
Thou art still my husband dear ;
Seafe, I hope, return'd frae danger,
And nae mair to leave me here."

"Know," said he, "tho' foul and 'tatter'd
In my present garb and graith ;
Tho' with muck and mire bespatter'd,
I've enough to bless us baith.
"Midst the battle's devastation
Fell my captain, stunn'd with blows ;
I succeeded to his station,
By this chance my fortune rose.

"But of a' the joys I've teasted,
Or mun e'er expect to teaste
In teyme to come, or teyme far weasted,
This, this moment joys me meast.
Cheer thee, then, my Susan, cheer thee,
Pleasure yet thy cheek shall cheer ;
Think thy Wat will ay be near thee ;
Think thy luive will ay be near."



MARK LONSDALE.

MARK LONSDALE was born in Caldewgate, Carlisle, on the 26th of May, 1758, in an old-fashioned cottage which is now razed to the ground, but which, with the garden, occupied the site of the present Ragged Schools. He was the eldest son of John Lonsdale of Caldewgate, blacksmith, and Isabella Mark his wife, who formerly belonged to Thrustonfield. Of his early education very little is known, but there is not much doubt it was of a common order, as he was sent at an early age to follow the business of a pattern designer. As he grew up to manhood, not being satisfied with the drudgery attending his calling, and finding Carlisle too limited for the full scope of his ambition, he, like many others, made his way towards the metropolis, where there is a wider field for competition, and where merit has a better chance of success. He had not been long in London before he turned his pursuits, both as author and mechanic, to the most intricate parts of theatrical amusement. His success in this soon procured his promotion as manager of Sadler's Wells, which post he held for a number of years. He

was the immediate predecessor of Charles Dibdin the younger. When he gave up his situation at Sadler's Wells he became part proprietor of the magnificent pictures, the Battle of Seringapatam, &c., which were exhibited at the Lyceum. It was here that Mark Lonsdale projected that elegant and instructive scenic exhibition and oral description denominated *ÆGYPTIANA*, an exhibition which at once demonstrated that though he had not had the benefit of a classical education, he was not wanting in a knowledge of the classics. This exhibition, although a convincing proof of his abilities, was an utter failure in a pecuniary point of view. It was his intention, had his first plan succeeded, to have given the peculiarities of geography, natural history, and manners of the inhabitants of other countries, but a disarrangement of his circumstances was the reward of his first national endeavour.

He then retired to Ireland, where he was engaged in tuition, and became tutor to a young nobleman. The following letter to his niece, Miss Isabella Lonsdale, (afterwards Mrs. Joseph Railton,) gives an interesting sketch of his manner of life in Ireland.

TULLAMORE, 16th, Dec., 1810.

I am still going on very successfully in my tuitions, but, in consequence of short days and bad weather, am obliged to contract my circle into a narrower compass. My principal station is now in the town I write from, a very bustling, dirty, genteel, uncomfortable place, about six miles from Clara. Here I am well employed for three weeks in the

month, and the fourth week I spend in Maryborough, the principal town in the adjoining county, and about the size of Caldegate. The distance is eighteen Irish miles, (about twenty-three English,) and I walk it on a Sunday, let the weather be fair or foul, equipt in the common foul weather dress of the country, viz : tann'd leather leggings, a frize great coat, an oak shillela, and a glazed hat,—such is the costume of an Irish traveller, and such a figure may very likely be presented to you in Scotch Street, some day or other within the course of the next summer. * * * The gentry are, one and all, very bad paymasters,—and one had need have the patience of Job to get an account settled with them ; all my connexions, however, are very safe I believe, though rather slow. I have no fear of losing anything in the end,—and one or two of them being exceptions to the general rule, supply me with cash enough to go on with.

In my last, I think, I gave you a sketch of my usual engagements for the summer ; and it may perhaps interest or amuse you to know how I am employed for one day in Tullamore. At eight o'clock I attend at Mr. Killaly's, (the engineer of the canals,) for two hours, and instruct his son and daughter and two apprentices in drawing—I then snap up a hasty breakfast, (sometimes I go without,) and at ten o'clock go to the Rev. Mr. Comes's academy, where I attend, for one hour, four young gentlemen in drawing, one of whom is a young baronet, Sir Charles Levinge—from thence, at eleven o'clock, I go to Mrs. Clark's boarding school, and teach drawing to five young ladies—thence to Miss Grey's boarding school, at twelve o'clock, where I have eleven young ladies at drawing—and at one o'clock I go to Mr. Acres's, where I stay till four, and attend to the education of his two daughters, in English grammar, writing, arithmetic, geography, drawing, and French ; here I am a great favourite with my employer, who is the most opulent man in the town, and often dine and spend the evening with him ; he is an intimate friend of Mr. Telford's, who recommended me to him—and I make no

doubt, would provide me some good situation in the country if I had occasion to look out for one. After Christmas, I am to get the writing master's business at Mrs. Clarke's school, and to undertake the French class at Miss Grey's, both of which can be attended in the evenings. * * * You see I am pretty busy every day, and, indeed, my health is not quite so good as in the summer, when I had more long walks, and longer days to do my business in—but I do not complain—when I consider the shattered state of my constitution two or three years ago; and it gives me infinite satisfaction to find myself in possession of so ample an income, after the starvation I was obliged for a time to undergo in Dublin. As to society and amusement, there, indeed, I am very deficient; I have no acquaintances here to pass a vacant hour with, except one, a young Scotchman, who is head gardener to Lord Charleville, and who comes from near Annan—and him I see very seldom. Books are therefore my only resource, and even them I find difficult to procure, as the Irish are not fond of reading, and would sooner expend a guinea in whiskey punch, than half-a-crown in a bookseller's shop. The only evenings I spend out of my lodgings, are at Miss Grey's, where her governesses and her young ladies are very sociable, and either get me to a harmless game at cards, or provide me with some amusing book to read for them. Sometimes I am requested by Miss Grey to teach her young folks a dialogue out of a play, and when any of their parents or friends drop in, they are generally called upon to exhibit their performances, of which, and of my instructions, all parties seem very proud. To tell you the truth, Miss Grey, a fine, jolly clever woman, about forty, would, I am well convinced, have no objection to make me the master of herself and her school—but—I don't know—I don't seriously think of such a thing—it would make me an Irishman for life—and besides—the lady is a Roman catholic. I believe I shall jog on as I am till circumstances permit me to come and lay my bones quietly in Saint Mary's church-yard.

Now, my dear Bella, I have filled up a long letter with a vast deal of egotism as usual, and perhaps a little nonsense.

* * * * *
Meanwhile don't you forget to write soon.—
Yours most affectionately, M. LONSDALE.

The privacy necessarily attached to this situation was ill suited to the habits and disposition of one who had been manager in one of the leading theatres of London. His friends seemed to be aware of this, and with a view of drawing him from his seclusion, and obtaining the benefit of his services and congenial society once more, obtained for him a situation in the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. He, however, did not live long to enjoy this post, for his constitution, never robust, gave way, and he expired on Thursday evening, February 16th, 1815, in London. His remains were deposited in the church-yard on the south side of St. Clement Danes, Strand, attended by many friends.

His writings in a collected form have never been published, and it is extremely doubtful now, half a century after his death, that they will ever be gathered together. He has written much and well, and it is a pity that the labours of such a man—one who evidently possessed culture as well as great talents—should be lost to the world. No doubt from the multifarious labours during the time he was engaged at Sadler's Wells and Drury Lane, and the harrassing nature of his avocations, he would have little time to grapple any particular subject with the full force of his power. He wanted

many of the essential requisites of an author—leisure, contentment, absence of worldly care, and, above all, retirement. Yet, notwithstanding these wants, he has transmitted to us marks of a genius of a very high order. About the age of twenty-two, he produced *The Upshot*, one of the ablest and most original poems that has yet appeared in the Cumberland dialect. Anderson has been accused, and we think not without reason, for taking some of the best characters in one of his ballads from it. It was originally intended for Hutchinson's History of the County, but was reserved, along with other articles, for a supplement to that work.

But it was more as a writer of pieces adapted to the stage that Mark Lonsdale chiefly shone, and of these, all that have been handed down to us are mere fragments. The greater part of the songs in this collection has been gleaned from plays produced for Sadler's Wells between 1788 and 1793. The volume from which they are selected appears to have been printed for the use of the theatre alone, and consequently has now become a rare book. Some of the songs are adapted to old airs; whilst others have either been touched up or altogether remodelled after the manner in which Robert Burns was so great an adept, and by which means even *he* has added to his reputation. Most of these songs form a marked contrast to the other known productions of Mark Lonsdale. They possess more grace, gaiety, and refinement; more

sprightly sparkling airiness, than might have been expected from the general character of his writings.

The time he left Carlisle for London is not exactly known, but it must have been somewhere about the year 1784, when about twenty-six years of age. He was too young, therefore, to have fully developed the latent powers of his mind, which were subsequently frittered away in the theatres of London, writing for his daily bread.

That fine song, *The Old Commodore*, which must ever rank amongst the first sea-songs in the English language, was, in all probability, produced for Sadler's Wells. In one of the plays called *Mars' Holiday*, we find that the character of the "Gouty Commodore" was performed by one Mr. Boyce. It has only recently, however, been printed as the production of Mark Lonsdale, although his relatives and some of the older inhabitants of Caldewgate have long been aware of the real authorship. Indeed, so little care has been taken of the MSS, that we have been informed by one who was well acquainted with the family, sufficient material for at least two volumes has been either lost or destroyed. Diligent search has been made, but not a vestige can be found, and we are afraid that the public have now received all they ever will receive of the writings of this remarkable man.

We cannot close this short account of his life without thanking the various members of the family for supplying us with what information was in their power.

MARK LONSDALE'S SONGS.

LOVE IN CUMBERLAND.

[AIR : "Cuddle me, Cuddy."]



WY, Jwohn, what'n manishment's 'tis
That tou's gaen to dee for a hizzy!
I hard o' this tarrible fiss,

An' I's cum't to advise thee,—'at is ee.

Mun, thou'll nobbet lwose t'e guid neame

Wi' gowlin and whinging sae mickle ;

Cockswunters ! min beyde about heame,

An' let her e'en gae to auld Nickle.

Thy plew-geer's aw liggin how-strow,

An' somebody's stown thee thy couter ;

Oh faiks ! thou's duin little that dow

To fash theesel ivver about her.

Your Seymey has broken car stang,

An' mendit it wid a clog-coaker ;

Pump-tree has geane aw queyte wrang,

An' they've sent for auld Tommy Stawker.

Young filly's dung owre the lang stee,

An' leam'd peer Andrew the theeker ;

Thee mudder wad suffer't for tee,

An' I hadn't happ'n't to cleek her.

Thou's spoilt for aw manner o' wark :
 Thou nobbet sits peghan an' pleenan.
 Odswucke, man ! doff that durty sark,
 An' pretha gi'e way git a clean yan !
 An' then gow to Carel wi' me,—
 Let her gang to Knock-cross wid her scwornin',—
 Sec clanken at market we'll see,
 I'll up'od ta' forgit her 'or mwornin' !

THE OLD COMMODORE.

[This famous sea-song has been issued in most song books published during the last fifty years, without any writer's name attached to it. We have, however, gathered sufficient evidence in Carlisle to warrant us in printing it as the production of Mark Lonsdale. There is still living in Caldewgate an old gentleman who has heard it sung dozens of times to Mark Lonsdale's brother John, and who assures us that it was always definitely spoken of as having been written by him. After gathering this and other testimonies of a like nature, we found that Thomas Dibdin had printed it as "written by Mark Lonsdale" in an edition of Sea-songs by his father and others. Testimony from such a quarter, respecting a contemporary sea-song, cannot be gainsayed.—*The Old Commodore* has been set to music by W. Reeve.]

Odsblood ! what a time for a seaman to skulk
 Under gingerbread hatches ashore !
 What a damn'd bad job that this batter'd old hulk
 Can't be rigg'd out for sea once more.
 For the puppies as they pass,
 Cocking up a quizzing glass
 Thus run down the old Commodore :

“That’s the Old Commodore,
The rum old Commodore,
The gouty old Commodore—he ! he !
Why, the bullets and the gout
Have so knock’d his hull about,
That he’ll never more be fit for sea.”

Here I’m in distress, like a ship water-logg’d,
Not a tow-rope at hand, nor an oar ;
I am left by my crew, and may I be flogg’d,
If that doctor shall physic me more !*
While I’m swallowing his slops
How nimble are his chops,
Thus queering the old Commodore :
“A bad case Commodore,
Can’t say Commodore,
Mustn’t flatter, Commodore,” says he,
“For the bullets and the gout
Have so knock’d your hull about,
That you’ll never more be fit for sea.”

What ! no more afloat ? blood and fury, they lie !
I’m a seaman, and only threescore ;
And if, as they tell me, I’m likely to die,
Gadzooks ! let me not die ashore.
As for death, ’tis all a joke,
Sailors live in fire and smoke,
So at least says an old Commodore ;

* VARIATION.—But that doctor’s the son of a ——— !

The rum old Commodore,
The tough old Commodore,
The fighting old Commodore—he! he!
Whom the devil, nor the gout,
Nor the French dogs to boot,
Shall kill—till they grapple him at sea.

THE ENGLISH SAILOR.

[From the Play of "The Comic Extravaganza" as performed at Sadler's Wells Theatre, 1793. It is there stated that "the whole of the Dialogues, Songs, &c., are written and arranged by Mark Lonsdale."]

Come, friend, sheer off with your fine slack jaw,
Or I'll make your crazy sides to yaw—
D'ye think for to hum good subjects so?

Why, man, 'tis all my eye!

You may shew your trinkums where you may,
I'm a plain Jack Tar—Bett—that's my way!
And to all that a foreign swab can say,

Why, I sings fal de ral.

It was neither the girls, nor drink, nor debt,
Drove me to sea, now, was it Bett?

I said it then, and I says so yet,

'Twas all to serve my king.

Then damme! why should a French *monseer*
E'er come with a yarn to say this here—

That an English heart has *that** to fear,

While he sings fal de ral.

* Snaps his fingers.

Now, because I'm a-gigging it here ashore,
 You may think I goes to sea no more;
 And I don't, d'ye mind, blame you therefore,
 'Cause I should a-said the same.

But, Lord! I'm none of your skulking swells,
 Tho' I likes a trip to Sadler's Wells—
 And there, when I sees the beaux and belles,
 Why, I sings fal de ral.

Then Bett, my girl, since my mind you know,
 Let's take one spell before we go,
 All hands on deck for a dance—yo! ho!
 Why, fiddlers, that's your sort.
 Should a true Jack Tar up aloft there be,
 Mayhap he'd like to join with me,
 Take a parting frisk—then off to sea,
 And there sing fal de ral.

THE THREE POOR FISHERMEN.

[From the Play of "The Savages." Sadler's Wells, 1792.
 —Respecting this song Mr. Chappell has furnished us with
 the following note: "The first verse and the burden are
 a paraphrase of *We be Three Poor Mariners*, one of those
 Freemen's Songs which were so much in vogue in the reign
 of Henry the VIII., and which that monarch delighted to
 sing with his courtiers."—The only correct copy published of
 the music of this old song is contained in Mr. Chappell's
 "Popular Music of the Olden Time" p. 77.]

We be three poor fishermen,
 Who daily troll the seas;
 We spend our lives in jeopardy,
 While others live at ease.

The sky looks black around, around,
The sky looks black around,
And he that would be merry, boys,
Come haul his boat aground.

We cast our lines along the shore
In stormy wind and rain ;
And every night we land our nets,
Till daylight comes again.
The sky looks black around, around,
The sky looks black around,
And he that would be merry, boys,
Come haul his boat aground.

RING THE BELLS OF CARTHAGE TOWN.

[From the Play of "Queen Dido." Sadler's Wells, 1792.
A version of this song, slightly altered, is also given in "The
Comic Extravaganza."]

Ring the bells of Carthage town, let mirth chime in
ding-dong,
With a blythesome bound,
As the catch goes round,
And gaily chirp in the cheerful song.
Dido now to the hall invites, where joy shall welcome
ev'ry guest,
Then come, come, come,
To live and laugh,
Since the wits agree that life's a jest.

Merry, merry be the gen'rous hearts, that thus our
pastimes share,
 If the harmless joke
 Their smiles provoke,
There's an end of all our care.

HEY HO ! DOWN DERRY.

[From the Play of "The Hall of Augusta ; or, The Land
we live in." Sadler's Wells, 1793. This song appears to
have been moddled from Shakspeare's *Sigh no more ladies*,
sigh no more, especially the chorus.]

Mistaken Britons, rail no more,
 Born to every blessing,
Fear'd at sea, and lov'd on shore,
 The best of kings possessing :
Then gloom not so, but nobly shew
 That you're both wise and merry,
Converting all your fancy'd woe
 To hey, ho ! down derry.

Mistaken Britons, rail no more,
 For foreign fancies grieving,
Do that your fathers did before,
 Support the land you live in :
Then gloom not so, but nobly shew
 That you're both wise and merry,
Converting all your fancy'd woe,
 To hey, ho ! down derry.

THE DEIL GAE WI' THEM THAT
FASHES WI' THEE.

(OLD WITCHES' SONG.)

[From the Play of "The Witch of the Lakes." Sadler's Wells, 1793.]

When troubles surround thee and dangers are rife,
Tak' this wooden spurtle and fight for thy life ;
It'll save thee and serve thee, and mak' thy foes flee,
And a plague gang wi' them that meddles wi' thee.

A whirl of thy gulley has sac mickle pow'r—
It'll baffle misfortune, tho' never so sour ;
It'll work many wonders right unco to see,
And a plague gang wi' them that tooly wi' thee.

O'er mountain and moor, o'er causeway and bog,
Let the auld farren laird hae the life o' a dog ;
Whip aff wi' his daughter right pawkey and flee,
And the deil gae wi' them that fashes wi' thee.

COME HERE YE WITCHES WILD AND
WANTON.

[From the Entertainment of "Medea's Kettle." Sadler's Wells, 1792.]

Come here ye witches wild and wanton,
The woods and dreary pathways haunting,
Ye, who mark'd with evil omen,
Gambol forth in shapes uncommon.

Badger, weasel, hog, or hare,
Or tiger-cat, or wolf or bear,
In hut or hole, or cave or den,
Or ditch or brake, or field or fen ;
Screeching, roaring, grinning, growling,
Grunting, whistling, hooting, howling ;
If in shape of beast ye be,
Shake it off and follow me.

Let our revenge yon fools pursue,
That dar'd to sport with me and you ;
Let deadly spells unite to snare 'em,
Then torment and never spare 'em.

Hags that go like hog or hare,
Or tiger-cat, or wolf or bear,
In hut or hole, or cave or den,
Or ditch or brake, or field or fen ;
Screeching, roaring, grinning, growling,
Grunting, whistling, hooting, howling ;
If in shape of beast ye be,
Shake it off and follow me.

FEATHERS IN THEIR BEAVER.

[From the Play of "Queen Dido." Sadler's Wells, 1792.]

Handsome, tall, and clever,
Feathers in their beaver,
Since here they come.
Let's give them room,
I wish they'd stay for ever.
Fal, lal, la.

To have them I am willing,
Such fellows must be killing,
If they're not blind,
They'll find us kind,
And fond as them of billing.
Fal, la, la.

HOW SLOWLY TURNS HER SPINNING
WHEEL.

[From "The Prize of Industry." Sadler's Wells, 1793.—
"I see that this song," writes Mr. Chappell, "is to the tune
and in the measure of the following :

'To ease his heart, and own his flame,
Blythe Jockey to young Jenny came ;
But tho' she liked him passing weel,
She careless turn'd her spinning wheel.'

These words were written to a favorite Scotch air (so called,
but not really Scotch,) in the Overture to *Thomas and Sally*,
and composed by Dr. Arne. The air was long popular, and
that no doubt was the inducement for Mark Lonsdale to write
new words to it."]

How blest the maid whose blythesome heart,
Ne'er felt the pangs of Cupid's dart,
Whose eyes from slumber lightly steal—
And cheerful turns her spinning wheel :

But, ah ! when once the urchin foe
Has aim'd aright his luckless bow,
What pains are we condemn'd to feel—
How slowly turns the spinning wheel.

Oh ! time, how swift thy moments flew
When Jamie first my notice drew !
As at my feet he used to kneel,
How gaily went my spinning wheel !

But mad ambition drew him far,
To brave the horrid chance of war ;
He left me here in woeful weal,
And dully goes my spinning wheel.

LOVELY FANNY.

[From "The Prize of Industry," a Musical Entertainment.
Sadler's Wells, 1793.]

When first my country claim'd my aid,
And from my cottage tore me far,
I for a musket chang'd my spade,
And sought the terrors of the war ;
Whilst martial glory fir'd my breast,
One thought still robb'd my soul of rest,
The thought of lovely Fanny.

When round my head the winds blew high,
And hostile bullets whistled drear ;
When cannons thunder'd thro' the sky,
For her alone my heart knew fear :
When fortune crown'd my ceaseless toils,
One thought alone endear'd her smiles,
The thought of lovely Fanny.

Ah ! should she then her faith maintain,
And spurn at av'rice—sordid lure !
With her I'll seek the rural plain,
Nor once regret though we are poor :
Then, as ambition I resign,
Indulge this fav'rite thought of mine,
The thought of lovely Fanny.

WHEN THE SUN RISES CHEERFULLY.

[From the "Prize of Industry."]

When the sun rises cheerfully over the lawn,
My face still is dimpl'd and smiles like the dawn,
And I bound to my labour as brisk as a fawn ;
No sighing or pining,
No moping or whining,
I laugh, dance, and sing with a heart full of glee.

Should the lads who in whippers my beauty declare,
In secret tell others they're doubly as fair,
I never go drooping about with despair ;
Nor sighing nor pining,
Nor moping nor whining,
But laugh, dance, and sing with my heart full of glee.

GIGGLE-DOWN FAIR.

[From the Play of "The Savages." Sadler's Wells, 1792.]

Come neighbours, awhile leave your labours and care,
And follow tight Andrew to Giggle-down Fair,
Such din and diversion you never did see
As to-day—if you choose to give credit to me ;

Come away, come away, come away to the fair,
In your holiday gear,
Trim and dainty appear,
Come away, come away to the fair.

You may there see a minuet danc'd on the wire,
And a conjuror swallow a basin of fire ;
Thro' a glass, for a halfpenny, see a fine show,
Or behold for a groat tame wild-beasts all a-row.

Come away, come away, &c.

Here, a pack of strange fools thro' a collar do grin,
He that makes the worst faces is surest to win ;
With hot hasty pudding see some cramm'd to their
eyes,

And he that's best scalded walks off with the prize.
Come away, come away, &c.

Then I and my master can cure all your ills,
With our ointments, potions, our powders and pills ;
For, as well as great doctors who take their degrees,
Tho' we do no good, we can pocket the fees.

Come away, come away, &c.

THE OLD COBBLER'S SONG.

[From the Play of "The Hall of Augusta ; or, The Land we live in." Sadler's Wells, 1793.]

What a rare seat of work is this world so wide,

For a gem'man of my low calling,

Where many a clumsy, cobbling job,

Young cobblers job their haul in ;

And so many soles are there to mend,

That put things right together,

As sure as a gun, mankind and their shoes

Are all one sort of leather.

Then gentle and simple, and ragged and fine,

Come hither kind customers all,

I've a curious nob for a cobbling job,

As ever popt out of a stall ;

With a whew-ew-ew ! and a whew-ew-ew !

Or a tal de ral, larral lal lay !

I can make my ends meet, in the stall or the street,

For an old snob's never out of his way !

A lawyer—d'ye mind—is a seal skin shoe,

And fastens as tight as any ;

A doctor's a clog that *mending* spoils,

And is seldom at *last* worth a penny.

An alderman is an old gouty shoe

That you never can shape into fashion ;

And a bishop's a shoe of a shining black

That incessantly lacks translation.

Then lawyer, or doctor, or parson, or cit, &c.

The Russians are buskins lin'd with bear skin,
And the Turks have a bear-skin binding ;
The Poles' upper-leathers are damaged and thin,
And they're worn to the welts by grinding :
The Dutch are old fishing boots, greasy and thick,
But they're useful at sea or ashore, Sir, [chose
And the French are new shoes—that is, quite *autre*
Than ever they were before, Sir.
Then Hollander, Polander, Russian, or Turk, &c.

Then since there's plenty of work abroad,
Aye, and cobblers more than are wanted,
Let no foreign cobblers push their ends
Where an Englishman's awl is planted ;
Be the shoes that give *Pain** to the stretchers brought,
That's my thought—what think you, Sir ?
And while ev'ry Briton's an easy old shoe
May the land be ne'er measur'd for new, Sir.
Then gentle and simple, and ragged and fine, &c.

* Tom Paine, author of the *Rights of Man*.

MARK LONSDALE.

TH' UPSHOT.

[This free sketch of a Cumberland Upshot was taken about the year 1780. Great Orton, a village four miles west of Carlisle, is intended to form the foreground of the picture.]



T'S hey for th' lads of our town end !

I trow they're like nea ither,—

Theer's Wulliam Brough, an' Jwohney

An' Kursty' Kit for anither ; [Heyne,

Theer's Gwordy Waugh, a teerin' haund

At berryin' bigg or shearin' ;

But Ritson' Joe can cap them aw

For jinkin' an' careerin'.

Thur Worton lads an' twea' three mair—

Theer might be six or seeven—

Tawk't of an Upshot lang an' sair

To keep up Fassen's-even.

Yae Sunday mworn, i' Bell's backseyde,

They geddert up a gay few,

But faund it cauld to staun' i'th' fauld,

Sae tawk't things owre i'th' hay-mew.

"That barn," says Heyne, "i' Palmer' toft

"'Ll dea reet weel to keave in."

"Od dal !" says Joe, "theer's Wulson's loft,

"An' that's the thing till a sheavin'."

I's speak to th' fiddler than," says Kit,

"O' Brammery we may leyte, mun."

"Wa' skittle cum shaugh!" quo' Gwordy Waugh,

"A Stegg to fiddle as teyte, mun."

"Your deame," says Joe, "mun beake us bread."—

Says Jwohney Heyne, "I telt her;

"Theer's a whillimer cheese abuin' bed-head,

"An' dall! but it's a pelter."

"But than," says Brough, "there's yell to get."—

Says Gwordy, "I was thinkin'

"An' Marget Peet sud brew to-neet,

"It'll suin be fit for drinkin'."

"Wa than," says Job, "I's warn us reet,

"Theer's nought that's ought to settle;

"Sae whoop! lads, hey for Thursday-neet!

"An' git yer pumps i' fettle."

They went to kurk off-haun', ye see,

To lwose nea teyme about it,

An' theer Wull Brough stuid on a through,

An' 'midst o'th' kurk fwok shoutit.

Now as 'twas frost and fair throw' leet,

As lads agreed it sud be,

Frae far an' near a' Thursday-neet

Fwok com' as fast as could be.

Theer was Brough-side lads, an' Thursby chaps,

An' Bowness fishers vaperin'.—

Huh! seerly thar that went sae far

Were gayly keen o' caperin'.—

Theer was Tom Kurkbride an' Clogger Kit,
An' Boucher Wulson' Jwohney,
An' Walker' fwok o'th' lonnin fitt,
An' leytle Markey Lonney ;
Young Nixon com' wi' Sarah Gate,
But leytle content he'd wid her,
For Elsey Graham ran gowlin' heame,
An' swore she wad tell his mudder.

An' theer was Jwohn, at Laird a' Peel's,
Wi' Laird Knockuppert' Mary,
Her cleaths aw traitl amang her heels,—
A parf'e't flig-me-gary.
Dan Ceape o' Caudbeck pult her tails,—
"R-r-r ! bow wow ! cwoaly, byte 'em !"
Then cried, for sham ! to mak the'r gamm,
For he duddn't lyk't.—'Od white him !

Theer was Lundun Grace,—old Cowthart's heir,
That dee't theer at Kurk-ander,—
She talk't a'varst, but knapp't sae sair
That nin could understand her.
Brough got his airms about her neck ;
She cried, "Excuthe me mithther."
"Whoo-hoo !" quo' Wull, "th' lass is a fuil !
I nobbet aim't t'll a kiss'd her."

Theer was tarrier Gash, an' tyelleyer How,
An' Seymy Hunt the sinker—
For dancin' he was nought at dow,
But a prime han' for a drinker ;

An' gunner Bell caw't in by chance,
The cock o' Scealby lowpers ;
Wi' brandy Matt an' gallopin' Watt,
Twea rattlin' bworder cowpers.

Sae monie fwok this Upshot brang,
An' crowd at last sae great was,
That Carel fair was ne'er sae thrang
As Worton murry-neet was,
By neens at yence they fell to wark,
Wi' "Jenny dang the weaver,"
Wheyle Worton lads were lowpin' mad,
An' shoutit "Yoicks to cleaver !"

Tom Leytle, wid a fearfu' bree,
Gat hoald o' Dinah Glaister—
She danc't ! a famish jig, an' he
Was 'Thursby dancin' maister ;
But just as Leytle gev a spang
Leyke a feyne squoaverin' callan,
Loft boards they brack, an' theer he stack
A striddlin' cock'd o' th' hallan.

Lang Cowper Watt sae whang't about
He made Nan Boustead dizzy,
An' than set up a roughsome shout,
"Seye ! seye ! to the druck'n hizzy !"
Says gunner Bell to brandy Matt,
"Damme ! but I's in order !
"Play up, auld chiel, a rantin' reel.—
"Whoop ! hey for 'Watt o' the bworder !'"

Leyle tyelleyer How was short o' th' hough,
An' danc't wi' Sarah Bewley;
He strave to buss her twice.—“Wey shaugh!”
Quo' she, an' cluff'd him, truly.
Than tyelleyer he began to chow,
And hurs'lt up his shou'der.
Wid a hullabaloo they cry't “Shoou! shoou!”
And heame set he in a powder.

Wi' jaws o' yell some durty beutts
Pat loft suin in a slatter;
Wheyle ithers wi' ther clumsy clouts
Meade aw the glass windows clatter;
An' wheyle they skew't and tew't, and swat,
Wi' monie a weary seydle,
Down stairs was met a roysterin' set
That com' nit to be eydle.

Theer was glee'an' Jenn an' Jenny Reed,
Aw' knag, an' clash, an' saunter;
An' Calep Hodge, o' Mworton-head,
A famish hand at lanter;
Theer was Jacob Hill, o' Worton-green,
Anudder gay good laiker,
But he'd gae to France as teyte as dance,
Acause of his being a Quaker.

Laird Sheppard co' frae Thrustonfield,
An' need wad faw to cairdin'.
Says Blaylick' son, o' Hosskat-hill,
“Wucks! let us teck this laird in.”

Furst deal about he gat speadd yass,
An' crew an' yammer't sair than ;
But picks was trump an' he tuik grump,
An' sed he wad laik nae mair than.

But' weddit fwok rare laughin' hed
I'th bow'r wi' yan anither,
For five or six gat into the bed
An' sat ham-sam together ;
They mixt their legs a'nonder't cleaths
As weel as they were yeable,
An' at pops an' pairs laikt long an' sair,
Wi' th' ass-board for a teable.

Jenn Stalker shar't whate'er she gat
Wi' Jack o' Gwordy Skinners,
'Twas as guid to him as a nuikkelt cat,
For Jenn was always winners ;
Leyll Arthey Todd crap till her back,
An' she brast out a squeelin',
Be quiet fuil—or dea what tou wull !—
“Thou kittles me when I's dealin'.”

Auld Peat' wife laik'd wi' Nan-Rob-Jack,
Because she was his goddy,
She bummelt on' an' in a crack
Lost nineteen-pence at noddy ;
Guidman stuid wrauln' at her lug,
An' ca'd her many a garrick.
Says she “They cheat.” “'Ods luid !” quo' Peat,
“Thou's meade a bonny darrack !”

I'th chimley-nuik some gay guid hauns,
An' gayley ill to slokk'n,
Fell to wi' poddingers an' cans,
An' few't weel to git drunk'n.
Bowtheeker' weyfe began to glunch :
Says Theeker, " I defy thee ;
Auld clish-ma-clash, thou's nought but fash !
Gae heame an' ta bed,—'od dye thee ! "

They crack'd away leyke boutrey guns
O' thing they teuk delyte in,
An' fell to ta'k about ther sons,
An' whilk was' best at feightin' .
" Our Wulliam, faith, " quo' clogger Kitt,
" Sall bang aw Thursby quarter,
" For at yae batt he fell'd me flat.—
" 'Ods daggs ! he'll be a darter."

By ten o'clock, ye'r seen o'that,
Aw th' house was in a pudder,
An' nit a body theer but swat
Wi' yae thing or anudder.
Bunce went a pistol off i'th' foald,
An' in co' Bessy, bummin' ;—
" Hey for us yet ! " quo' Kursty Kitt,
" Whorray ! here' th' maskers cummin'."

Auld Bessy swurlt an' skew't about,
While fwok to th' skemmels brattl't,
An' lasses whilly-liltit out
As they hed been betrattl't ;

But th' maister in amang them lap
Just leyke a deevil ranty,
An' brought man Jack, wi' Busy Gapp,
An' Neddy Tarn an' Lanty.

Reet unkat figures did they cut,
And ay they skipp'd and chanted,
Their spangs an' vapours pass'd for wut,
An' that was aw they wanted.
Jack out wi' monie a menseless word,
But lasses bude his mockin',
An' whate'er he spak' criet "Never ak,
"Sae lang as he is but jwokin'."

To ken the maskers monie a yen
Triet ivver langer th' harder,
Fwok harkt an' guesst an' guesst agean,
But nin was nivver th' narder.
While the maister' maskin'-feace fell off;
Than, skewin' up their beavers,
Wull Brough an' Joe cry't, "Keek! holloa!
"Wuns! hey for Banton weavers!"

Quo' Gwordy Robson, "Shee! shee! shee!
"Us Langbrough lads can bang them."
"Wey nay," quo' Strang' weyfe, "that's a lee,
"For theer's our Wull amang them."
What matter,—when sword dance com' on
They lockt an' meade a bummel,
For Wulliam Strang—girt gammerstang!—
Ran foul o' Jacob Trummel.

But when they cut of Hector's head
Miss Greace began a fantin' ;
La'ye ! quo' th' lave, as seer as dead,
She ne'er was bworn a' Banton !
The leevin' surs ! she towpt her owre
'Or yen could say, 'od bless her !
And Hector sware as he lay on the fleer,
Dall him, but he wad kiss her !

Sword dancers had nae suiner duin
Nor yen cry't out, " 'Ods wonters !
" Wad tay wad give us s'unkets suin,
" We're aw as haw as hunters."
Quo' Ritson, " Weel said, greedy gut !
" But nin o' this miff-maff mun,
" For I's weel seer, Hob Thross'll ne'er
" Ha' thee to chowk wi' kaff, mun."

But the cheese an' bread at last com' in
Aw ready shiv't an' cutt'n,
Theer was whangs an' shives, thick an' thin,
I' weights an' riddles putt'n :
Ther cheese was tough as kezzlup-skin,
An' wuntry wairch it teastit ;
But rivin' deed was meade o'th' bread,
For that was through ither yeastit.

At' teyme when nought but teeth was gaun,
An' aw by th' chafts was tether't,
Wull Brough an' Ritson tuik in haun'
To see 'at shot was gether't :

Upstairs an' down fwok thrimmelt out
Ther sixpences to th' dibbler ;
An' dancers pat i' Brammery's hat
Pennies a-piece for th' fiddler.

Now aw this fish-fash held t'em leate,
An' leyle hours was advancin',
Sae some o'th' auld fwok set to geate,
An' the young yens fell to dancin' ;
Auld Brammery suin began to fag,
At times his memory lwoasin',
Yet ne'er a tune was owre an' duin
But Jonathan caw't for 'hwoazin'!

Auld clocker Jwohn wad dance a jig,
Auld Simpson's lass was handy,
He argued sair for "Shilly-my-gig,"
An' she for "Dribbles o' Brandy."
Says Mantin' Rob o' Brough town-end,
"Auld faughlin' deed ye keep now!
"What gars ye ba-awk guid teyme wi' ta-awk ;
"Wi' th' fiddler's fa-aun asleep, you."

Now as that, for seer, was Brammery' kease,
Nae better gam' desirin',
They brunt his wig an' greym't his feace,
An' waiken't him wi' flyerin'.
He'd dreamt that he was "Huntin' Fox,"
An' sae wi' snuffs an' sneevils
Rair't out, "See howw ! yeow ! yeow ! yeow !—
"Na—a dall ya ! lads, ye'r deevils."

Than furth to th' door auld Brammery went,
Right goddarty an' ginger,
Sae Ritson play't t'em lang unkent,
An' Heyne sang "Cwoally Winjer ;"
Brough lass laik'd at neevy-nack,
Bow lads gat aw to wustlin',
An' Ritchie danc'd "Jock o' th' Green,"
While Quaker Hill was whustlin'.

But Banton lads grew perfe't guffs,
An' Thursby lasses mazelins,
An' Peat' lass, wid her yellow muffs,
Stuid kaikin' leyke a gezzlin'.
Some silly fuil blew th' can'lls out,
Wheyle fwok for day-breck waitit,
An' lads i'th' dark meade rampin' wark
'Or clwoaks an' clogs were latit.

Young Martha Todd was haister't sair
By rammish Wully Barr'as,
They lost thersell an' hour an' mair
An' than kest up i'th' carr's ;
Leyle Arthey went to lait them out—
Nin thought that he'd a heart for't—
He prick'lt his shins i' Wulson' whins,
An' swore that some sud smart for't.

Now, this ye'll say was rackle deed,
They'd been as weel without it ;—
But Mary Meer an' Jwosep Reed
Can tell you mair about it.

T' ane was a bonny modest lass,
A canny lad was t'other,
An' nae mair mischief com' to pass
Nor weddin' yen anither.

I'th' turf-hole nuik, as drunk as muck,
Peer Brammery was liggin',
An' clocker blebb'd for life an' pluck
Cold water in a piggin';
Auld Wulson doz'd as nought had been
An' clwose by th' hudd sat gruntin';
Wheyle Mary Cairn, to Wulson' bairn,
Was singin' "Bee-bo-buntin'."

Whent' lave had aw teann off to bed,
Some twea' three clearin' drinkers
Drew in a fworm, an' swore an' said,
"Dall them that steek't their winkers!"
They drank aw th' yell up, every sup,
Wi' nowther haike nor quarrel,
An' at fair feer days they went ther ways,
Wi' th' spiddick pult out o' th' barrel.

Jwohn Heyne set off to Worton Rigg,
A randy'd cowey seekin';
Job Ritson fell to deeghtan bigg,
An' Gwordy Waugh to theekin';
But Wulson' lad an' Kursty Kitt
Went efter th' hounds together:—
Sae this was Worton murry-neet
An' hey, for sec anither!



ROBERT ANDERSON.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

AT six o'clock on the snowy morning of February 1st, 1770, I first beheld the light of this world at the Dam Side, in the suburbs of the ancient city of Carlisle. I was a poor little tender being, scarce worth the trouble of rearing. Old Isbel, the midwife, entertained many fears that I was only sent to peep around me, shed tears, and then leave them. I was the youngest of nine children, born of parents getting up in years, who with all their kindred had been long kept in bondage by poverty.

At an early age I was placed in a charity school, supported by the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle. Well do I remember the neat dress, slow speech, placid countenance, nay, every feature of good old Mrs. Addison the teacher. In this school I studied my letters, the see-saw drone of the primer, and waded through the reading-made-easy; and was then turned over to a long, lean pretender to knowledge. His figure was similar to that of the mad knight of La Mancha. Never have I perused

* Abridged from the edition of 1820.

Cervantes' inexhaustible treasury of humour without having my tutor in view. Impelled probably by necessity he devoted so much time to angling, that the few poor starved-looking scholars were shamefully neglected. He always selected me to accompany him up the banks of the Eden or the Caldew; and I am led to suppose it was during our summer excursions that an attachment to rural scenery first stole over my youthful mind. My parents finding I did not make progress equal to their expectations, placed me under Mr. Isaac Ritson, in the Quaker's school; but in a few weeks that learned and ingenious young man left the city. I was then placed under my last and best tutor, Mr. Walter Scott. Under this worthy man I made considerable progress in arithmetic; though to this necessary branch of education I always felt a strong aversion, and would much rather have pursued the study of grammar, of which I never attained any exact knowledge.

Among our neighbours was a decent industrious old woman, born in the Highlands of Scotland; and at her fireside I spent many a winter evening, delighted beyond measure with the wild Scottish ballads which she taught me, while labouring at her wheel. *Gilderoy, Johnny Armstrong, Sir James the Ross, Barbary Allan, and Binorie*, were great favorites.

About the expiration of my tenth year it was judged necessary for me to quit the school, and try

to earn something by hard labour. I felt exceedingly rejoiced at this proposal; for being of a timid disposition I always crept to school trembling like a culprit going to receive punishment. My first labour was under one of my brothers, a calico printer; and at the end of the week well do I remember the happiness it afforded me to present my wages (one shilling and sixpence) to my father. My next change was to be bound apprentice to a pattern drawer in 1783; where I enjoyed all the happiness an industrious youth could hope for, being treated with every mark of esteem.

From childhood a love of rural life grew with me, and I let slip few opportunities of spending the Sabbath in some village during the summer. It was on paying a visit at a friend's house that I was first smitten with female charms; which then seemed greater to me than I can describe. Picture to yourself a diffident youth in his sixteenth year, daily pouring out the sighs of a sincere heart, for an artless rosy cottage girl, something younger than myself. At church she drew my attention from the preacher; and great was my mortification if she happened to be absent on my visit to the neighbourhood. Had my income—which was then barely sufficient to afford the necessaries of life—been adequate to my wishes, with what happiness could I have laid my fortune at her feet and offered myself for better and for worse: but fate decreed otherwise.

In the year 1794, being at Vauxhall Gardens, I felt disgusted with many of the songs written in the mock pastoral Scottish style, and supposing myself capable of producing what might be considered equal or perhaps superior, on the following day I wrote four songs. *Lucy Gray* was my first attempt, and was suggested from hearing a Northumbrian rustic relate the story of two unfortunate lovers. To use the simple language of the relator: "Monie a smart canny lad wad hae gane far efter dark—aye through fire and water!—just to get a luik at her." These songs were set to music by Mr. Hook; and my first poetic effusion was sung by Master Phelps, with great applause, and loudly encored.

My poor father, whom I had regularly supported, now paid me an unexpected visit. He was in his seventy-sixth year; and walked from Carlisle to London, a distance of three hundred and one miles, in six days.* Tears of joy greeted our meeting; but such was his aversion to the noise and bustle of London that I could only prevail on him to remain a fortnight.

In 1798, ambition led me, like too many of my brother scribblers, to publish a volume of poems, from which I received little more than dear bought

* This must be a mistake. Fifty miles a day for six consecutive days is no joke! A man of the same build and "lishness" as Christopher North might in his prime accomplish such a task; but surely not one seventy-six years old!

praise. In December, 1801, I published the ballad called *Betty Brown* in the Cumberland dialect. The praise bestowed by many, but particularly by my friend Mr. Thomas Sanderson, encouraged me to other attempts in the same species of poetry. At length a sufficient number of pieces were produced to form a volume, which was sent to the press under the title of "Cumberland Ballads." Mr. Sanderson kindly furnished notes to it. This publication did not at all improve my finances, as much of the subscription money was lost. The work, however, becoming somewhat popular, the edition was soon exhausted; and a new impression was sent into the world from the press of Mr. Hetherton of Wigton, who purchased the copyright.

Prior to the second edition I left Carlisle to enter a situation at Brookfield, near Belfast. On reaching Dumfries, great was my anxiety to pay the tributary tear at the tomb of nature's bard, Robert Burns. The morning was so tempestuous that it was with difficulty a friend conducted me to the corner where his remains were deposited. The deep snow hid the narrow mound, and the flat stone laid over it; but the trodden pathway shewed the respect paid by strangers to the bard's memory. The humble inscription did not do his genius any degree of justice. I read it with disgust; and with a heart-felt sigh, accompanied by a tear, plucked some grass from his grave, which yet remains in my possession. My kind friend politely introduced

me to Mrs. Burns, who was pleased to place me on the chair where the departed favorite of Scotia sang "his wood notes wild." Her situation seemed comfortable ; her dress plain, but neat. I wrote a few lines on visiting the tomb ; but finding it impossible to do justice to my feelings, the effusion was never shewn.

During the many years I spent in Ireland I must plead guilty to many irregularities of conduct, which often ended in misery. Every mortal suffers justly for indulging in weaknesses ; and these frequently lead to repentance when too late. Calico printing having been on the decline for some years, my return to England became necessary. On entering Carlisle my surprise at the improvement made throughout the ancient city was beyond description. Few persons, on returning to the place of their nativity, have experienced more kindness from rich and poor. A public dinner was given at the Gray Goat in honour of my return, at which a numerous and respectable party attended ; and the evening was spent in a festive manner, which afforded a pleasant morning's reflection.

The last years of Anderson's life present a sad and mournful chapter in biography. He fell into the vice of intemperance. He became careless and untidy in his dress. His looks wore a careworn and haggard appearance ; and the fear of ending his days in a workhouse haunted his imagination.

His rest is gone,
His heart is sore,
Peace finds he never
And nevermore.

He died in Annetwell-street, Carlisle, on the 26th September, 1833. A monument of white marble, surmounted by a profile in the basso-relievo style, has been erected to his memory in the Cathedral. A memorial stone also marks his grave in the adjoining churchyard of St. Mary. May the green sod cover lightly his earthly dust.

Anderson commenced his career in times of comparative primitive simplicity. Our ancestors had to bear the brunt of many a stout siege and fierce foray with Scottish moss-troopers and clansmen; had to evade and drive back the border-bred raiders when they swarmed into Cumberland to pillage the flocks and herds grazing among the rich meadows and sunny uplands. With the memorable 1745 more peaceful days dawned. The maidens and matrons now sat undisturbed in the ingle-nook, diligently plying their spinning wheels. In the neighbouring vale of Keswick, we are told, that the mode of life was in a high degree pastoral and primitive.* The principal articles of diet were oatmeal-cake and porridge, milk, butter, cheese—not including even potatoes. Tea was almost unknown; butcher's meat was cooked but once a year; and so uncertain and slow in transmission

* Memoir of Hartley Coleridge, by his brother.

were the conveyances of these days, that it was customary for people to make their wills before going to London.

Anderson's "Ballads in the Cumberland Dialect" have passed through numerous editions, and still enjoy a considerable reputation in his native district.* He may fairly be called the bard of our peasantry. There are few ploughmen, shepherds, or buxom country girls throughout the county, who are not in some degree acquainted with his ballads. With many they have long been a pocket companion. He has sung of their love-trystes and adventures; has told how long excursions to lonely farm-houses were braved on stormy nights over hills and moors and mosses; how rivals were met and baffled; how maidens love to be wooed and won when the moonlight falls upon quiet glens and nooks of hawthorn. His descriptions of fairs, "merrie-neets," and other festive occasions are related in their every-day language and appeal to their common experience. There is a happy naturalness of expression about many of his phrases which causes them to be continually quoted in our midst; and so truthfully daguerreotyped are some of the characters in his ballads, that we feel as if we had often met them in our daily intercourse, and could hold converse face to face with them.

* Among the subscribers to the two volume edition of 1820, it is pleasing to find the names of Robert Southey of Greta Hall, poet laureate, and William Wordsworth of Rydal Mount.

Most of the songs which Anderson has left us are intensely and thoroughly Cumberland songs, and belong to no other county; they are Cumberland in expression, feeling, and sentiment; they are Cumberland even in their prejudices and braggings, for does not

Canny auld Cumberlan' cap them aw still?

He has painted a faithful picture of manners and customs now almost obsolete. In this respect Anderson has had no rival. His sense of the ludicrous was keen and piercing. The follies, vices, and conceits of the peasantry were seized upon with a quick and penetrating glance. The song of the *Ill gien Wife* is perhaps the best example of this class. It was a master stroke of satire to compare the wife's "dour and dirty smock" to "Auld Nick's nuttin' bag!" And does not a sense of utter wretchedness overshadow the mind as the poor cuckold of a husband moans out these words?

Grin, grinnin'—din, dinnin' !
Toil and misery !
Better feed the kirk-yard worms
Than leeve sec slaves as we.

These four lines are worthy of Burns or Tom Hood, and greater praise cannot be given.

Anderson is inferior to Miss Blamire in force of thought—sharp, clear, original reflection—and in fine poetic feeling; to Stagg the blind bard of Wigton, in graphic sketches of character and masculine firmness of language. His models have evidently

been the fine old love songs of Scotland. It is only at rare intervals, however, that the true spirit is caught, and even then passes hastily away. Often he has left us but faint echoes of these glorious originals. If judged by his compositions in English alone—such as the *Rose of Corby*—he must be pronounced a poor metre-monger. Even his songs in the Cumberland dialect, upon which his reputation is entirely built, possess very unequal merit. Many are of the most commonplace order; while others are faithfully limned and touched in with the nicety of a Dutch painter. As specimens of his better style we would single out *The Impatient Lassie*, *Will and Kate*, *King Roger*, *The Bashful Wooer*, *Gwordie Gill*, *Peggy Pen*, and the *Worton Wedding*. These are songs which any county, within the four seas, might be proud to possess.

Had Anderson aroused himself to a greater earnestness of purpose, and not frittered away his powers by continued scribbling, he might have attained much greater excellence and fame. As it was, we find that instead of *rising* to the dignity of his subject, he too often fell *below* it. In looking around on humanity, the sweep of his mind was narrow and circumscribed. He has merely sketched the eddies floating on the surface, and left the deep undercurrent to roll on undisturbed. The passions, virtues, and struggles of life in its humbler forms, remain untouched—of these he knew little and sung nothing. That there are pure and elevating

subjects for poetry to be found "in huts were poor men lie," no one can gainsay. Have not many of our poets given us bursts of noble and tender feelings which had their origin in the lowly homes of the people ; as witness Wordsworth, Hood, Kingsley, Gerald Massey, and above all Robert Burns? Tried by this standard Anderson's ballads will certainly be found wanting ; and yet from many points of view he has left us a great deal that is valuable. His pages reflect so much of the peasant's ordinary every-day life, that country lasses will long delight to warble his love-songs ; and rustic lads will continue to set the village gathering, seated round the winter fireside, in roars of laughter with his humorous songs.

ROBERT ANDERSON'S CUMBERLAND BALLADS.

REED ROBIN.

[AIR: "Hallow Fair."—"This song," says Anderson, "was occasioned by a redbreast visiting for five years my retired apartments in the centre of Carlisle. He commonly gave me his first cheerful strain in the beginning of September; and sang his farewell to the noise and smoke of the town in April. So tame was the merry minstrel, that he frequently made a hearty repast within a few inches of the paper on which I wrote." An imitation of this song, commencing "O where are you going sweet Robin," will be found in Whitelaw's *Book of Scottish Songs*.]



COME into my cabin, reed Robin !
Threycye welcome, blythe warbler, to me !
Now Skiddaw hes thrown his wheyte cap on,
Agean I'll gi'e shelter to thee.
Just hop thy ways into my pantry,
And feast on my peer humble fare ;
I never was fash'd wid a dainty,
But meyne, man or bird sal ay share.
Now four years are by-geane, reed Robin,
Sin furst thou com singin' to me ;
But, oh, how I's chang'd, little Robin,
Sin furst I bade welcome to thee !

I then had a bonny bit lassie,
Away wid anudder she's geane ;
My frien's wad oft caw at my cabin,
Now dowie I seegh aw my leane.

Oh, where is thy sweetheart, reed Robin ?
Gae bring her frae house-top or tree ;
I'll bid her be true to sweet Robin,
For fause was a lassie to me.
You'll share ev'ry crumb i' my cabin,
We'll sing the cauld winter away ;
I wunnet deceive ye, peer birdies !
Let mortals use me as they may.

November, 1800.

BETTY BROWN.

AIR : "John Anderson my jo."

WULLY.

Come, Gwordie lad, unyoke the yad,
Let's gow to Rosley Fair ;
Lang Ned's afwore, wi' Symie' lad,
Peed Dick, and monie mair :
My titty Greace and Jenny Bell
Are gangen bye and bye,
Sae doff thy clogs, and don thysel—
Let fadder luik to t' kye.

GWORDIE.

O, Wully ! leetsome may ye be !
For me, I downa gang ;
I've often shek'd a leg wi' tee,
But now I's aw queyte wrang ;
My stomach's gean, nae sleep I get ;
At neet I lig me down,
But nobbet pech, and gowl, and fret,
And aw for Betty Brown.

Sin Cuddy Wulson' murry-neet,
When Deavie bree's'd his shin,
I've niver, niver yence been reet,
And aw for her I fin' :
Tou kens we danc'd a threesome reel,
And Betty set to me—
She luik'd sae neyce, and danc'd sae weel,
What cou'd a body de ?

My fadder fratches sair eneugh,
If I but steal frae heame ;
My mudder caws me peer deyl'd guff,
If Betty I but neame ;
Atween the twea there's sec a frase,
O but it's bad to beyde !
Yet, what's far waur, aye Betty says,
She wunnet be my breyde.

WULLY.

Wey, Gworge ! tou's owther fuil or font,
To think o' sec a frow ;
In aw her flegmagaries donn'd,
What is she ?—nought 'at dow :
There's sceape-greace Ben, the neybors ke
Can git her onie day—
Ere I'd be fash'd wi' sec a yen,
I'd list or rin away !
Wi' aw her trinkums on her back,
She's feyne eneugh for t' squire ;
A sairy weyfe, I trow, she'd mak,
'At cudn't muck a byre ;—
But whisht ! here comes my titty Greace,
She'll guess what we're about— .
To mworn-o'mworn, i' this seame please,
We'll hae the stwory out.

BARBARY BELL.

[AIR : "Cuddle and cuddle us aw thegether."—A Cumbrian peasant pays his addresses to his sweetheart during the silence and solemnity of midnight, when every bosom is at rest, except that of love and sorrow. Anticipating her kindness, he will travel ten or twelve miles, over hills, bogs, moors, and mosses, undiscouraged by the length of the road, the darkness of the night, or the intemperature of the weather.—SANDERSON.]

O but this luive is a serious thing !
It's the beginner o' monie waes ;
And yen had as good in a helter swing,
As luik at a bonny feace now a-days :

Was there ever peer deevil sae fash'd as me ?
Nobbet sit your ways still, the truth I's tell,
For I wish I'd been hung on our codlin tree,
The varra furst time I seed Barbary Bell !

Quite lish, and nit owre thrang wi' wark,
I went my ways down to Carel fair,
Wi' brän new cwoat, and brave ruffl'd sark,
And Dicky the shaver put flour i' my hair ;
Our seyde lads are aw for fun,
Some tuik ceyder, and some drank yell ;
Diddlin Deavie he strack up a tune,
And I caper'd away wi' Barbary Bell.

Says I, " Bab," says I, " we'll de weel enOUGH,
For tou can kurn, and darn, and spin ;
I can deyke, men' car-gear, and hod the pleugh ;
Sae at Whussenday neist we'll t'warld begin :
I's turn'd a gayshen aw t' neybors say,
I sit leyke a sumph, nae mair mysel',
And up or a bed, at heame or away,
I think o' nought but Barbary Bell.

Then whea sud steal in but Rob o' the Nuik,
Dick o' the Steyle, and twea or three mair :
Suin Barb'ry frae off my knee they tuik,
" Wey, dang it ! " says I, " but this is nit fair ! "
Robbie he kick'd up a dust in a crack,
And sticks and neeves they went pel-mel,
The bottles forby the clock feace they brack,
But fares-te-weel, wheyte-fit, Barbary Bell.

'Twas nobbet last week, nae langer seyne,
I wheyn'd i' the nuik, I-can't tell how ;
"Get up," says my fadder, "and sarra the sweyne!"
"I's bravely, Bab !" says I, "how's tou ?"
Neist mworn to t'cwoals I was fworc'd to gang,
But cowp'd the cars at Tindel Fell,
For I cruin'd aw the way, as I trotted alang,
"O that I'd niver kent Barbary Bell !"

That varra seame neet up to Barbary's house,
When aw t'auld fwok were liggin asleep,
I off wi' my clogs, and as whisht as a mouse,
Claver'd up to the window, and tuik a peep ;
There whea sud I see, but Watty the laird—
Od wheyte leet on him ! I munnet tell !
But on Saturday neist, if I live and be spar'd
I'll wear a reed cwoat for Barbary Bell.

THE WORTON WEDDING.

AIR : "Dainty Davie."

O, sec a weddin I've been at !
Deil bin, what cap'rin, feightin, vap'rin !
Priest and clerk, and aw gat drunk—
Rare deins there were there :
The Thuirsbys lads they fit the best ;
The Worton weavers drank the meast ;
But Brough-seyde lairds bang'd aw the rest
For braggin o' their gear,

And singin—Whurry whum, whuddle whum,
 Whulty whalty, wha-wha-wha,
 And derry dum, diddle dum,
 Derry eyden dee.

First helter skelter frae the kirk ;
 Some off like fire, through dub and mire ;
 "Deil tek the hindmost !" Meer' lad cries—
 Suin head owre heels he flew :
 "God speed ye weel !" the priest rwoar'd out,
 "Or neet we's hae a hearty bout"—
 Peer Meer' lad gat a blacken'd snout—
 He'd mickle cause to rue—
 It spoil'd his—Whurry whum, &c.

When on the teable first they set
 The butter'd sops, sec greasy chops,
 'Tween lug and laggen ! oh what fun,
 To see them girn and eat !
 Then lisping Isbel talk'd sae feyne,
 'Twas "vathly thockin* thuth to dine ;
 Theck griveth† wark ! to eat like thweyne !"‡
 It meade her sick to se'et ;
 Then we sung—Whurry whum, &c.

Neist stut'rin Cursty, up he ruse,
 Wi' a-a-a, and ba-ba-ba ;
 He'd kiss Jen Jakes, for auld lang seyne,
 And fearfu' wark meade he ;

* Vastly shocking. † Such grievous. ‡ Swine.

But Cursty, souple gammerstang !
Ned Wulson brong his lug a whang ;
Then owre he flew, the peets amang,
And grean'd as he wad dee ;
But some sang—Whurry whum, &c.

Aunt Ester spoil'd the gurdle ceakes,
The speyce left out, was wrang, nea doubt ;
Tim Trummel tuik nine cups o' tea,
And fairly capp'd tem aw ;
The kiss went roun' ; but Sally Slee,
When Trummel cleek'd her on his knee,
She dunch'd and punch'd, cried, "fuil let be !"
Then strack him owre the jaw,
And we sang—Whurry whum, &c.

Far maist I laugh'd at Grizzy Brown,
Frae Lunnon town she'd just come down,
In furbelows, and feyne silk gown,
Oh, man, but she was crouse !
Wi' Dick the footman she wad dance,
And "wonder'd people could so prance ;"
Then curtchey'd as they dui in France,
And pautet like a geuse.
While aw sang—Whurry whum, &c.

Young Sour-milk Sawney, on the stuil,
A hornpeype danc'd, and keav'd and pranc'd ;
He slipp'd, and brak his left-leg shin,
And hirpl'd sair about ;

Then cocker Wully lap bawk heet,
And in his clogs top teyme did beat :
But Tamer, in her stockin feet,
She bang'd him out and out,
And lilted—Whurry whum, &c.

Now aw began to talk at yence,
O' naigs and kye, and wots and rye,
And laugh'd and jwok'd and cough'd and smuik'd,
And meade a fearfu' reek ;
The form it brack, and down they fell,
Lang Isaac leam'd auld granny Bell ;
They up and drank het sugar'd yell,
Till monie cudn't speak,
But some sang—Whurry whum, &c.

The breyde she kest up her accounts
In Rachel's lap, then pou'd her cap ;
The parson's wig stuid aw ajy ;
The clerk sang " Andrew Carr ;"
Blin' Stagg, the fiddler, gat a whack,
The bacon fleek fell on his back,
And neist his fiddle-stick they brack,
'Twas weel he was nea waur,
For he sang—Whurry whum, &c.

Now on the midden some were laid,
Aw havey skavey, and kelavey ;
The clogger and the teaylor fought,
Peer Snip gat twea black een :

Dick Wawby he began the fray,
But Jemmy Moffat ran away,
And crap owre head amang the hay,
Fwok say nit varra clean ;
Then they sang—Whurry whum, &c.

Neist Windy Wull, o' Wample seyde,
He bang'd them aw, beath girt and sma' ;
He flang them east, he flang them west,
And bluidy pates they gat ;
To him they were but caff and san' ;
He split the teable wi' his han',
But in the dust wi' dancin Dan,
They burnt his Sunday hat ;
Then aw sang—Whurry whum, &c.

The breyde now thought it time for bed ;
Her stocking doff'd, and flang 't quite soft—
It hit Bess Bleane—Wull Webster blush'd,
And luik'd anudder way :
The lads down frae the loft did steal ;
The parish howdey, Greacy Peel,
She happ'd her up, aw wish'd her weel ;
Then hop'd to meet neist day,
And sing her—Whurry whum, &c.

The best on't was, the parson swore
His wig was lost, a crown it cost,
He belsh'd and hiccupp'd, in and out,
And said it wasn't fair :

Now day-leet it began to peep,
 The breydegroom off to bed did creep,
 I trow he waddn't mickle sleep,
 But—whisht ! I'll say nea mair,
 Nobbet sing—Whurry whum, whuddle whum,
 Whulty, whalty, wha wha-wha,
 And derry dum, diddle dum,
 Derry eyden dee.

SALLY GRAY.

AIR : "The mucking o' Geordie's byre."

Come, Deavie, I'll tell thee a secret,
 But tou mun lock't up i' thee breast,
 I wadden't for aw Dalston parish
 It com to the ears o' the rest ;
 Now I'll hod tee a bit of a weager,
 A groat to thy tuppens I'll lay,
 Tou cannot guess whea I's in luive wi',
 And nobbet keep off Sally Gray.

There's Cumwhitton, Cumwhinton, Cumranton,
 Cumrangen, Cumrew, and Cumcatch,
 And mony mair "cums" i' the county,
 But nin wi' Cumdivock can match ;
 It's sae neyce to luik owre the black pasture,
 Wi' the fells abuin aw, far away—
 There is nea sec pleace, nit in England,
 For there lives the sweet Sally Gray !

I was sebenteen last Collop-Monday,
And she's just the varra seame age ;
For ae kiss o' the sweet lips o' Sally,
I'd freely give up a year's wage ;
For in lang winter neets when she's spinnin,
And singin about Jemmy Gay,
I keek by the hay-stack, and lissen,
For fain wad I see Sally Gray.

Had tou seen her at kurk, man, last Sunday,
Tou cudn't hae thought o' the text ;
But she sat neist to Tom o' the Lonnin,
Tou may think that meade me quite vext ;
Then I pass'd her gaun owre the lang meadow,
Says I, " Here's a canny wet day !"
I wad hae said mair, but how cou'd I,
When luikin at sweet Sally Gray !

I caw'd to sup cruds wi' Dick Miller,
And hear aw his cracks and his jwokes ;
The dumb weyfe was tellin their fortunes,
What ! I mud be like other fwoks !
Wi' chawk, on a pair of auld bellows,
Twea letters she meade in her way—
S means Sally, the wide warl' owre,
And G stands for nought else but Gray.

O was I but lword o' the manor,
A nabob, or parliament man,
What thousands on thousands I'd gie her,
Wad she nobbet gie me her han' !

A cwoach and six horses I'd buy her,
And gar fwok stan out o' the way,
Then I'd loup up behint leyke a spotman—
Oh! the warl' for my sweet Sally Gray!

They may brag o' their feyne Carel lasses
Their feathers, their durtment, and leace;
God help them! peer death-luikin bodies,
Widout a bit reed i' their feace!
But Sally's just leyke allyblaster,
Her cheeks are twea rwose-buds in May—
O lad! I cou'd sit here for ever,
And talk about sweet Sally Gray.

WILL AND KATE.

AIR: "John Anderson my jo."

Now, Kate, full forty years hae flown,
Sin we met on the green;
Frae that to this the saut, saut tear
Has oft stuid i' my een:
For when the bairns were some peet-heet,
Tou kens I leam'd my knee—
Lal toddlen things, in want o' bread—
O that went hard wi' me.

Then tou wad cry, "Come, Wully, lad,
Keep up thy heart—ne'er fear!
Our bits o' bairns 'll scraffle up,
Sae dry that sworry tear:

There's Matt sal be an alderman ;
A bishop we'll mak Guy ;
Lal Ned sal be a clogger ; and
Dick maun work for tee and I.

Then when our crops were spoil'd wi' rain,
Sir Jwohn mud hev his rent ;
What cou'd we do? nea gear had we—
Sae I to jail was sent:
'Twas hard to starve i' sec a pleace,
Widout a frien' to trust ;
But when I thought o' thee and bairns,
My heart was like to brust.

Neist Etty, God was pleas'd to tek,
What then, we'd seven still ;
But whea kens what may happen ?—suin
The sma'-pox did for Bill :
I think I see his slee-black een,
Then he wad chirm and talk,
And say, "Ded, ded ; Mam, mam," and aw,
Lang, lang ere he cou'd walk.

At Carel, when, for six pound ten,
I selt twea Scotty kye,
They pick'd my pocket i' the thrang,
And deil a plack had I ;
"Ne'er ack !" says tou, "we'll work for mair,
It's time eneugh to fret ;
A pun' o' sorrow wunnet pay
Ae single ounce o' debt."

Now, toddlen down the hill o' leyfe,
Auld age has brought content ;
And, God be thank'd, our bairns are up,
And pay Sir Jwohn his rent :
When, seyde by seyde aw day we sit,
I often think and grieve,
It's hard that death sud part auld fwok,
When happy they can leeve.

THE IMPATIENT LASSIE.

[AIR : "Low down in the broom."—A copy of this song, slightly altered, is given in Whitelaw's *Book of Scottish Songs*, without any writer's name attached.]

Deuce tek the clock ! click-clackin' sae,
Still in a body's ear ;
It tells and tells the time is past,
When Jwohnie sud been here :
Deuce tek the wheel ! 'twill nit rin roun'—
Nae mair to-neet I'll spin,
But count each minute wi' a seegh,
Till Jwohnie he steals in.

How neyce the spunkey fire now burns,
For twea to sit beside !
And there's the seat where Jwohnie sits,
And I forget to chide !
My fadder, too, he snugly snores ;
My mudder's fast asleep ;
He promis'd oft ; but, oh ! I fear
His word he wunnet keep !

What can it be keeps him frae me ?
The road is nit sae lang,
And sleet and snaw are nought at aw,
If fo'k were fain to gang !
Some ither lass, wi' bonnier face,
Has caught his wicked e'e,
And I'll be pointed at at kirk—
Nay ! suiner let me dee !

O durst we lasses nobbet gang
And sweetheart them we like,
I'd rin to thee, my Jwohnie lad,
Nor stop at bog or dyke ;
But custom's sec a silly thing,
Men aye mun hae their way,
While mony a bonny lassie sits
And mourns frae day to day.

But, whisht ! I hear my Jwohnie's fit—
Aye, that's his varra clog !
He steeks the fa'-yett softly too—
O hang that cwoley dog !
Now, hey for seeghs and sugar'd words,
Wi' kisses nit a few—
O but this warl's a paradise,
When lovers they pruiue true !

NICHOL THE NEWSMONGER.

AIR : "The night before Larry was stretch'd."

Come, Nichol, and gie us thy cracks

I seed tee gang down to the smiddy :

I've fodder'd the naigs and the nowt,

And wanted to see thee 'at did ee.

Ay, Andrew, lad ! draw in a stuil,

And gie us a shek o' thy daddle ;

I got aw the news far an nar,

Sae set off as fast's I could waddle.

In France they've but sworrofu' times,

For Bonnypart's nit as he sud be ;

America's nobbet sae sae ;

And England nit quite as she mud be :

Sad wark there's amang blacks and wheytes,*

Sec tellin plain teales to their feaces,

Wi' murders, and wars, and aw that—

But, hod—I forget where the pleace is.

Our parson he gat drunk as muck,

Then ledder'd aw t' lads round about him ;

They say he is nobbet hawf reet,

And fwok mud as weel be widout him ;

The yell's to be fourpence a quart—

Odswinge, lad, there will be rare drinking !

Billy Pitt's mad as onie March hare,

• And niver was reet, fwok are thinking.

* Alluding to the insurrection of the Blacks.

A weddin we'll hev or it's lang,
Wi' Bet Brag and lal Tom Tagwally ;
Jack Bunton's far off to the sea—
It'll e'en be the death of our Sally ;
The clogger has bought a new wig ;
Dalston singers come here agean Sunday ;
Lord Nelson's ta'en three Spanish fleets,
And the dancin schuil opens on Monday.
Carel badgers are monstrous sad fwok,
The silly peer deils how they ring up ;
Lal bairns hae got pox frae the kye,*
And fact'ries, like mushrooms, they spring up ;
If they sud keep their feet for awhile,
And government nobbet pruiwe civil,
They'll build up as hee as the muin,
For Carel's a match for the deevil.
The king's meade a bit of a speech,
And gentlefwok say it's a topper ;
An alderman deet tudder neet,
Efter eatin a turkey to supper ;
Our squire's to be parliament man,
Mess, lad, but he'll keep them aw busy !
Whea thinks tee's come heame i' the cwoach,
Frae Lunnon, but grater-feac'd Lizzy.
The cock feights are ninth o' neist month,
I've twea, nit aw England can bang them ;
In Ireland they're aw up in arms,
It's hop'd there's nea Frenchmen amang them ;

* Cow Pox.

Our Tib at the cwose-house has been,
 She tells us they're monstrous murry ;
 At Carel the brig's tummel'd down,
 And they tek the fwok owre on a whurry.

The muin was at full this neet week ;
 The weather is turn'd monstrous daggy ;
 I' th' loft, just at seven last neet,
 Lal Stephen sweethearted lang Aggy :
 There'll be bonny wark bye and bye,
 The truth 'ill be out, there's nea fear on't,
 But I niver say nought, nay, nit I,
 For fear hawf the parish sud hear on't.

Aunt Meable has lost her best sark,
 And Cleutie is bleam'd varra mickle ;
 Nought's seafe out o' doors now-a-days,
 Frae a millstone, e'en down to a sickle ;
 The clock it strikes eight, I mun heame,
 Or I's git a deuce of a fratchin ;
 When neist we've a few hours to spare,
 We'll fin' out what mischief's a-hatchin.

THE BUNDLE OF ODDITIES.

AIR : "Fie, let us a' to the bridal."

Sit down, and I'll count owre my sweethearts,
 For, faith, a brave number I've had,
 Sin I furst went to schuil wi' Dick Railton,
 But Dick's in his grave, honest lad !

I mind when he cross'd the deep watter,
To get me the shilapple's nest,
How he fell owrehead, and I skirl'd sae,
Then off we ran heame, sair distrest.

Then there was a bit of a teaylear,
That work'd at our house a heale week,
He was shap'd aw the warl' like a trippet,
But niver a word durst he speak ;
I just think I see how he squinted
At me, when we sat down to meat ;
Owre went his het keale on his blue breeks,
And deil a bit Snippy could eat.

At partin' he poud up his spirits,
Says he, "Tou hes bodder'd my head,
And it sheks yen to rags and to tatters,
To sew wi' a lang double thread ;"
Then, in meakin' a cwoat for my fadder,
(How luive does the senses deceive !)
Forby usin' marrowless buttons,
To th' pocket hole he stitch'd a sleeve.

The neist was a Quaker, caw'd Jacob,
He turn'd up the wheyte o' his een
And talk'd about flesh and the spirit—
Thought I, what can Gravity mean ?
In dark winter neets, i' the lonnins,
He'd weade thro' the durt 'buin his knee,
It cuil'd his het heart, silly gander !
And there let him stowter for me.

A lang blue-lipt chap, like a guide-post,
(Lord help us and keep us frae harm !)
Neist talk't about car-gear and middens,
And the reet way to manage a farm ;
'Twas last Leady Fair I leet on him,
He grummell'd and spent hawf-a-crown—
God bless him ! hed he gowd i' gowpens,
I wadn't hae hed sec a clown.

But stop ! there was lal wee deef Dicky,
Wad dance for a heale winter neet,
And at me aw the time wad keep glowrin'—
Peer man, he was nobbet hawf reet !
He grew jealous o' reed-headed Ellek,
Wi' a feace like a full harvest muin ;
Sae they fit till they'd just gat eneugh on't,
And I laugh'd at beath when 'twas duin.

There's anudder worth aw put together,
I could, if I wad, tell his neame ;
He gangs past our house to the market,
And monie a time he's set me heame :
O wad he but ask me this question—
“Will tou be my partner for life ?”
I'd answer without any blushes,
And aye try to mek a guid wife.

DICK WATTERS.

AIR : "Crowdy."

O, Jenny! Jenny! where's tou been?
Thy fadder is just mad at tee ;
He seed somebody i' the croft,
And guldery as he'd worry me.
O monie are a mudder's hopes,
And monie are a mudder's fears,
And monie a bitter, bitter pang,
Beath suin and leate her bosom tears !

We brong thee up, put thee to schuil,
And clead thee weel as peer fwok can ;
We larn'd thee beath to dance and read,
But now tou's crazy for a man.
O monie are, &c.

When tou was young, and at my knee,
I dwoated on thee, day and neet;
But now tou's rakin', rakin' still,
And niver, niver i' my seet.
O monie are, &c.

Tou's proud, and past aw guid adveyce—
Yen mud as weel speak till a stean ;
Still, still thy awn way, reet or wrang—
Mess, but tou'll rue't when I am geane!
O monie are, &c.

Dick Watters, I hae tel't thee oft,
Ne'er means to be a son o' mine ;
He seeks thy ruin, sure as deeth,
Then like Bet Baxter tou may whine.
O monie are, &c.

Thy fadder's comin' frae the croft,
A bonny hunsup, faith, he'll mek ;
Put on thy clogs and auld blue brat—
Heaste, Jenny! heaste! he lifts the sneck!
O monie are, &c.

THE LASS ABUIN THIRTY.

AIR : "Jockey's Grey Breeks."

I've wonder'd sin I kent mysel,
What keeps the men-fwok aw frae me;
I's as guid-like as cousin Tib,
And she can hae her choice o' three :
For me, still moilin by mysel,
Life's just a bitter widout sweets;
The summer brings nea pleasant days,
And winter tires wi' lang, lang neets.

I had some whopes o' Wully yence,
And Wully was the only yen ;
I dreamt and dreamt about him lang,
But whopes and Wully aw are geane :

A kiss he'd hev, I gev him twee,
Reet weel I mind, amang the hay;
Neist time we met, he glump'd and gloom'd,
And turn'd his head anither way.

A feyne pink sash my uncle sent
Frae Lunnon yence; about my waist
I wore't and wore't, but deil a lad
At me or sash a luik e'er cast:
My yellow gown I thought was sure
To catch some yen at Carel fair,
But, oh! fareweel to gown and sash,
I'll niver, niver wear them mair!

The throssle, when cauld winter's geane,
Aye in our worchet welcomes spring,—
It mun be luive, did we but ken,
Gars him aroun' his partner sing;—
The cock and hen, the duck and drake,
Nay, e'en the smawest birds that flee,
Ilk thing that lives can get a mate,
Except sec sworry things as me.

I often think how married fwok
Mun lead a sweet and happy life;
The prattlin' bairns rin toddlin' roun',
And tie the husband to the wife:
Then oh! what joy when neet draws on!
She meets him gangin' frae his wark;
But nin can tell what cheerfu' cracks
The tweesome hae lang efter dark.

The wise man lives nit far frae this,
I'll hunt him out suin as I can ;
He telt Nan Dobson whee she'd wed,
And I'm as likely, sure, as Nan ;
But still, still moilin by mysel,
Life's just a bitter widout sweets ;
The summer brings nea pleasant days,
And winter tires wi' lang, lang neets !

TOM LINTON.

AIR : "Come under my Plaidie."

Tom Linton was bworn till a brave canny fortune,
His auld fadder screap'd aw the gear up he cou'd ;
But Tom, country booby, luik'd owre hee abuin him,
And mix'd wi' the bad, nor e'er heeded the good ;
At the town he'd whore, gammle, play hell and the
deevil,
He wad hev his caper, nor car'd how it com ;
Then he mud hev his greyhounds, guns, setter, and
hunter,
And king o' the cockers they aw cursen'd Tom.

I think I just see how the lads wad flock roun' him,
And, oh ! they were fain to shek Tom by the hand !
Then he'd tell how he fought wi' the barbers and
bullies,
And drank wi' the waiter till nowther cou'd stan ;

His watch he wad show, and his lists o' the horsés,
And pou out a guinea, and offer to lay,
Till our peer country lads grew uneasy and lazy,
And Tom cou'd hae coax'd hawf the parish away.

Then he drank wi' the squire, and laugh'd wid his
worship,

And talk'd of the duke, and the deevil kens whee;
He gat aw the new-fangled oaths i' the nation,
And mock'd a peer beggar man wanting an e'e :
His fields they were mortgag'd ; about it was
whisper'd,

A farmer was robb'd nit owre far frae his house ;
At last aw was selt his auld fadder had toil'd for,
And silly Tom Linton left not worth a sous.

His fortune aw spent, what! he'd hae the laird's
dowter,

But she pack'd him off wid a flee in his ear ;
Neist thing, an auld comrade, for money Tom
borrow'd,

E'en put him in prison, and bade him lig there :
At last he gat out, efter lang he had suffer'd,
And sair had repented the sad life he'd led ;
Widout shoon till his feet, in a soldier's auld jacket,
He works on the turnpike reet hard for his bread.

Now folly seen into, ragg'd peer, and downhearted,
He toils and he frets, and keen wants daily press ;
If cronies ride by, wey, alas ! they've forgot him,
For whee can remember auld friends in distress !

O pity, what pity, that in ev'ry county,
Sae monie Tom Lintons may always be found !
Deuce tek aw girt nwotions, and whurlogig fashions,
Contentment's a kingdom, aye, aw the warl round !

THE AUTHOR ON HIMSELF.

AIR : "The Campbells are coming."

Ô, Eden ! whenever I range thy green banks,
And view aw the scenes o' my infantine pranks,
Where wi' pleasure I spworted, ere sorrow began,
I sigh to trace onward frae boy to the man :
To memory dear are the days o' yen's youth,
When, enraptur'd, we luik'd at each object wi' truth,
And, like fairies, a thousand wild frolics we play'd ;
But manhood has chang'd what youth fondly
pourtray'd.

I think o' my playmates, dear imps, I lov'd best !
Now divided like larks efter leaving the nest !
How we trembl'd to schuil, and wi' copy and buik,
Oft read our hard fate in the maister's stern luik ;
In summer, let lowse, how we brush'd thro' the wood,
And meade seevy caps on the brink o' the flood ;
Or watch'd the seap-bubbles, or ran wi' the kite,
Or launch'd paper navies—how dear the delight !

There was Jock Smith, the boggle,—I mind him
reet weel,
We twee to Blain's hay-loft together wad steal ;
And of giants, ghosts, witches, and fairies oft read,
Till sae freeten'd we hardly durst creep off to bed ;
Then, in winter, we'd caw out the lasses to play,
And tell them the muin shone as breet as the day ;
Or scamper, like wild things, at hunting the hare,
Tig-touch-wood, four corners, or twenty gams mair.

Then my fadder, God bless him ! at thurteen oft said,
“ My lad, I mun get thee a bit of a trade ;
O cou'd I afford it, mair larnin thou'd get ! ”
But peer was my fadder, and I's unlearned yet :
And then my furst sweetheart, an angel was she !
But I only made luive thro' the tail o' my e'e :
I mind when I met her I panted to speak,
But stood silent, and blushes spread aw owre my
cheek.

At last, aw the play-things o' youth laid aside,
Now luive, hope, and fear did my moments divide,
And wi' restless ambition deep sorrow began,
But I sigh to trace onward frae boy to the man :
To memory dear are the days o' yen's youth,
When, enraptur'd, we luik'd at ilk object wi' truth,
And, like fairies, a thousand wild frolics we play'd ;
But manhood has chang'd what youth fondly
pourtray'd.

THIS LUIVE SAE BREKS A BODY'S REST.

AIR : "Ettrick Banks."

The muin shone breet at nine last neet,
When Jemmy Sharp com owre the muir :
Weel did I ken a lover's fit,
And heard him softly tap the duir ;
My fadder started i' the nuik,
"Rin, Jenny, see what's that," he said :
I whisper'd, "Jemmy, come to-mworn,"
And then a leame excuse suin meade.

I went to bed, but cudn't sleep,
This luive sae breks a body's rest ;
The mwornin dawn'd, then up I gat,
And seegh'd and aye luik'd tow'rds the west ;
But when far off I saw the wood,
Where he unlock'd his heart to me,
I thought o' monie a happy hour,
And then a tear gushed frae my e'e.

To-neet my fadder's far frae heame,
And wunnet come these three hours yet ;
But, O ! it pours, and I'd be leath
That Jemmy sud for me get wet !
Yet, if he dis, guid heame-brew'd yell
Will warm his cheerfu' honest heart ;
Wi' him, my varra life o' life !
I's fain to meet, but leath to part.

AULD MARGET.

Auld Marget in the fauld she sits,
And spins, and sings, and smuiks by fits,
And cries as she had lost her wits—

“O this weary, weary warl !”

Yence Marget was as lish a lass
As e'er in summer trod the grass ;
But fearfu' changes come to pass

In this weary, weary warl !

Then, at a murry-neet or fair,
Her beauty meade the young fwok stare ;
Now wrinkl'd is that feace wi' care—

O this weary, weary warl !

Yence Marget she had dowters twee,
And bonnier lasses cudna be ;
But nowther kith nor kin has she—

O this weary, weary warl !

The eldest wi' a soldier gay,
Ran frae her heame, ae luckless day,
And e'en lies buried far away—

O this weary, weary warl !

The youngest she did nought but whine,
And for the lads wad fret and pine,
Till hurried off by a decline—

O this weary, weary warl !

Auld Andrew toil'd reet sair for bread—
 Ae neet they fan him cauld, cauld dead,
 Nae wonder that turn'd Marget's head—
 O this weary, weary warl !

Peer Marget ! oft I pity thee,
 Wi' care-worn cheek and hollow e'e,
 Bowed down by age and poverty—
 O this weary, weary warl !

FIRST LUIVE.

AIR : "Cold and Raw."

It's just three weeks sin Carel fair,
 This sixteenth o' September ;
 There the furst loff of a sweetheart I gat,
 Sae that day I'll remember.
 This luive meks yen stupid—ever sin seyne
 I's thinkin and thinkin o' Wully ;
 I dung owre the knop, and scawder'd my fit,
 And cut aw-my thum wi' the gully.
 O, how he danc'd ! and, O, how he talk'd !
 For my life I cannot forget him :
 He wad hev a kiss—I gev him a slap—
 But if he were here I'd let him.
 Says he, "Mally Maudlin, my heart is thine !"
 And he brong sec a seegh, I believ'd him :
 Thought I, Wully Wintrep, thou's welcome to mine,
 But my head I hung down to deceive him.

A'wea yards o' reed ribbon to wear for his seake,
Forby leather mittens, he bought me ;
But when we were thinking o' nought but luive,
My titty, deil bin! com and sought me :
The deuce tek aw clashes! off she ran heame,
And e'en telt my tarn'd auld mudder ;
There's sec a te-dui—but let them fratch on—
Miss him, I'll ne'er get sec anudder !

Neist Sunday, God wullin! we promised to meet,
I'll get frae our tweasome a baitin ;
But a lee mun patch up, be't rang or be't reet,
For Wully he sha'not stan waitin :
The days they seem lang, and lang are the neet:
And, waes me! this is but Monday !
I seegh, and I think, and I say to mysel,
O that to-morrow were Sunday !

L A L S T E P H E N .

AIR : "Hallow Fair."

Lal Stephen was bworn at Kurkbanton,
Just five feet three inches was he ;
But at ploughing, or mowing, or shearing,
His match you but seldom could see ;
Then at dancin, O he was a capper !
He'd shuffle and loup till he sweat ;
And for singin he ne'er hed a marrow,
I just think I hear his voice yet.

And then wid a sleate and a pencil,
He capp'd aw our larned young lairds ;
And played on twea jew-trumps together,
And aye com off winner at cards :
At huntin a brock or an otter,
At trackin a fougert or hare,
At pittin a cock or at shootin,
Nae lad cou'd wi' Stephen compare.

And then he wad feight like a fury,
And count fast as hops aw the stars,
And read aw the news i' the paper,
And talk about weddins and wars ;
And then he wad drink like a Briton,
And spend the last penny he had,
And aw the peer lasses about him,
For Stephen were runnin stark mad.

Our Jenny she writ him a letter,
And monie a feyne thing she said—
But my fadder he just gat a gliff on't,
And faith a rare durdem he meade ;
Then Debby, that leev'd at Drumleenin,
She wad hev him aw till hersel,
For ae neet when he stuil owre to see her,
Wi' sugar she sweeten'd his keale.

Then Judy she darn'd aw his stockings,
And Sally she meade him a sark,
And Lizzy, the laird's youngest dowter,
Kens weel whea she met efter dark ;

Aunt Ann, o' the wrang seyde o' fifty,
E'en thought him the flower o' the flock—
Nay, to count yen by yen, aw his sweethearts,
Wad tek a full hour by the clock.

O! but I was vext to hear tell on't,
When Nichol the tidings he brought,
'That Stephen was geane for a soldier—
Our Jenny she gowl'd, ay, like ought:
Sin' that we've nae spwort efter supper,
We nowther get sang or a crack;
Our lasses sit beytin their fingers,
Aw wishin for Stephen seafe back.

THE BASHFU' WOOER.

AIR : "Daintie Davie."

Whene'er ye come to woo me, Tom,
Dunnet at the window tap,
Or cough, or hem, or gie a clap,
To let my fadder hear, man;
He's auld and feal'd, and wants his sleep,
Sae by the hallan softly creep,
Ye need nae watch, and glowre, and peep,
I'll meet ye, niver fear, man:
If a lassie ye wad win,
Be cheerfu' iver, bashfu' niver;
Ilka Jock may get a Jen,
If he hes sense to try, man.

Whene'er we at the market meet,
Dunnet luik like yen hawf daft,
Or talk about the cauld and heat,
 As ye were weather wise, man ;
Haud up your head, and bauldly speak,
And keep the blushes frae your cheek,
For he whea hes his teale to seek,
 We lasses aw despise, man :
 If a lassie, &c.

I met ye leately, aw yer leane,
 Ye seemed like yen stown frae the dead,
 Yer teeth e'en chatter'd i' yer head,
 But ne'er a word o' luive, man ;
I spak, ye luik'd anudder way,
Then trimmel'd as ye'd got a flay,
And owre yer shou'd'er cried, "Guid day,"
 Nor yence to win me struive, man :
 If a lassie, &c.

My aunty left me threeswore pun,
 But deil a yen of aw the men,
 Till then, did bare-legg'd Elcy ken,
 Or care a strae for me, man ;
Now, tiggin at me suin and late,
They're cleekin but the yellow bait ;
Yet, mind me, Tom, I needn't wait,
 When I hae choice o' three, man :
 If a lassie, &c.

There lives a lad owre yonder muir,
He hes nae faut but yen—he's puir;
 Whene'er we meet, wi' kisses sweet,
 He's like to be my death, man;
And there's a lad ahint yon trees,
Wad weade for me abuin the knees;
Sae tell yer mind, or, if ye please,
 Nae langer fash us baith, man :
 If a lassie, &c.

January, 1803.

THE AUNTY.

We've roughness amang hands, we've kye i' the byre,
Come live wi' us, lassie, it's aw I desire ;
I'll lig i' the loft, and gie my bed to thee,
Nor sal ought else be wantin that guidness can gie :
Sin' the last o' thy kin, thy peer aunty we've lost,
Thou frets aw the day, and e'en luiks like a ghost.

I mind, when she sat i' the nuik at her wheel,
How she'd tweyne the slow thread, and aye counsel
 us weel,
Then oft whisper me, " Thou wad mek a top wife ;
And pray God to see thee weel settl'd in life ;"
Then what brave funny teales she could tell the neet
 through,
And wad bless the peer fwok, if the stormy win' blew.

That time when we saunter'd owre leate at the town,
'Twas the day, I weel mind, when thou got thy chintz
gown,

For the watters were up, and pick dark was the neet,
And she lissen'd and cry'd, and thought aw wasn't
reet;

But, oh! when you met, what a luik did she give!—
I can niver forget her as lang as I live.

How I like thee, dear lassie, thou's oft heard me tell;
Nay, I like thee far better than I like mysel;
And when sorrow forsakes thee, to kurk we'll e'en
gang,

But thou munnet sit pinin' thy leane aw day lang;
Come owre the geate, lassie, my titty sal be
A companion to her that's aye dearest to me.

CROGLIN WATTY.

[AIR: "The lads o' Dunse."—In Cumberland, servants who are employed in husbandry are seldom engaged for a longer term than half a year. On the customary days of hiring, they proceed to the nearest town, and that their intentions might be known, stand in the market-place with a sprig or straw in their mouths.—SANDERSON.]

If you ax where I come frae, I say the fell-seyde,
Where fadder and mudder, and honest fwok beyde;
And my sweetheart, O bless her! she thought nin
like me,

For when we shuik hans, the tears gush'd frae her e'e:

Says I, "I mun e'en git a spot if I can,
But, whatever beteyde me, I'll think o' thee, Nan!"

Nan was a parfet beauty, wi' twea cheeks like codlin blossoms; the varra seet on her meade my mouth aw watter. "Fares-te-weel, Watty!" says she; "tou's a wag amang t' lassies, and I'll see thee nae mair!"—"Nay, dunnet gowl, Nan!" says I,

"For, mappen, ere lang, I's be maister mysel;"
Sae we buss'd and I tuik a last luik at the fell,

On I whussel'd and wonder'd; my bundle I flung
Owre my shou'der, when Cwoley he efter me sprung,
And howled, silly fellow! and fawned at my fit,
As if to say—Watty, we munnet part yet!
At Carel I stuid wi' a strea i' my mouth,
And they tuik me, nae doubt, for a promisin youth.

The weyves com roun me in clusters: "What weage dus te ax, canny lad?" says yen.—"Wey, three pun and a crown; wunnet beate a hair o' my beard." "What can te dui?" says anudder.—"Dui! wey I can plough, sow, mow, shear, thresh, deyke, milk, kurn, muck a byre, sing a psalm, mend car-gear, dance a whornpeype, nick a naig's tail, hunt a brock, or feicht iver a yen o' my weight in aw Croglin parish."

An auld bearded hussy suin caw'd me her man—
But that day, I may say't, aw my sorrows began.

Furst, Cwoley, peer fellow! they hang'd i' the street,
And skinn'd, God forgie them! for shoon to their
feet!

I cry'd, and they caw'd me peer hawf-witted clown,
And banter'd and follow'd me aw up and down:

Neist my deame she e'en starv'd me, that niver
leev'd weel,—

Her hard words and luiks wad hae freeten'd the deil.

She hed a lang beard, for aw t' warl leyke a billy gwoat,
wi' a kill-dried frosty feace; and then the smawest leg o'
mutton in aw Carel market sarrat the cat, me, and her, for a
week. The bairns meade sec game on us, and thunder'd at
the rapper, as if to waken a corp; when I open'd the duir,
they threw stour i' my een, and caw'd me daft Watty:

Sae I pack'd up my duds when my quarter was out,
And, wi' weage i' my pocket, I saunter'd about.

Suin my reet-hand breck pocket they pick'd in a fray,
And wi' fifteen wheyte shillings they slipt clean away,
Forby my twea letters frae mudder and Nan,
Where they said Carel lasses wad Watty trepan:
But 'twad tek a lang day just to tell what I saw—
How I skeap'd frae the gallows, the sowdgers and aw.

Ay! there were some forgery chaps bad me just sign my
neame. "Nay," says I, "you've gotten a wrang pig by the
lug, for I canno write!" Then a fellow like a lobster, aw
leac'd and feather'd, ax'd me, "Watty, wull te list? thou's
owther be a general or a gomoral."—"Nay, I wunnet—
that's plain: I's content wi' a cwoat o' mudder's spinnin."

Now, wi' twea groats and tuppence, I'll e'en toddle
heame,

But ne'er be a sowdger wheyle Watty's my neame.

How my mudder 'll gowl, and my fadder 'll stare,
When I tell them peer Cwoley they'll never see mair,
Then they'll bring me a stuil; as for Nan, she'll be
fain,

When I kiss her, God bless her, agean and agean!

The barn and the byre, and the auld hollow tree,
Will just seem like cronies yen's fidgeting to see.

The sheep 'll nit ken Watty's voice now. The peat-stack
we used to lake roun 'll be burnt ere this ! As for Nan,
she'll be owther married or broken-hearted ; but sud aw be
weel at Croglin, we'll hae feasting, fiddlin, dancin, drinkin,
singin, and smuikin, aye, till aw's blue about us :

Amang aw our neybons sec wonders I'll tell,
But niver mair leave my auld friends or the fell.

JENNY'S COMPLAINT.

AIR : "Nancy's to the greenwood gane."

O, Lass ! I've fearfu' news to tell !
What thinks te's come owre Jemmy ?
The sowdgers hev e'en pick'd him up,
And sent him far, far frae me :
To Carel he set off wi' wheat ;
Them ill reed-cwoated fellows
Suin wil'd him in—then meade him drunk :
He'd better geane to th' gallows.
The varra seet o' his cockade
It set us aw a crying ;
For me, I fairly fainted tweyce,
Tou may think that was tryin ;
My fadder wad hae paid the smart,
And show'd a gowden guinea,
But, lack-a-day ! he'd kiss'd the buik,
And that 'll e'en kill Jenny.

When Nichol tells about the wars,
It's waur than death to hear him ;
I oft steal out, to hide my tears,
And cannot, cannot bear him ;
For aye he jeybes, and cracks his jwokes,
And bids me nit forseake him ;
A brigadier, or grenadier,
He says they're sure to meake him.

If owre the stibble fields I gang,
I think I see him ploughin,
And ev'ry bit o' bread I eat,
It seems o' Jemmy's sowing :
He led the varra cwoals we burn,
And when the fire I's leetin,
To think the peats were in his hands,
It sets my heart a beatin.

What can I de? I nought can de,
But whinge and think about him :
For three lang years he follow'd me,
Now I mun live widout him !
Brek heart, at yence, and then it's owre !
Life's nought widout yen's dearie,
I'll suin lig in my cauld, cauld grave,
For, oh ! of life I'm weary !

MATTHEW MACREE.

[AIR : "The wee pickle tow."—Anderson composed this song on a fine summer day in 1803, whilst seated under an apple-tree in the Springfield bowling green, Carlisle.]

Sin I furst work'd a sampleth at Biddy Forsyth's,
I ne'er saw the marrow o' Matthew Macree ;
For down his braid back hing his lang yellow locks,
And he hes a cast wi' his bonny grey e'e :
Then he meks us aw laugh, on the stuil when he
stands,
And acts like the players, and gangs wi' his hands,
And talks sec hard words as nit yen understands—
O, what a top scholar is Matthew Macree !

'Twas nobbet last Easter his cock wan the main,
I stuid i' the ring rejoicin to see ;
The bairns they aw shouted, the lasses were fain,
And the lads o' their shoulders bore Matthew
Macree :
Then at lowpin he'll gang a full yard owre them aw,
And at rustlin, whilk o' them dare try him a faw ?
And whee is't that aye carries off the foot-baw ?
But the king of aw Cumberland, Matthew Macree.

That time when he fought full two hours at the fair,
And lang Jemmy Smith gat a famish black e'e ;
Peer Jemmy I yence thought wad niver paw mair,
And I was reet sworry for Matthew Macree :

Then he wad shek the bull-ring, and brag the heale
town,
And to feight, rin, or russle, he put down a crown;
Saint Gworge, the girt champion, o' fame and renown,
Was nobbet a waffler to Matthew Macree.

On Sundays, in bonny wheyte weastcwoat when
dress'd,
He sings i' the kurk, what a topper is he!
I hear his strang voice far abuin aw the rest,
And my heart still beats time to Matthew Macree.
Then his feyne eight-page ditties, and garlands sae
sweet,
They mek us aw merry the lang winter neet,
But, when he's nit amang us, we niver seem reet,
Sae fond are the lasses o' Matthew Macree.

My fadder he left me a house on the hill,
And I's get a bit lan sud my aunty dee,
Then I'll wed bonny Matthew whenever he will,
For gear is but trash widout Matthew Macree:
We'll try to show girt fwok content in a cot,
And when in our last heame together we've got,
May our bairns and their neybor's oft point to the
spot
Where lig honest Matthew and Jenny Macree.

FECKLESS WULLY.

Wee Wully wuns on yonder brow,
And Wully he hes dowters twee ;
But nought cou'd feckless Wully dui,
To get them sweethearts weel to see.

For Meg she luik'd beath reet and left,
Her e'en they bwor'd a body thro' ;
And Jen was deaf, and dum, and daft,
And deil a yen com there to woo.

The neybors wink'd, the neybors jeer'd,
The neybors flyr'd at them in sworn,
And monie a wicked trick they play'd
Peer Meg and Jen, beath neet and mworn.

As Wully went ae day to wark,
He kick'd a summet wid his shoe ;
And Wully glower'd and Wully girn'd,
" Guide us ! " quoth he, " what hae we now ? "

And Wully cunn'd owre six scwore pun,
And back he ran wi' nimble heel,
And aye he owre his shou'ders glym'd,
And thought he'd dealings wi' the deil.

And Wully's bought æ reet snug house,
And Wully's bought a bit o' lan ;
And Meg and Jen are trig and crouse,
Sin' he the yellow pwokie fan.

Nae mair the neybor's wink and jeer,
 But aw shek hans wi' them, I trow ;
 And ilk yen talks o' William's gear,
 For Wully's changed to William now.

And some come east, and some come west,
 And some come monie a mile to woo ;
 And Meg luiks straight, and Jen has sense,
 And we aw see what gear 'll dui.

Ye rich fwok aw, ye'll aye dui reet ;
 Ye peer fwok aw, ye'll aye dui wrang :
 Let wise men aw say what they will,
 It's money meks the meer to gang.

THE BLECKELL MURRY-NEET.

[A Cumbrian MERRY-NIGHT is, as its name imports, a night appropriated to mirth and festivity. It takes place at some country ale-house, during the holidays of Christmas, a season in which every Cumbrian peasant refuses to be governed by the cold and niggardly maxims of economy and thrift.—SANDERSON.]

Ay, lad ! sec a murry-neet we've hed at Bleckell,
 The sound o' the fiddle yet rings i' my ear ;
 Aw reet clipt and heel'd were the lads and the lasses,
 And monie a clever lish hizzy was there :
 The bettermer swort sat snug i' the parlour,
 I' th' pantry the sweethearters cutter'd sae soft ;
 The dancers they kick'd up a stour i' the kitchen ;
 At lanter the caird-lakers sat in the loft.

The clogger o' Dawston's a famish top hero,
And bangs aw the player-fwok twenty to yen ;
He stamp'd wid his fit, and he shouted and royster'd,
Till the sweat it ran off at his varra chin en' :
Then he held up ae han like the spout of a tea-pot,
And danc'd "Cross the buckle" and "Leather-
te-patch ;"
When they cry'd "bonny Bell!" he lap up to the
ceilin,
And aye crack'd his thoums for a bit of a fratch.

The Hiverby lads at fair drinkin are seypers ;
At cockin the Dawstoners niver were bet ;
The Buckabank chaps are reet famish sweethearters,
Their kisses just sound like the sneck of a yett ;
The lasses o' Bleckell are sae monie angels ;
The Cummersdale beauties aye glory in fun—
God help the peer fellow that gleymes at them dancin,
He'll steal away heartless as sure as a gun !

The 'bacco was strang, and the yell it was lythey,
And monie a yen bottom'd a quart leyke a kurn ;
Daft Fred, i' the nuik, leyke a hawf-rwoasted deevil,
Telt sly smutty stwories, and meade them aw gurn,
Then yen sung "Tom Linton," anudder "Dick
Watters,"

The auld farmers bragg'd o' their fillies and fwoals,
Wi' jeybin and jwokin, and hotchin and laughin,
Till some thought it time to set off to the cwoals.

But, hód ! I forgat—when the clock strack eleven,
The dubbler was brong in, wi' wheyte bread and
brown ;

The gully was sharp, the girt cheese was a topper,
And lumps big as lapsteans our lads gobbl'd
down :

Aye the douse dapper lanlady cried, " Eat and
welcome,

I' God's neame step forret; nay, dunnet be bleate!"
Our guts aw weel pang'd, we buck'd up for blin
Jenny,
And neist paid the shot on a girt powder plate.

Now full to the thropple, wi' head-warks and heart-
aches,

Some crap to the clock-kease instead o' the duir;
Then sleepin and snworintuik pleast o' their rwoarin;
And teane abuin tudder they laid on the fluir.
The last o' December, lang, láng we'll remember,
At five i' the mworn, eighteen hundred and twee:
Here's health and success to the brave Jwohny
Dawston,
And monie sec meetings may we leeve to see !

THE THUIRSBY WITCH.

AIR : "O'er Bogie."

There's Harraby and Tarraby,
And Wigganby beside ;
There's Oughterby and Soughterby,*
And *bys* beath far and wide ;
Of strappin, sonsy, rwosy queens,
They aw may brag a few ;
But Thuirsky for a bonny lass,
Can cap them aw, I trow.

Her mudder sells a swope o' drink,
It is beath stout and brown,
And Etty is the hinny fowt
Of aw the country roun ;
Frae east and west, beath rich and peer,
A-horse, a-fit, caw in—
For whea can pass sae rare a lass,
He's owther daft or blin.

Her een are like twea Cursmas sleas,
But twice as breet and clear ;
Nae rwose cou'd iver match her feace,
That yet grew on a brier ;
At town, kurk, market, dance or fair,
She meks their hearts aw stoun,
And conquers mair than Bonyparte,
Whene'er she keeks aroun.

* Names of Cumberland Villages.

Oft graith'd in aw their kurk-gawn gear,
Like noble lwords at court,
Our lads slink in, and gaze and grin,
Nor heed their Sunday spwort ;
If stranger leets, her een he meets,
And fins he can't tell how ;
To touch the glass her hand has touch'd
It sets him in a lowe.

Yence Thuirsbys lads were—whea but we,
And cou'd hae bang'd the lave,
But now they hing their lugs and luik
Like fwok stown frae the grave ;
And what they ail in head or heart
Nae potticary knows—
The little glancin Thuirsbys Witch,
She is the varra cause.

Of "Black-ey'd Susan," "Mary Scott,"
"The lass o' Patie's Mill,"
Of "Barbara Allan," "Sally Gray,"
"The Lass o' Richmond-hill,"
Of "Nancy Dawson," "Molly Mog,"
Though thousands sing wi' glee,
This village beauty, out and out,
She bangs them aw to see.

THE PECK O' PUNCH.

[The party here alluded to were our author and a few jovial friends. Archy, to whose comfortable cabin they were invited, is a well-known, industrious, and respectable tradesman—the scourge of pretenders, but the friend of humble merit. He is one of the few who can put Care to the rout, make his friends happy, and keep the table in a roar.—ANDERSON.]

'Twas Rob and Jock, and Hal and Jack,
And Tom and Ned forby,
Wi' Archy drank a peck o' punch,
Ae neet when they were dry ;
And aye they jwok'd, and laugh'd, and smuik'd,
And sang wi' heartfelt glee,
"To-night we're yen, to-morrow geane,
Syne let us merry be !"
Saint Mary's muckle clock bum'd eight,
When each popp'd in his head ;
But ere they rose, they'd fairly drank
The sheame-feac'd muin to bed ;
And aye they jwok'd, &c.
To monie a bonnie Carel lass,
The fairest o' the town,
And monie a manly British chiel,
The noggin glass went roun ;
And aye they jwok'd, &c.
A neybor's fauts they ne'er turn'd owre,
Nor yence conceal'd their ain—
Had Care keek'd in, wi' wae-worn feace,
They'd kick'd him out again ;
For aye they jwok'd, &c.

The daily toil, the hunter's spoil,
The faithless foreign pow'rs,
The Consul's fate, his o'ergrown state,
By turns beguil'd the hours ;
And aye they laugh'd, &c.

Let others cringe, and bow the head,
A purse-proud sumph to please ;
Fate, grant to me aye liberty
To mix with souls like these ;
Then oft we'll jwoken, and laugh, and smuik,
And sing wi' heartfelt glee,
"To-night we're yen, to-morrow geane,
Syne let us merry be !"

THE VILLAGE GANG.

AIR : "Jenny dang the weaver."

There's sec a gang in our town,
The deevil cannot wrang them,
And cou'd yen get tem put in prent,
Aw England cuddent bang them ;
Our dogs e'en bite aw decent fwok,
Our varra naigs they kick them,
And if they nobbet ax their way,
Our lads set on and lick them.
Furst wi' Dick Wiggem we'll begin,
The teyney, greasy wobster ;
He's got a gob frae lug to lug,
And neb like onie lobster ;

Dick's wife, they say, was Branton bred,
Her mudder was a howdey,
And when peer Dick's thrang on the luim,
She's off to Jwohnie Gowdy.

But as for Jwohnie, silly man,
He threeps about the nation,
And talks o' stocks and Charley Fox,
And meakes a blusteration ;
He reads the papers yence a week,
The auld fwok geape and wonder—
Were Jwohnie king, we'd aw be rich,
And France mud e'en knock under.

Lang Peel the laird's a dispert chap,
His wife's a famous fratcher,
She brays the lasses, starves the lads,
Nae bandylan can match her ;
We aw ken how they gat their gear,
But that's a fearfu' stwory,
And sud he hing on Carel Sands,
Nit yen wad e'er be sworry.

Beane-breaker Jwohn we weel may neame,
He's tired o' wark, confound him !
By manglin' limbs, and streenin' joints,
He's meade aw cripples round him :
Mair hurt he's duin than onie yen
That iver scep'd a helter ;
When sec-like guffs leame decent fwok,
It's time some laws sud alter.

The schuilmaister's a conjurer,
For when our lads are drinkin,
Aw maks o' tricks he'll dui wi' cairds,
And tell fwok what they're thinkin ;
He'll glowre at maps, and spell hard words,
For hours and hours together,
And in the muin he kens what's duin—
Nay he can coin the weather !

Then there's the blacksmith wi' ae e'e,
And his hawf-witted mudder,
'Twad mek a dead man laugh to see
Them glyme at yen anudder ;
A three quart piggen full o' keale,
He'll sup, the greedy sinner,
Then eat a cow'd-lword like his head,
Ay, onie day at dinner.

Jack Mar, the hirplin piper's son,
Can bang them aw at leein ;
He'll brek a lock, or steal a cock,
Wi' onie yen in bein :
He eats guid meat, and drinks strang drink,
And gangs weel-graith'd o' Sunday,
And weel he may, a bonnie fray
Com out last Whissen-Monday.

The doctor he's a parfet plague,
And hawf the parish puzzens ;
The lawyer sets fwok by the lugs,
And cheats them neist by duzzens ;

The parson swears a bonnie stick
Amang our sackless asses ;
The 'squire's ruin'd scwores and scwores
O' canny country lasses.
There's twenty mair, coarse as neck-beef,
If yen hed time to neame them ;
Left-handed Sim, slape-finger'd Sam,
Nae law cou'd ever teame them ;
There's blue-nebb'd Watt, and ewe-chinn'd Dick,
Weel worthy o' the gallows—
O happy is the country seyde
That's free frae sec like fellows !

GWORDIE GILL.

AIR : " Andrew wi' his cutty gun."

Of aw the lads I see or ken,
There's yen I like abuin the rest ;
He's nicer in his war-day duds,—
Than others donn'd in aw their best.
A body's heart's a body's awn,
And they may gie't to whea they will ;
Had I got ten where I hae neane,
I'd gie them aw to Gwordie Gill.
Whea was't that brack our landlword's garth
For me, when bairns we went to schuil ?
Whea was't durst venture mid-thie deep,
To get my clog out o' the puil ?

And when the filly flang me off,
And lang and lang I laid sae ill,
Whea was't gowl'd owre me day and neet,
And wish'd me weel? 'Twas Gwordie Gill.

Oft mounted on his lang-tail'd naig,
Wi' fine new buits up till his knee,
The laird's daft son leets i' the faul,
And keaves as he wad wurry me ;
Tho' fadder, mudder, uncle tui,
To wed this maz'lin teaze me still,
I hear of aw his land and brass,
But oft steal out to Gwordie Gill.

Frae Carel cousin Fanny com,
And brong her whey-feac'd sweetheart down,
Wi' sark-neck stuck abuin his lugs,
A peer clipt dinment frae the town :
He minc'd and talk'd, and skipp'd and walk'd,
But tir'd a-gangin up the hill,
And luik'd as pale as onie corp,
Compar'd to rwsie Gwordie Gill.

My Gwordie's whussle weel I ken,
Lang ere we meet, the darkest neet ;
And when he lilts and sings "Skewball,"
Nit playhouse music's hawf sae sweet.
A body's heart's a body's awn,
And they may gie't to whea they will ;
I yence had yen, now I hae neane,
For it belongs to Gwordie Gill.

A WEYFE FOR WULLY MILLER.

AIR : "Maggie Lauder."

Hout, Wully, lad ! cock up thy head,
Nor fash thyself about her ;
Nought comes o' nought, sae tek nae thought,
Tou's better far widout her.
Peer man ! her fadder weel we ken,
He's but an ass-buird meaker ;
But she's town-bred, and, silly gowk,
Thou'd gie thy teeth to teake her.

I've seen thee flyre and jwoke like mad,
At aw our country fellows ;
But now thou seeghs and luiks like death,
Or yen gawn to the gallows ;
Thou's sous'd owre head and ears i' luive—
Nay, nobbet luik at cwoley !
He wags his tail, as if to say,
"Wey, what's the matter, Wully ?"

There's lads but few in our town,
And lasses, wanters, plenty,
And he that fain wad wed a weyfe
May weale yen out o' twenty !—
There's Tamer Toppin, Aggy Sharp,
And clogger Wilkin's Tibby :—
There's Greacy Gurvin, Matty Meer,
And thingumbob's lal Debby :

Then there's Wully Guffy's dowter Nan
At thee aye keeks and glances,
For tou's the apple o' her e'en
At cairdin neets and dances;
My titty, tui, ae neet asleep,
Cried, "Canny Wully Miller!"
I poud her hair, she blush'd rwose reed,
Sae gang thy ways e'en till her.

Tell mudder aw the news tou kens;
To fadder talk o' the weather;
Then lilt tem up a sang or twea,
To please tem aw together;
She'll set thee out, then speak thy mind—
She'll suit thee till a shavin;
But town-bred deames, to sec as we,
Are seldom worth the havin.

BURGH RACES.

[The races celebrated in this ballad took place on the 3rd of May, 1804, at Burgh, a village in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, where our warlike Edward died on an expedition that was to decide the fate of Scotland.--SANDERSON.]

O Wully! had tou nobbet been at Burgh Races!
It seem'd, lad, as if aw the warl were met;
Some went to be seen, others off for divarsion,
And monie went there a lock money to bet;

There was "How fens te, Tommy?"—What, Jwosep!

I's gaily :

Wey, is there out unket i' your country seyde?
Here, landword! a noggin!"—"Whea rides the
Collector?"

"What, Meason's auld meer can bang aw far and
weyde!"

Ere they saddl'd, the gamblers peep'd sair at the
horses;

Sec scrudgin, the fwok were just ready to burst;
Wi' swearin and bettin they meade a sad hay-bay:
"I'll lig six to four!"—"Done! come, down wi'
the dust!"

"What think ye o' Lawson?"—"The field for a
guinea!"

"I'll mention the winner! dare onie yen lay?"
Jwohn Blaylock's reed handkitcher wav'd at the
dissnens:

At startin he cried, "Yen, twee, three, put away!"

They went off like leetnin—the auld meer's a
topper—

She flew like an arrow, and shew'd tem her tail:
They hugg'd, whupp'd, and spurr'd, but cou'd niver
yence touch her—

The winners they rear'd, and the lwosers turn'd
pale;

Peer Lawson gat dissen'd, and sae sud the tudders,
Furst heat was a chase, and the neist a tek-in ;
Then some drank their winnins ;—but, woefu'
disaster,
It rain'd, and the lasses gat wet to the skin.

Leyke pez in a pot, neist at Sandsfield they caper'd,
The lads did the lasses sae kittle and hug ;
Young Crosset, i' fettle, had got bran new pumps on,
And brong fisher Jemmy a clink i' the lug ;
The lasses they belder'd out, "Man thysel, Jemmy!"
His comrades they poud off his cwoat and his sark ;
They fought, lugg'd, and lurry'd, aw owre blood and
batter,
The landword com in, and cried, "Shem o' sec
wark !"

There were smugglers, excisemen, horse-cowpers,
and parsons,
Sat higglety-pigglety, aw fare a-leyke ;
And mowdy-warp Jacky—ay, man, it was funny!—
He meade them aw laugh, when he stuck in a
creyke.
There were lasses frae Wigton, and Worton, and
Banton—
Some o' them gat sweethearts, while others gat
neane :
Apd bairns yet unbworn 'll oft hear o' Burgh Races,
For ne'er mun we see sec a meetin agean.

CANNY CUMMERLAN'.

AIR : "The humours of glen."

'Twas ae neet last week, wi' our wark after supper,
We went owre the geate cousin Isbel to see ;
There were Sibby frae Curthet, and lal Betty Byers,
Deef Debby, forby Bella Bunton and me ;
We'd scarce begun spinnin, when Sib a sang lilted,
She'd brong her frae Carel by their sarvant man ;
'Twas aw about Cummerlan' fwok and feyne pleaces ;
And, if I can think on't ye's hear how it ran.

Yer buik-larn'd wise gentry, that's seen monie
counties,

May preach and palaver, and brag as they will
O' mountains, lakes, valleys, woods, watters, and
meadows,

But canny auld Cummerlan' caps them aw still :
It's true we've nea palaces sheynin amang us,
Nor tall marble towers to catch the weak eye ;
But we've monie feyne castles, where fought our
brave fadders,

When Cummerlan' cou'd any county defy.

First Graystock we'll nwotish, the seat o' girt Norfolk,
A neame still to freemen and Englishmen dear ;
Ye Cummerlan' fwok, may your sons and your
grandsons

Sec rare honest statesmen for ever revere ;

Corruption's a sink that'll puzzen the country,
And lead us to slav'ry, to me it seems plain ;
But he that has courage to stem the black torrent,
True Britons sud pray for agean and agean.

Whea that has climb'd Skiddaw, has seen sec a
prospect,
Where fells frown owre fells, and in majesty vie ?
Whea that hes seen Keswick, can count hawf its
beauties,
May e'en try to count hawf the stars i' the sky :
There's Ullswater, Bassenthwaite, Westwater, Der-
went,
That thousands on thousands hae travell'd to view,
The langer they gaze, still the mair they may wonder,
And aye, as they wonder, may fin' summet new.

We've Corby, for rocks, caves, and walks, sae
delightfu',
That Eden a paradise loudly proclaims ;
O that sec like pleaces had aye sec like awners,
Then mudmonie girtfwok be proud o' their neames !
We've Netherby, tui, the grand pride o' the border,
And halls out o' number nae county can bang ;
Wi' rivers romantic as Tay, Tweed, or Yarrow,
And green woodbine bowers weel worthy a sang.

We help yen anudder ; we welcome the stranger ;
Oursels and our country we'll ever defend ;
We pay bits o' taxes as weel as we're able,
And pray, like true Britons, the war had an end ;

Then, Cummerlan' lads, and ye lish rwozy lasses,
If some caw ye clownish, ye needn't think sheame;
Be merry and wise, enjoy innocent pleasures,
And aye seek for health and contentment at heame.

TIB AND HER MAISTER.

I's tir'd wi' liggin aye my leane ;
This day seems fair and clear ;
Seek th' auld grey yad, clap on the pad,
She's duin nae wark te year :
Furst, Tib, get me my best lin sark,
My wig, and new-greas'd shoon ;
My three-nuik'd hat, and mittens white—
I'll have a young weyfe suin !
A young weyfe for me, Tib,
A young weyfe for me ;
She'll scart my back whene'er it yucks,
Sae married I mun be !

“ Wey, maister ! you're hawf blin' and deef—
The rain comes pouring down :—
Your best lin sark wants beath the laps,
Your three-nuik'd hat the crown ;
The rattens eat your clouted shoon ;
The yad's unshod and leame ;
You're bent wi' age leyke onie bow,
Sae sit content at heame.

A young weyfe for ye, man !
A young weyfe for ye !
They'll rank ye wi' the horned nowt
Until the day ye dee!"

O, Tib, thou aye talks leyke a fuil !
I's fail'd, but nit sae auld ;
A young weyfe keeps yen warm i' bed,
When neets are lang and cauld :
I've brass far mair than I can count,
And sheep, and naigs, and kye,
A house luiks howe widout a weyfe—
My luck I'll e'en gae try.
A young weyfe for me, Tib,
A young weyfe for me ;
I yet can lift twea pecks o' wots,
Tho' turn'd o' eighty-three.

"Weel, maister, ye maun hae your way,
And sin ye'll wedded be,
I's lish and young, and stout and strang,
Sae what think ye o' me ?
I'll keep ye teydey, warm, and clean,
To wrang ye I wad scworn."
Tib! gi'es thy hand!—a bargain be't—
We'll off to kurk to-mworn !
A young weyfe for me, Tib,
Tou was meade for me ;
We'll kiss and coddle aw the neet,
And aye we'll happy be!

THE CLAY DAUBIN.

[AIR : "Andrew Carr."—In the eastern and northern parts of Cumberland, the walls of houses are in general composed of clay, and in their erection take seldom more than the space of a day. When a young rustic marries, the highest ambition of his heart is to be the master of an humble clay-built cottage, that might afford shelter to him and his family. As soon as he has selected a proper site, he signifies his intentions to his neighbours, who punctually muster on the spot where the intended building is to be raised, each individual bringing a spade and one day's provisions along with him.—SANDERSON.]

We went owre to Deavie's Clay Daubin,
And faith a rare caper we had,
Wi' eatin, and drinkin, and dancin,
And rwoarin, and singin leyke mad;
Wi' crackin, and jwokin, and braggin,
And fratchin, and feightin, and aw,
Sec glorious fun and divarsion
Was ne'er seen in castle or ha'.
Sing hey for a snug clay biggin,
And lasses that leyke a bit spwort;
Wi' friends and plenty to gie them,
We'll laugh at King Gworge and his court.
The walls were aw finish'd er darknin;
Now, greypes, shouls, and barrows thrown by,
Auld Deavie spak up wid a hursle—
"Od rabbit it! lads, ye'll be dry;
See, deame, if we've got a swope whusky—
I's sworry the rum bottle's duin—
We'll starken our keytes, I'll uphod us—
Come, Adams, rasp up 'a lal tune!"

When Bill kittl'd up "Chips and Shavins,"
Auld Phillip pou'd out Matty Meer,
Then nattl'd his heels like a youngen,
And caper'd about the clay fleer ;
He deeted his gob, and he buss'd her,
As lish as a lad o' sixteen ;
Cries Wull, "Od dy ! fadder's i' fettle !
His marrow 'll niver be seen !"

Reet sair did we miss Jemmy Coupland—
Bad crops, silly man, meade him feale ;
Last Sunday forenoon, after sarvice,
I' th' kurk-garth, the clerk caw'd his seale.*
Peer Jemmy ! of aw his bit oddments
A shottle the bealies hae ta'en,
And now he's reet fain of a darrak,
For pan, dish, or spuin, he hes neane.

Wi' scones, *leather-hungry*,† and whusky,
Auld Aggy cried, "Meake way for me !
Ye men fwok eat, drink, and be murry,
Wheyle we i' the bower get tea."

* The "kurk-garth" or church-yard on a Sunday morning used to be to the country people of Cumberland what the Exchange is to the merchants of London. It answered all the purposes of business or amusement, from whence general information was sent round the parish.

† This is a ludicrous name given to a poor sort of cheese made of skimmed milk. It is also called Whillymer, and sometimes Rosley Cheshire.

The whillymer ate teugh and teasty,
Aw cramm'd fou o' grey pez and seeds ;
They row'd it up teane agean tudder—
Nae dainties the hungry man needs.

Now in com the women fwok bouncing—
Widout tem there's niver nae fun ;
Wi' whusky aw weeted their wizzens,
But suin a sad hay-bay begun ;
For Jock, the young laird, was new wedded,
His auld sweetheart, Jenny, luik'd wae ;
While some were aw titterin and flyrin,
The lads rubb'd her down wi' pez strae.

Rob Lowson tuik part wi' peer Jenny,
And brong snift'ring Gwordie a cluff ;
I' th' scuffle they leam'd Lowson's mudder,
And fain they'd hae stripp'd into buff :
Neist Peter caw'd Gibby a rebel,
And aw rwoar'd out, that was queyte wrang ;
Cried Deavie, "Shek hans, and nae mair on't—
I's sing ye a bit of a sang."

He lilted "The King and the Tinker,"
And Wully struck up "Robin Hood ;"
Dick Mingins tried "Hooly and Fairly,"
And Martha "The Babs o' the Wood ;"
They push'd round a glass leyke a noggin,
And bottom'd the greybeard complete ;
Then crack'd till the muin glowr'd amang them,
And wish'd yen anudder guid neet.

THE FELLOWS ROUND TORKIN.

[AIR: "The Yorkshire Concert."—Torkin is a wood-covered hill, near Crofton-hall, the seat of Sir Robert Brisco, Bart. For obvious reasons we are only able to print the burden of this song.]

We'er aw feyne fellows round Torkin
We're aw guid fellows weel met ;
We're aw wet fellows round Torkin,
Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat ;

Let's drink to the lasses about us,
Till day's braid glare bids us start ;
We'll sup till the saller be empty—
Come, Dicky, lad, boddom the quart.

* * * * *

We're aw 'cute fellows round Torkin ;
We're aw sharp fellows weel met ;
We're aw rare fellows round Torkin,
Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat :

Let's drink to the lang, leame, and lazy,
Deef, dum, black, brown, bleer-e'd, and blin,
May they suin get weel weddet and beddet,
If lads they can onie where fin !

KING ROGER.

AIR : "Hallow Fair."

"Twas but tudder neet after darknin,
We sat owre a bleezin turf fire ;
Our deame she was stirrin' a cow-drink,
Our Betty milk'd kye in the byre :
"Ay, fadder!" cried out our lal Roger,
"I wish I were nobbet a king!"
"Wey, what wad te dui?" says I, "Roger,
Suppose tou cou'd tek thy full swing!"

"Furst, you sud be lword judge and bishop;
My mudder sud have a gold crutch;
I'd build for the peer fwok fine houses,
And gie them—aye, ever sae much!
Our Betty sud wed Charley Miggins,
And wear her stamp'd gown ev'ry day;
Sec dancin we'd have in the cock-loft,
Bill Adams the fiddle sud play.

"A posset I'd have to my breakfast,
And sup wi' a breet siller spuin ;
For dinner I'd have a fat crowdy,
And strang tea at mid afternuin :
I'd wear neyce white cotton stockings,
And new gambaleery clean shoes,
Wi' jimp lively black fustin breeches,
And ev'ry fine thing I cou'd choose.

"I'd have monie thousands o' shippin',
To sail the wide warl aw about;
I'd say to my soldiers, 'Gang owre seas,
And kill the French dogs out and out!'
On our lang-tail'd naig I'd be mounted,
My footmen in silver and green;
And when I'd seen aw foreign countries,
I'd mek Aggy Glaister my queen.

"Our meadow sud be a girt worchet,
And grow nought at aw but big plums;
A schuil-house we'd build—as for maister,
We'd e'en hing him up by the thumbs.
Joss Feddon sud be my head huntsman,
We'd keep seeben couple o' dogs,
And kill aw the hares i' the kingdom;
My mudder sud wear weel-greas'd clogs.

"Then Cursmas sud last, ay for ever!
And Sundays we'd hae twayce a week;
The muin sud show leet aw the winter;
Our cat and our cwoley sud speak:
The peer fwok sud leeve widout workin,
And feed on plum-puddin and beef;
Then aw wad be happy, for sarten,
There nowther cou'd be rwogue or thief."

Now thus run on leytle king Roger,
But suin aw his happiness fled;
A spark frae the fire brunt his knockle,
And off he crap whingin to bed:

Thus fares it wi' beath young and auld fwok,
Frae king to the beggar we see ;
Just cross us i' th' midst o' our greatness,
And peer wretched creatures are we !

THE PEET-SELLER'S LAMENT FOR
HIS MARE.

AIR : " Hey tutty tatty."

My bonny, bonny black meer's dead !
The thought's e'en leyke to turn my head !
She lead the peets, and gat me bread ;
But what will I dui now ?
And she was bworn when Jwohn was bworn,
Just nineteen years last Thursday mworn ;
Puir beast ! had she got locks o' cworn,
She'd been alive I trow !

When young, just leyke a deil she ran ;
The cart-gear at Durdar she wan ;
That day saw me a happy man—
Now tears gush frae my e'e :
For the meer's geane ; and my wife's geane ;
And Jwohn's a sodger far frae heame ;
Wi' brokken spirits!—left my leane !
I've none to comfort me !

When wheyles I mounted on my yad,
I never rode leyke yen stark mad ;
We toddl'd on, and beath were glad
 To see our sonsie deame :
Our meer, the neighbours weel she knew ;
And aw the deyke-backs where grass grew ;
And when she'd pang'd her belly fou,
 How proudly she cam heame !

Nae pamper'd beast e'er heeded we ;
Nae wind or weet e'er dreaded she ;
I never cried "Wo-ah!" or "Jee!"
 She kent—aye, ev'ry turn.
And wheyles I gat her teates o' hay,
And gave her watter twice-a-day :
But now she's dead ! I'm wae to say ;
 Then how can I but mourn ?

Frae Tindal-fell twelve pecks she'd bring—
She was a yad fit for a king !
I never struck her, silly thing !
 'Twas hard we twea sud part !
I's auld, and feal'd, and ragg'd, and peer ;
I cannot raise anither meer ;
I cannot leeve anither year,
 The loss will break my heart !

ELIZABETH'S BURTH-DAY.

AIR : "Lillibulero."

"Ay, Wulliam! neist Monday's Elizabeth's burth-day!

She is a neyce lass, tho' she were nin o' mine.
We mun ax the Miss Dowson's, and auld Brodie's
young fwok :

I wish I'd but seav'd a swope geuseberry wine.
She'll be sebenteen ; what, she's got thro' her larnin ;
She dances as I did when first I kent thee.
As for Tom, her cruik'd billy, he stumps leyke a
cwoach-horse ;
We'll ne'er mek a man on him, aw we can dee."

"Hut, Jenny! hod tongue o' thee! praise nae sec
varment,

She won't mend a sark, but reads novels, proud
brat !

She dance ! what, she turns in her taes, thou peer
gonny,

Caw her Bet, 'twas the neame her auld granny
aye gat.

No, Tommy for my money ! he reads his Bible,
And hes sec a lovingly squint wid his een ;
He sheps as leyke me, as ae bean's leyke anudder ;
She snurls up her neb, just a shem to be seen!"

"Shaff, Wully! that's fashion—tou kensnout about it ;
She's streight as a resh, and as reed as a rwose,
She's sharp as a needle, and luiks leyke a leady ;

Thou talks, man—a lass cannot meake her awn
nwose!

She's delicate meade, and nit fit for the country ;
For Tom, he's knock-knee'd, wi' twea girt ass-buird
feet ; [brag on ;
God help them he sheps leyke! they've little to
Tho' ours, I've oft thought he was nit varra reet."

"O, Jen! thou's run mad wi' thygossips and trumpery :
Our lal bit o' lan' we maun sell, I declare ;
I yence thought thee an angel,—thou's turn'd just
a deevil,

Has fash'd me reet lang, and oft vexes me sair :
This fashion and feasting brings monie to ruin,
A duir o' my house they shall nit come within ;
As for Bet, if she dunnet gang off till a sarvice,
When I's dead and geane she shall nit hev a pin."

"Stop, Wull! whea was't brong thee that fortune?
peer gomas!

Just thirteen guid yacres as lig to the sun ;
When I tuik up wi' thee, I'd lost peer Gwordy Glossip,
I've rued sin' that hour to the kurk when we run :
Were thou cauld and coffin'd, I'd suin get a better ;
Sae creep off to bed, nit a word let us hear !
They shall come, if God spare us, far mair than I
mention'd—

Elizabeth's burth-day but comes yence a-year!"

BORROWDALE JWOHNY.

AIR : "I am a young fellow."

I's Borrowdale Jwohny, just cumt up to Lunnon,
Nay, girn nit at me, for fear I laugh at you ;
I've seen knaves donn'd i' silks, and guid men gang
in tatters,

The truth we sud tell, and gie auld Nick his due.
Nan Watt pruv'd wi' bairn—what, they caw'd me
the fadder ;

Thinks I, *shekum filthy* ! be off in a tryce !
Nine Carel bank nwotes mudder slipt i' my pocket,
And fadder neist gev me reet holesome adveyce.

Says he, "keep frae t' lasses ! and ne'er luik ahint
thee."

"We're deep as the best o' them, fadder," says I.
They pack'd up ae sark, Sunday weastcwoat, twea
neckcloths,

Wot bannock, cauld dumplin, and top stannin pie :
I mounted black filly, bade God bless the auld fwok,
Cries fadder, "Tou's larn'd, Jwohn, and hes
nought to fear ;

Caw and see cousin Jacop ! he's got aw the money ;
He'll git thee sum guverment please, to be seer !"

I stopp'd on the fell, tuik a lang luik at Skiddaw,
And neist at the schuil-house amang the esh trees ;
Last thing saw the smuik rising up frae our chimley,
And fun' aw quite queer, wid a heart ill at ease :

But summert within me cried, Pou up thy spirits!
There's luck, says auld Lizzy, in feacin the sun;
Tou's young, lish, and cliver, may wed a feyne leady,
And come heame a Nabob—aye, sure as a gun!

Knowing manners, what, I doff'd my hat to aw
strangers,
Wid a spur on my heel, a yek siplin in han',
It tuik me nine days and six hours comin up-bank,
At the *Whorns*—aye, 'twas *Highget*, a chap bad
me stan' :
Says he, "How's all friends in the North, honest
Johnny!"
Odswunters! I says, what, ye divent ken me!
I paid twea wheyte shillins, and fain was to see him,
Nit thinkin on't rwoad onie 'quaintance to see.

Neist thing, what big kurks, gilded cwoaches, hee
houses,
And fwok runnin thro' other, leyke Carel fair;
I ax'd a smart chap where to fin' cousin Jacep,
Says he, "Clown, go look!" "Friend," says I,
"tell me where?"
Fadder's letter to Jacep hed got nae *subscription*,
Sae, when I was glowrin and siz'lin about,
A wheyte-feac'd young lass, aw dress'd out leyke a
leady,
Cried, "Pray, Sir, step in!" but I wish I'd kept
out.

She pou'd at a bell, leyke our kurk-bell it sounded,
In com a sarvant lass and she order'd some wine;
Says I, I's nit dry, sae, pray Madam, excuse me;
Nay, what she insisted I sud stop and dine.
She meade varra free—'twas a shem and a byzen!
I thought her in luive wi' my *parson*, for sure;
And promis'd to caw agean;—as for black filly,
(Wad onie believ't) she was stown frae the duir!

Od dang't! waur than that—when I greap'd my
breek pocket,
I fan fadder' watch, and the nwotes were aw gaene;
It was neet, and I luik'd lang and sair for kent
feaces,
But Borrowdale fwok I cou'd niver see neane.
I slept on the flags, just ahint the kurk-corner,
A chap wid a girt stick and lantern com by,
He caw'd me peace-breaker—says I, tou's a lear—
In a pleace leyke a saller they fworc'd me to lie.

Nae caff bed or blanket for silly pilgarlic;
Deil a wink cou'd I sleep, nay, nor yet see a
steyme;
Neist day I was ta'en to the Narration Offish,
When a man in a wig said, I'd duin a sad creyme.
Then ane ax'd my neame, and he pat on his speckets,
Says I, "Jwohny Cruckdeyke—I's Borrowdale
bworn;"
Whea think ye it prui'd but me awn cousin Jacep,
He seav'd me frae t' gallows, ay that varra mworn.

He spak to my lword, some hard words quite
outlandish,

Then caw'd for his cwoach, and away we rode
heame;

He ax'd varra kind efter fadder and mudder,
I said they were bravely, and neist saw his deame;

She's aw puff and powder; as for cousin Jacep,

He's got owre much gear to teake nwtish o' me;
But if onie amang ye sud want a lish sarvant,
Just bid me a weage—I'll uphod ye, we's 'gree.

January, 1807.

THE LAST NEW SHOON OUR BETTY GAT.

AIR: "Tak your auld cloak about ye."

The last new shoon our Betty gat,
They pinch her feet, the deil may care!
What, she mud hae them leady like,
Tho' she hes corns for evermair!
Nae black gairn stockins will she wear,
They mun be white, and cotton feyne!
This meks me think o' other teymes,
The happy days o' auld lang seyne!

Our dowter, tui, a palace* bought,
A guid reed cloak she cannot wear;
And stays, she says, spoil leady's sheps—
Oh! it wad mek a parson swear.

* Pelisse.

Nit ae han's turn o' wark she'll dui,
She'll nowther milk nor sarra t' sweyne—
The country's puzzen'd round wi' preyde,
For lasses work'd reet hard lang seyne!

We've three guid rooms in our clay house,
Just big eneugh for sec as we;
They'd hev a parlour built wi' bricks,
I mud submit—what cou'd I dee?
The saddle neist was thrown aseyde,
It meeght hae sarra'd me and mine;
My mudder thought it mens'd a house—
But we think shem o' auld lang seyne!

We us'd to gae to bed at dark,
And rose agean at four or five;
The mworn's the only time for wark,
If fwok are only healthy and wad thrive:
Now we get up—nay, God kens when!
And nuin's owre suin for us to deyne;
I's hungry or the pot's hawf boil'd,
And wish for teymes leyke auld lang seyne.

Deuce tek the fuil-invented tea!
For tweyce a-day we that mun have:
Then taxes get so monstros hee,
The deil a plack yen now can seave!
There's been nae luck throughout the lan',
Sin' fwok mud like their betters sheyne;
French fashions mek us parfet fuils;
We're caff and san' to auld lang seyne!

THE BUCK O' KINGWATTER.

[AIR: "The Breckans of Brampton."—The vale of Kingwater lies near Gilsland, in the immediate neighbourhood of Triermaine Tower and Askerton Castle. "The lordly halls of Triermaine" supplied the title to one of Sir Walter Scott's poems.]

When I was single, I rid a feyne naig,
And was caw'd the Buck o' Kingwatter ;
Now the cwoat o' my back has got but ae sleeve,
And my breeks are aw in a tatter.

Sing, Oh! the lasses! the lazy lasses!

Keep frae the lasses o' Branton!

I ne'er wad hae married, that day I married,
But I was young, feulish, and wanton.

I courted a lass—an angel I thought—

She's turn'd out the picture of evil ;

She geapes, yen may count ev'ry tuith in her head,
And shouts fit to freeten the deevil.

Sing, Oh, the lasses, &c.

To-day she slipt out, some 'bacco to buy,

And bade me mind rock the cradle ;

I cowp'd owre asleep, but suin she com in,

And brak aw my head wi' the ladle.

Sing, Oh, the lasses, &c.

I ne'er hed a heart to hannel a gun,

Or I'd run away, and leave her.

She pretends to win purns, but that's aw fun,

They say she's owre kind wi' the weaver.

Sing, Oh, the lasses, &c.

I dinnerless gang ae hawf o' the week ;
If we get a bit meat on a Sunday,
She cuts me nae mair than wad physic a snipe ;
Then we've 'tatey and point ev'ry Monday.
Sing, Oh, the lasses, &c.

Tho' weary o' life, wi' this guid-for-nought wife,
I wish I cou'd get sec anudder ;
And then I cou'd gie the deevil the teane,
For teakin away the tudder !
Sing, Oh, the lasses, &c.

MADAM JANE.

AIR: "I will hae a wife."

Money meks us bonny,
Money meks us glad;
Be she auld or ugly,
Money brings a lad.
When I'd ne'er a penny,
Deil a lad hed I—
Pointin aye at Jenny,
Laughin they flew by.

Money causes flatt'ry,
Money meks us vain;
Money changes aw things—
Now I'm *Madam Jane*.

Sen auld Robby left me
Houses, fields, nit few,
Lads thrang round i' clusters,
I'm a beauty now !

Money meks us merry,
Money meks us bra' ;
Money gets us sweethearts—
That's the best of a' !
I hae fat and slender,
I hae shwort and tall ;
I hae rake and miser—
I despise them all !

Money they're aw seeking,
Money they's git neane ;
Money sends them sneaking
Efter *Madam Jane* !
There's ane puir and bashfu',
I hae i' my e'e ;
He's git han' and siller,
Gin he fancies me.

YOUNG SUSY.

AIR : "Daintie Davie."

Young Susy is a bonny lass,
A canny lass, a teydey lass,
A mettli'd lass, a hearty lass,
As onie yen can see ;

A clean-heel'd lass, a weel-spok lass,
A buik-larn'd lass, a kurk-gawn lass,
I watna how it com to pass,

She's meade a fuil o' me.

I's tir'd o' workin, ploughin, sowin,
Deetin, deykin, threshin, mowin ;
Seeghin, greanin, never knowin
What I's gawn to de.

I met her—aye, 'twas this day week!
Od die! thought I, I'll try to speak ;
But tried in vain the teale to seek,

For sec a lass is she !

Her jet black hair hawf hides her brow,
Her een just thirl yen thro' and thro'—
But oh! her cheeks and cherry mou'
Are far owre sweet to see!

I's tir'd o' workin, &c.

Oh, cou'd I put her in a sang!
To hear her praise the heale day lang,
She mud consent to kurk to gang ;

There's puirer fwok than me !

But I can nowther rhyme nor rave,
Luive meks yen sec a coward slave;
I'd better far sleep i' my grave—

But, oh, that munnet be !

I's tir'd o' workin, plowin, sowin,
Deetin, deykin, threshin, mowin ;
Seeghin, greanin, never knowin
What I's gawn to de.

PEGGY PEN.

AIR: "Miss Forbes' Farewell."

The muin shone breet the tudder neet;
The kye was milk't, aw t' wark was duin;
I wash'd my feace, an' cwom't my hair,
Threw off my clogs, put on greas'd shoon;
The clock struck eight, as out I stule;
The rwoad I tuik, reet weel I ken;
An' crost the watter, clam the hill,
I' hopes to meet wi' Peggy Pen.

When i' the wood, I heard some talk;
They cutter'd on, but varra low;
I hid mysel ahint a yek,
An' Peggy wi' a chap suin saw:
He smackt her lips, she cried, "Give owre!
We lasses aw are pleag't wi' men;"
I tremlin stuid, but dursent speak,
Tho' fain wad coddled Peggy Pen!

He cawt her Marget, sometimes Miss;
He spak queyte feyne, and kiss'd her han';
He bragg'd of aw his fadder hed;
I sigh'd; for we've nae house or lan':
Said he, "My dear, I've watch'd you oft,
And seen you link through wood and glen,
With one George Moor, a rustic poor,
Not fit to wait on sweet Miss Pen!"

She drew her han', and turn'd her roun';
 "Let's hae nae mair sec talk," says she;
"Tho' Gwordie Muir be nobbet puir,
 He's dearer nor a prince to me!
My fadder scauls, mworn, nuin, and neet;
 My mudder fratches sair—what then?
This warl's gear cou'd never buy
 Frae Gworge, the luive o' Peggy Pen!

"O Miss!" says he, "forget such fools;
 Nor heed the awkward, stupid clown;
If such a creetcher spoke to me,
 I'd quickly knock the booby down."
"Come on," says I, "thy strength e'en try;
 An' head owre heels sec chaps I'd sen':
Lug off thy cwoat: I'll feight aw neet,
 Wi' three, leyke thee, for Peggy Pen."

Now off he flew; my arms I threw
 Around her waist; away we went;
I ax'd her, if she durst be meyne;
 She squeez'd my han', an' gev consent:
We tawkt and jwokt, as lovers sud:
 We parted at their awn byre en';
And ere another month be owre,
 She'll change, to Muir, frae Peggy Pen!

THREESCORE AND NINETEEN.

AIR by the Author.

Aye, aye, I's feeble grown,
And feckless—weel I may!
I's threescore and nineteen,
Aye, just this varra day!
I hae nae teeth, my meat to chew,
But little sarras me:
The best thing I eat or drink,
Is just a cup o' tea.

Aye, aye, the bairns mak gam,
And pleague me suin and late;
Men fwok I like i' my heart,
But bairns and lasses hate.
This gown o' mine's lang i' the waist,
Auld-fashion'd i' the sleeve;
It meks me luik like fourscore,
I verily believe.

Aye, aye, what I's deef,
My hearin's quite geane;
I's fash'd wi' that sad cough aw neet,
But little I complain.
I smuik a bit, and cough a bit,
And then I try to spin;
And then I daddle to the duir,
And then I daddle in.

Aye, aye, I wonder much,
How women can get men ;
I've tried for threescore years and mair,
But never could get yen.
Deil tek the cat—what is she at ?
Lie quiet on the chair :
I thought it e'en was Daniel Strang,
Comin' up the stair.

Aye, aye, I've bed and box,
And kist, and clock, and wheel,
And tub, and rock, and stuil, and pan,
And chair, and dish, and reel ;
And luiking-glass, and chammer-pot,
And bottles for smaw beer ;
Mouse trap, saut box, kettle, and—
That's Danny sure I hear.

Aye, aye, he's young enough,
But, oh, a reet nice man ;
And I wad ne'er be cauld in bed,
Cou'd I but marry Dan.
Deuce tek that cough, that weary cough
It never let's me be ;
I's kilt wi' that and gravel beath—
Oh, Daniel, come to me.

CAREL FAIR.

AIR : "Woo'd and married and a'."

My neame's Jurry Jurden, frae Threlkelt ;
 Just swat down, and lissen my sang ;
 I'll mappen affword some divarsion,
 And tell ye how monie things gang.

Crops o' aw maks are gud ; tateys lang as lapsteans, and
 dry as meal. Times are sae sae ; for the thin-chop'd, hawf-
 neak'd beggars flock to our house leyke bees tot' hive ; and
 our Cwoley bit sae monie, I just tuck'd him up i' the worchet.
 Mudder boils tem a knop o' Lunnen Duns, ivery day ; and
 fadder gies tem t' barn to lig in. If onie be yebel to work,
 wey he pays them rect weel ; efter aw the rattle !

Some threep 'at the teymes 'll git better ;
 And laugh to see onie repeyne ;
 I's nae pollytishin, that's sarten,
 But England seems in a decleyne !

I rose afwore three, tudder mwornin,
 And went owre to see Carel fair ;
 I'd heard monie teales o' thur dandies—
 Qdswinge ! how they mek the fwok stare !

Thur flay-crows wear lasses stays ; and buy my Lword
 Wellinten's buits ; cokert, but nit snout-bandit. Mey sarte !
 sec a laugh I gat, to see a tarrier meakin watter on yen o'
 their legs ! They're seerly mongrels, hawf-monkey breed :
 shept for awt' warl leyke wasps, smaw i' t' middle. To see
 them paut pauten about, puts me i' meyn o' our aul gander ;
 an' if they meet a bonny lass, they darn't turn roun to luik at
 her ; efter aw the rattle !

But, shaff o' sec odd trinkum-trankums !
Thur hawf-witted varmen bang aw ;
They'd freeten auld Nick, sud they meet him—
A dandy's just fit for a show !

I neist took a glowre 'mang the butchers,
An' gleymt at their lumps o' fat meat ;
They've aw maks the gully can dive at—
It meks peer fwok hungry to see't.

* * * * *

An odd seet I saw, 'twas t'naig market,
Where aw were as busy as bees ;
Sec lurryan an' trottin an' scamprin—
Lord help tem !—they're meade up o' lees !

“Try a canter, Deavie.”—“Whoar gat te t' powny, Tim?”
—“Wey, at Stegahe.”—“That's a bluid meer,” says aul
Breakshe, “she was gitten by Shrimp, an' out o' Madam Wag-
tail; she wan t' king's plate at Donkister, tudder year.”—
“Wan the deevil!” says yen tull him, “Tou means t' breydle
at Kingmuir, min !”—“Here's a naig ! nobbet just nwotish
his e'en ! Dud ye iver see yen cock sec a tail widout a pepper-
cworn?” “What dust te ax for him, canny man?”—“Wey,
he's weel worth twonty pun; but I'll teake hawf.”—“Twonty
deevils ! I'll gie thee twonty shillin : efter aw the rattle !”

Neist daunderin down to the cow fair,
A famish rough rumpus I saw ;
For Rickergeate lwoses her charter,
Sud theer be nae feightin at aw.

Shem o' them ! thur peer country hanniels,
That slink into Carel to feight !
Deil bin them ! when free frae hard labour,
True pleasure sud be their deleyte.

"Sees te Kilek, theer'st peer hulkin chap at meks aw t' bits o' Cummerlan' ballets!"—"The deevil! fye Jobby, let's off frev him, for fear!"—"Here's yer whillimer; lank and lean, but cheap an' clean!" says yen. "Buy a pair of elegant shun, young gentleman!" cries a dandy snob, "they were meade for Mr. Justice Grunt. Weages are hee, and ledder's dear; but they're nobbet twelve shillin." Then a fat chap wid a hammer selt clocks, cubberts, teables, chairs, pots and pans, for nought at aw; efter aw the rattle!

Then peer bits o' hawf-broken farmers
 In leggins, were struttin about;
 Were teymes guid, they'd aw become dandies—
 We'll ne'er leeve ta see that, I doubt!
 Sec screapin and squeekin 'mang t' fiddlers;
 I crap up the stairs, to be seer;
 But suin trotted down by the waiter,
 For deil a bit cap'rin was theer.

What, lads and lasses are far owre proud to dance now-a-days. I stowtert ahint yen desst out leyke a gingerbread queen, an' when I gat a gliff at her, whee sud it be but Jenny Murthet, my aul sweetheart. I tried to give her a buss, but coddent touch her muzzle; for she wore yen o' thur meal scowp bonnets. Jenny'll hev a mountain o' money; an' mey stars, she's a walloper! Aa! just leyke a house en! As for me, I's nobbet a peer lillyprushen; but she'll be meyne, efter aw the rattle!

Sae we link'd, an' we laugh'd, an' we chatter'd;
 Few husseys leyke Jenny ye'll see:
 O hed we but taen off to Gretna,
 Nin wad been sae happy as we!
 We went thro' the big kurk, an' cassel;
 And neist tuik a rammel thro' t' streets:
 What, Carel's the place for feyne houses,
 But monie a peer body yen meets;

Ay ! yen in tatters, wi' ae-e'shoutet, "Here's last speech,
confession, and deen words o' Martha Mumps : she was
hang't, for committin a reape on"—Hut shaff ! I forgit his
neame. Anudder tatterdemalion says, "Come, buy a full
chinse Indy muslin ; nobbet sixpence hawspenny a yard ?"
Jenny bowt yen, an' it was rotten as muck. Then theer was
bits o' things wi' their neddys, and rwoarin upt' lanes,
"Bleng-ki-ship cwoals !" Sec cheatin, stealin, wheedlin,
leen, rwoarin, swearin, drinkin, feightin, meks Fairs nowt et
dow ; efter aw the rattle !

Thro' leyfe we hev aw maks amang us ;
Sad changes ilk body mun share :
To-day we're just puzzen'd wi' pleasure ;
To-morn we're bent double wi' care !

September, 1819.

THE DAWTIE.

AIR : "I'm o'er young to marry yet."

"Tho' weel I like ye, Jwohny lad,
I cannot, munnet marry yet !
My peer auld mudder's unco bad,
Sae we a wheyle mun tarry yet ;
For ease or comfort she hes neane—
Life's just a lang, lang neet o' pain ;
I munnet leave her aw her leane,
And wunnet, wunnet marry yet !"
"O Jenny ! dunnet brek this heart,
And say, we munnet marry yet ;
Thou cannot act a jillet's part—
Why sud we tarry, tarry yet ?

Think, lass, of aw the pains I feel ;
 I've lik'd thee lang, nin kens how weel !
 For thee, I'd feace the varra deil—
 O say not, we mun tarry yet ! ”

“ A weddet life's oft dearly bought ;
 I cannot, munnet marry yet ;
 Ye hae but little—I hae nought,
 Sae, we a wheyle mun tarry yet !
 My heart's yer awn, ye needna fear,
 But let us wait anudder year,
 And luive, and toil, and screape up gear—
 We munnet, munnet marry yet !

“ ’Twas but yestreen, my mudder said,
 ‘ O, dawtie ! dunnet marry yet !
 I'll suin lig i' my last cauld bed ;
 Tou's aw my comfort—tarry yet.’
 Whene'er I steal out o' her seet,
 She seeghs, and sobs, and nought gangs reet—
 Whisht !—that's her feeble voice ;—guid neet !
 We munnet, munnet marry yet ! ”

THE CODBECK WEDDIN.

AIR : “ Andrew Carr.”

They sing of a weddin at Worton,
 Where aw was feight, fratchin, and fun ;
 Feegh !—sec a yen we've hed at Codbeck,
 As niver was under the sun :

The breydegruim was weaver Joe Bewley,
He com frae about Lowthet Green ;
The breyde, Jwohny Dalton's lish dowter,
And Betty was weel to be seen.

Sec patchin, and weshin, and bleachin,
And starchin, and darning auld duds ;
Some lasses thought lang to the weddin—
Unax'd, others sat i' the suds.
There were tweescwooge and seeben inveytet,
God speed tem, 'gean Cursenmass-day ;
Dobson' lads, tui, what they mun come hidder—
I think they were better away.

Furst thing Oogle Willy, the fiddler,
Caw'd in, wi' auld Jonathan Strang ;
Neist stiff and stout, lang, leame, and lazy,
Frae aw parts com in wi' a bang ;—
We'd lads that wad eat for a weager,
Or feight, ay, till bluid to the knees ;
Fell-seyders, and Sowerby riff-raff,
That deil a bum-bealie dare seize.

The breyde hung her head, and luik'd sheepish,
'The breydegruim as wheyte as a clout ;
The bairns aw gleym'd thro' the kurk windows,
The parson was varra devout :
The ring was lost out of her pocket,
The breyde meade a bonny te-dee ;
Cries Goffet' wife, "Mine's meade o' pinchback,
And, la, ye ! it fits till a tee."

Now buckl'd, wi' fiddler's afwore them,
They gev Michael Crosby a caw ;
Up spak canny Bewley the breydegruim,
"Get slocken'd, lads, fadder pays aw."
We drank till aw seem'd blue about us,
We're aw murry deevils, tho' peer ;
Michael' wife says, "Widout onie leein,
A duck mud hae swam on the fleer."

Now, aw 'bacco'd owre, and hawf-drucken,
The men fwok wad needs kiss the breyde :
Joe Head, that's aye reckon'd best spokesman,
Whop'd "Guid wad the couple beteyde."
Says Michael, "I's reet glad to see you,
Suppwosin I gat ne'er a plack."
Cries t' wife "That'll nowther pay brewer,
Nor get bits o' sarks to yen's back."

The breyde wad dance "Coddle me Cuddie,"
A threesome then caper'd Scotch reels ;
Peter Weir cleek'd up auld Mary Dalton,
Leyke a cock round a hen next he steals ;
Jwohn Bell yelp'd out "Sowerby Lasses ;"
Young Jwosep a lang country dance,
He'd got his new pumps Smithson meade him,
And fain wad show how he cou'd prance.

To march round the town, and keep sober,
The women fwok thought was but reet ;
"Be wise, dui, for yence," says Jwohn Dyer,
The breydegruim mud reyde shoulder heet ;—

The youngermak lurried ahint them,
Till efter them Bell meade a brek ;
Tom Ridley was aw baiz'd wi' drinkin,
And plung'd off the steps i' the beck.

To Hoodless's now off they sizell'd,
And there gat mair than eneugh ;
Miller Hodgson suin brunt the punch ladle,
And full'd ev'ry glass wid his leuf ;
He thought he was teakin his mouter,
And deil a bit conscience has he ;
They preym'd him wi' stiff punch and jollop,
Till Sally Scott thought he wad dee.

Joe Sim rwoar'd out, " Bin, we've duin wonders !
Our Mally's turn'd howe i' the weame."
Wi' three strings atween them, the fiddlers
Straek up and they reel'd towards heame ;
Meyner Leytle wad now hoist a standard—
Peer man ! he cou'd nit daddle far,
But stuck in a pant 'buin the middle,
And yen tuik him heame in a car.

The breyde geavin aw round about her,
Cries, " Wuns ! we forgat butter sops !"
The breydegruim fan' nae time for talkin,
But wi' stannin pie greas'd his chops.
We'd lopper'd milk, skimm'd milk, and kurn'd milk,
• Well water, smaw beer, aw at yence ;
" Shaff ! bring yell in piggins !" rwoars Dalton,
• " Deil tek them that cares for expense !"

Now aw cut and cleek'd frae their neyboors,
 'Twas even down thump, pull and haul ;
Joe Head gat a geuse aw together,
 And off he crap into the faul ;
Muckle Nanny cried, "Shem o' sec weastry !"
 The ladle she brak owre ill Bell ;
Tom Dalton sat thrang in the corner,
 And eat nar the weight of his-sel.

A hillibuloo was now started,
 'Twas " Rannigal! whee cares for tee?"
"Stop, Tommy—whee's wife was i' the carras?
 Tou'd ne'er been a man but for me!"
Od dang thee!—To jail I cou'd send thee!
 Peer scraffles!—Thy lan' grows nae gurse!
Ne'er ak! it's my awn, and it's paid for!
 But whea was't stuil auld Tim Jwohn's purse?

Ned Bulman wad feight wi' Gworge Goffet—
 Peer Gwordy he nobbet stript thin,
And luik'd leyke a cock out o' fedder,
 But suin gat a weel-bleaken'd skin ;
Neist, Sanderson fratch'd wid a hay-stack,
 And Deavison fuight wi' the whins ;
Smith Leytle fell out wi' the cobbles,
 And peel'd aw the bark off his shins.

The hay-bay was now somewhat seyded,
 And young fwok the music men miss'd,
They'd drucken leyke fiddlers in common,
 And fawn owre ayont an auld kist ;

Some mair fwok that neet were a-missin,
Than Wully, and Jonathan Strang—
But decency whispers, "What matter!
Tou munnet put them in the sang."

Auld Dalton thought he was at Carel,
Says he, "Jacob: see what's to pay;
Come, ostler! heaste—get out the horses,
We'll e'en teake the rwoad, and away."
He cowp'd off his stuil leyke a sand bag,
Tom Ridley beel'd out, "Deil may care!"
For a quart o' het yel, and a stick in't,
Dick Simpson 'll tell ye far mair.

Come, bumper the Cumberlan' lasses,
Their marrows can seldom be seen;
And he that won't feight to defend them,
I wish he may ne'er want black een.
May our murry-neets, clay-daubins, races,
And weddins, aye finish wi' glee;
And when ought's amang us worth nwotish,
Lang may I be present to see.

THE ILL-GIEN WEYFE.

AIR: "My wife has ta'en the gee."

A toilsome leyfe for thirty years,
I patiently have spent,
As onie yen o' onie rank,
I' this weyde warl e'er kent;

For when at heame, or when away,
Nae peace there is for me ;
I's pester'd wi' an *ill-gien weyfe*,
That niver lets me be :
Aye teazin, ne'er ceasin,
Leyke an angry sea ;
Nae kurk-bell e'er hed sec a tongue;
And oft it deafens me !

When young, I wish'd for weyfe and weans,
But now the thought I scwarn ;
Thank Heav'n, a bairn o' owther sex
To me she ne'er has bworn !
Leyke fuils we wish our youth away,
When happy we mud be—
Aw ye that's pleagu'd wi' scauldin weyves,
I wish ye suin set free !
Grin, grinnin !—din, dinnin !
Toil and misery !
Better feed the kurk-yard worms
Than leeve sec slaves as we !

I's past aw wark, it's hard to want,
And auld and peer am I ;
But happiness i' this veyle warl,
Nae gear cou'd ever buy :
O were I on some owre-sea land,
Nae woman near to see,
At preyde an' grandeur I wad smeyle,
An' thanks to Heav'n wad gie :

O woman ! foe to man !
A blessin thou sud be ;
But wae to him that wears thy chain,
Peer wretch unblest leyke me !

When wintry blasts blow loud an' keen,
I's fain to slink frae heame ;
An' rather feace the angry storm,
Than her I hate to neame :
Wheyle she wi' sland'rous cronies met,
Sits hatchin monie a lee ;
The seet wad flay auld Nick away,
Or vex a saint to see.
Puff, puffin !—snuff, snuffin !
Ne'er frae mischief free ;
How weak is lwordly boastin man,
On sec to cast an e'e !

If to a neybor's house I steal,
To crack a wheyle at neet,
She hurries to me leyke a deil,
An' flays the fwok to see't ;
Whate'er I dui, whate'er I say,
Wi' her a faut mun be ;
I freet an' freet baith neet an' day,
But seldom clwose an e'e :
Wake, wakin !—shake, shakin !
Then she teks the gee ;
He's happy that lives aw his leane,
Compar'd wi' chaps leyke me.

To stop the never-ceasin storm,
I brong her cousin here;
She aw but brak the wee thing's heart,
An' cost her monie a tear:
If chance a frien' pops in his head,
Off to the duir she'll flee;
She snarls leyke onie angry cat,
An' sair I's vex'd to see!
Now fratchin, neist scratchin,
Oft wi' bleaken'd e'e;
I pray auld Nick hed sec a deame,
I trow he vex'd wad be!

How blithe man meets the keenest ills,
In this shwort voyage o' leyfe,
And thinks nae palace leyke his heame,
Blest wid a kindly weyfe:
But sure the greatest curse hard fate
To onie man can gie,
Is sec a filthy slut as meyne,
That ne'er yence comforts me;
Lads jeerin, lasses sneerin,
Cuckold some caw me;
I scrat an auld grey achin pow,
But darn't say they lee.

They're happy that have teydey weyves,
To keep peer bodies clean;
But meyne's a freetfu' lump o' filth,
Her marrow ne'er was seen:

Ilk dud she wears upon her back,
Is poison to the e'e ;
Her smock's leyke auld Nick's nuttin bag,
The deil a word I lee :
Dour an' dirty—house aw clarty !
See her set at tea,
Her feace defies baith seape and san',
To mek't just fit to see !

A bite o' meat I munnet eat,
Seave what I cuik mysel ;
Ae patch or clout she'll nit stick on,
Sae heame's just leyke a hell :
By day or neet, if out o' seet,
Seafe frae this canker'd she,
I pray and pray wi' aw my heart,
Death, suin tek her or me !
Fleyte, fleytin !—feight, feightin !
How her luik I dree !
Come tyrant rid me o' this curse,
Dui tek her ! I'll thank thee !

THE LASSES OF CAREL.

The lasses o' Carel are weel-shep'd and bonny,
But he that wad win yen mun brag of his gear ;
You may follow, and follow, till heart-sick and weary,
To get them needs siller, and feyne claes to wear :

They'll catch at a reed cwoat, leyke as monie mack'rel,
And jump at a fop, or e'en lissen a fuil ;
Just brag of an uncle that's got heaps of money,
And deil a bit odds, if you've ne'er been at schuil !

I yence follow'd Marget, the toast amang aw maks,
And Peg had a red cheek, and bonny dark e'e ;
But suin as she fan' I depended on labour,
She snurl'd up her neb, and nae mair luik'd at me :
This meks my words guid, nobbet brag o' yer uncle,
And get a peer hawf-wit to trumpet your praise,
You may catch whee you will, they'll caress ye, and
bless ye—

It's money, nit merit, they seek now-a-days !

I neist follow'd Nelly, and thought her an angel,
And she thought me aw that a mortal sud be :
A rich whupper-snapper just step in atween us,
Nae words after that pass'd atween Nell and me :
This meks my words guid, nobbet brag o' yer uncle,
They'll feight, ay leyke mad cats, to win yer sly
smile ;
And watch ye, to catch ye, now gazin' and praisin',
They're angels to luik at, wi' hearts full o' guile !



JOHN RAYSON.

JOH N RAYSON was for many years the sole survivor of those writers who, commencing with Relph, have swelled the poetical literature of Cumberland to so considerable a volume. On the father's side he was descended from a family which has been settled at Aglionby, near Carlisle, from time immemorial. The name is found in the Court Rolls spelled as Raison, Raeson, &c., and the probability is that the family has lived at Aglionby since the Norman conquest. The early part of Rayson's life was spent on his father's estate, but the intention seems to have been to make him a draper. He was in business at Carlisle, and also in London, and in both instances failed. For some time, too, he filled the situation of attorney's clerk, at Penrith, but did not relish the drudgery of such employment. Undoubtedly the kind of life best suited to his own temperament was that of village schoolmaster, and to this occupation he devoted himself for many years of his life, teaching in various parts of Cumberland with more or less success. In the free and easy style of living followed by the schoolmasters of the last

JOHN RAYSON'S BALLADS.

THE AULD PAUPER.

WERE auld and feeble now, Jean,
Our days will not be lang ;
They've telt me at the Board, Jean,
To workhouse we mun gang ;
My heart was lyke to break, Jean,
But them I could not bleame,
They said it was not law, Jean,
To give us bread at heame.
We've toil'd together lang, Jean,
Content wi' frugal fare ;
'Tis hard to part us now, Jean,
When we can work nae mair :
We'll for our few days left, Jean,
Be frae each other torn ;
I hop'd we would hae died, Jean,
In peace where we were born.
'Twas hard when our three sons, Jean,
Aw nearly up to men,
And fit to dui us guid, Jean,
Death summon'd yen by yen ;
And that sweet lass in Heaven, Jean,
Wha taught us how to pray—
At neet I hear her voice, Jean,
Oft calling us away.

We'll hae nae mair a heame, Jean,
Till we're amang the blest,
Where wicked cease oppressing,
"And weary are at rest ;"
Sae dry thy falling tears, Jean,
It gives my bosom pain,
We'll meet where cruel laws, Jean,
Will ne'er part us ageane.

ANN O' HETHERSGILI.

The fairest maids o' Britain's isle
'Mang Cumbria's mountains dwell ;
Sweet budding flowers unseen they bloom
By muirland, glen, or fell.
An' yen, the fairest o' them aw,
My heart cou'd ne'er be still,
To see her at the kirk or fair,
Sweet Ann o' Hethersgill.

Her feace was like the blushing rose,
Her heart was leet and free,
Ere she had felt the world's cares,
Or love blink'd in her e'e.
This fair bewitching feace wi' love
The hardest heart wad fill ;
The flower o' aw the country seyde
Was Ann o' Hethersgill.

She cheerful wrought her war-day work,
 Then sat down at her wheel,
 And sang o' luive the winter's neets,
 Ere she its pow'r did feel :
 And at the kirk, on Sunday mworns,
 None sang sae sweet and shrill ;
 The charming voice abuin them aw
 Was Ann's o' Hethersgill.
 But she saw Jock at Carel fair,—
 She nae mair was hersel ;
 She cudna sing when at her wheel,
 And sigh'd oft down the dell
 Jock is the laird o' Souter Muir,—
 He's now come o'er the hill
 And teane away his bonny bride,
 Sweet Ann o' Hethersgill.

THE TOM CAT.

[Tom, the subject of the following ballad, was brought up by the author at his office in Penrith. "He was," says the *Kendal Mercury*, "decidedly a prince amongst cats, and no cat ought to have been more proud of his position. Unfortunately, however, he had a great predilection for a vagabond life. He left his comfortable home on the Beacon-side for the wild woods, where he lived for months together : and though he occasionally returned to see his old master, and made sundry promises of reformation, yet he ultimately became one of the most abandoned cats in the country."]

Thou's wander'd frae thy heame, Tom,
 Past thy accustom'd rouns,
 And left thy own grimalkins here
 For cats o' other towns ;

Thou'lt be, nae doubt, ere lang, Tom,
Catch'd in the poacher's snare,
Or kill'd wi' dogs and guns, Tom,
Then we'll see thee nae mair.

Thy milk's ay set for thee, Tom,
And has been aw the week ;
The mice now, as they run, Tom,
In every corner squeak :
They care not for the kitten, Tom,
That play'd wi' thee at neet ;
It often mews for thee, Tom,
And makes yen wae to see't.

It luiks oft in the garden, Tom
Where thou wast last time seen,
And runs aw roun' about the house
Where thou and it have been.
It has nae cat to play with now,
To chase it round the room ;
It will not jump at ribbons now,
But sits in silent gloom.

Thou'd lal to do but eat, Tom,
And lie in cushan'd chair ;
Thou kens not when thou's weel, Tom,
Thou's ower like monie mair—
Just like the houseless wanderer
Who happy might hae been,
But ranks amang the vagabonds,
The meanest o' the mean.

When thou is far frae heame, Tom,
Thou'll miss auld Crummy's milk,
Which meade thee fat and fair, Tom,
Wi' skin like ony silk.
Sir Jeamie's* naval store, Tom,
Avoid wi' aw thy care,
The bastile o' the cats, Tom,
Or milk thou'll teaste nae mair.

I've little hopes left now, Tom,
That ever thou wilt mend,
But I would be content, Tom,
If I could know thy end.
How wilt thou face thy mistress, Tom?
Wi' her, black is thy neame;
Content be, like thy master, Tom,
Wi' some cat nearer heame.

I try thee to excuse, Tom,
To right and wrong thou's blind,
Yet thou but plays a like part
Wi' brutes o' human kind.
When human bodies err, Tom,
We cannot thee condemn;
Thou seems a harmless brute, Tom,
Compar'd to sec as them.

* It was reported, that Sir James Graham, when Lord of the Admiralty, stopped the usual supply of milk to the cats kept in the naval store.

When e'er I stray frae heame, Tom,
Past my appointed time,
Whiles musing in the wood, Tom,
In "blethering up a rhyme,"
I oft get hints o' thee, Tom,
In wandering away—
Come heame, and we'll reform, Tom,
And gang nae mair astray.

CHARLIE M'GLEN.

Lal Charlie M'Glen, he was brong up a pedder,
A wutless bit hav'ril, a conceited yape ;
He selt beggar-inkle, caps, muslins, and cottons,
Goons, neck'loths, and stockings, thread, needles,
and tape.

'Tis whuspert by sleet-han' he's meade lots o' money ;
His actions now pruive him the weale o' bad men :
He's guilty o' crimes that desarve him a gallows—
For biggest o' rascals is Charlie M'Glen.

Puir Bella, the weyfe, she's a decent man's douter,
And prays oft that Heaven wad give her relief ;
She's e'en been bedevel'd, leyke meast o' younglasses,
And claims to our pity, she's join'd till a thief.
A reace, fair, or market, he seldom yen misses,—
The Carel street-robbers he kens monie yen ;
For burds of a feather they ay flock together,
And sae mun thur villains wi' Charlie M'Glen.

At Skinburness reaces he pick'd a man's pocket—
 For slape-finger'd art he is equall'd by neane ;
 But he was o'erseen, and they seiz'd the vile sharper,
 And fworc'd him to give back the money ageane.
 At Abbey, last week, he fell in wi' Kit Stewart,
 And crowns frae his pocket he got nine or ten ;
 But suin for that job he was teane by the beaylies,
 But money frae prison seav'd Charlie M'Glen.

He's seldom at heame, and his weyfe's kept in
 terror,—

At neets i' the lonnings he's seen at aw teymes ;
 A swindlin' rascal he's been frae his cradle,—
 It's nit in yen's power to outnumber his crimes ;
 For he steals hens and ducks wi' thur neet-strolling
 fellows,

Oh ! happy's the country that's clear o' sec men !
 I whope that my lword, at the next Carel 'sizes,
 Will ship o'er the herring-dub Charlie M'Glen.

L I N E S

ADDRESSED TO A ROBIN WHICH THE AUTHOR FED ON
 HIS GARDEN WALL DURING THE WINTER.

What, Robin, wilt thou leave me now ?
 The wintry storms are past—
 The snow from off the mountain's brow
 Is disappearing fast :

Again there's music in the wood,
Thy mate's on yonder tree ;
The lark and thrush in concert join
In sweetest harmony.

Seek some retreat to build thy nest
In woodside bowers among,
And cease thy doleful winter chirp,
And tune thy summer song ;
And when I walk at evening's hour
Along the shady lane,
I'll hear thee in the hawthorn bush
Pour forth thy plaintive strain.

So, Robin, go and leave me now,
I never can thee blame,
When all to me of humankind
Have ever done the same.
Pretending friends I us'd the best
Who on my bounty fed,
When once I felt adversity
I found they all had fled.

It matter'd not whate'er they were,
False friends or open foes,
They basely all combin'd to add
Fresh burthens to my woes :
They stole my purse and left me poor,
And now in life's decline ;
They'd take from me what's dearer still,
" Good name " and peace of mind.

But, Robin, thou'rt "not man but bird"
 From which we never find
 Such proofs of base ingratitude
 As shown by human kind :
 So join the vocal throng, and pass
 The summer months away ;
 I know thou'lt sometimes come at eve
 And sing thy grateful lay.

And when the wintry blasts return,
 And ice-bound is the rill,
 Come to my garden wall again,
 And thou shalt have thy fill ;
 And through the storms of frost and snow,
 My plain and humble fare,
 Both thee and thy red-breasted mates
 Are welcome still to share.

LADY FAIR AT WIGTON.

AIR : "Borrowdale Jwohny."

At Wigton fair last, sec a show o' feine lasses
 I never hae seen aw the days o' my leyfe, [cherries,
 They're young, lish, and bonny, hev cheeks red as
 Fwok aw sud gan there if they've want of a weyfe.
 Let Carel fwoke brag o' their wheyte bits o' leadies,
 Wid Abbey Holme beauties they ne'er can compare,
 When drest aw in wheyte, wid green veils and straw
 bonnets,
 Alang wid stean'd horses to show at the fair.

Furst thing, Jacob Wulson frae 'bout Netherwelton,
Com here wid six douters in his tummel car ;
Then scwores o' lish huzzey's frae Caldbeck and
Hesket,

Frae Curthwaite com in, and frae aw far and nar.
Some butchers and barbers frae Carel we'll nwo'tish,
They war best at dancing, ay twenty to yen ;
They'd sweetheartsanew, but of that we'll lal mention,
For 'twad cause a dust if their weyves did but ken.

Says Johnson's lang Joe, let's gang up to Jwohn
Atchen's

We'll see lots o' spwort ye ken at the Half Muin ;—
We fan' Jenny Dalston wi' lal Betty Coulthard,
Says Joe ax them out, and I'll gang git a tune :
But Jenny, puir lass, hed just strain'd aw her ankle,
Sae we danc'd Betty Coulthard and lal Peggy Muir ;
But Joe wad fain put in some steps Adams larn'd
him,

And doon, leyke a sleater, fell flat on the fluir.

We sat 'seyde the window, and luik'd at stean'd
horses,

Says Betty yon brown on' belongs Wully Weir,—
It's strang bean'd, weel action'd a famish fwoal-gitter,
For just the last season it cover'd our meare ;
Wetret them wi' peppermint, punch meade o' brandy,
We drank, danc'd, and chatter'd there while it was
leet,

I set Betty heame aw the way to Kurkbanton,
And on the aul' saddle we coddl'd aw neet.



JOHN WOODCOCK GRAVES.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENT.

MY life has been so erratic and so singularly varied by unprecedented events that a volume of considerable compass might be filled to excite wonder, laughter, tears, or the deepest sorrow. It would be vain, however, to attempt any such task, as the space allowed will only admit of fragmentary portions or the barest outline.

My great grandfather, John Graves, lived and died a man of some property at Hesket-Newmarket. I never heard much of my grandfather, John Woodcock, but know that he had two sons and a daughter. My father's name was Joseph. He was a plumber, glazier, and ironmonger at Wigton ; and married Ann the seventh daughter of Thomas Matthews of the same place. I was the only son of the issue, and my mother used to tell very precisely that I was born at eight o'clock on the morning of the 9th of February, 1795,* and christened in the same mantle as was Count Henry Jerome De Salis.

* I think I am correct with the year ; but how far this is so may be seen at Wigton Church.

When six or seven years old I lived at Cocker-mouth with my uncle George. We boarded at an inn kept by his aunt, a widow, and I was sent to school, where I learned to read and cipher. When nine years old my father died, and we went to Wigton to attend the funeral, which I did not see as I was off at the time playing at marbles with my cousins. There I remained, and was sent to school in a "Clay Daubin" in a back yard. I passed through arithmetic and could excel my teacher in writing. I think this is all the school teaching I ever had. My mother strove to make my father "an honest man" by paying his debts when he was dead; saying, "I was his wife, and by that compact am responsible; though God knows that while I was saving he was spending." Widowed, helpless, and in debt, she walked to Carlisle to administer, but was told that she must have witness to the intestate effects; so her first journey to the county town was in vain.

About the age of fourteen I took off again to my uncle at Cockermouth, and remained with him till I was twenty. He was a house, sign, and coach painter, but rarely taught me anything. His wife and he kept a bathing hotel at Skinburness, which occupied a good deal of his time. He had a clever foreman, for whom I cared nothing; so I frequently went hunting with the hounds of Joseph Steel, Esq.—An old bachelor, whose name was Joseph Falder, and his sister lived opposite; and to that man I

owe anything good I have done or know. I spent every spare moment with this old pair. Mary, his sister, was a kind old woman, but occasionally took drink. Joe was most abstemious, and retired as a hermit. He lived a hundred years too soon. He was John Dalton's* intimate friend; and I could now pourtray them shaking hands, such a thrilling effect did their meeting produce on my young mind. Whenever I look back on what I have read and seen through life I cannot find a single man to compare to my old mentor. Dear amiable Joe Falder! he fixed in me a love of Truth, and bent my purpose to pursue it, guarding me against having my mind weakened by the false theories or superstitions which would inevitably arise around my walk in life.

My uncle declining business at Cockermouth, I felt a strong desire to go to France, Italy, &c. I had often talked with Joe about painters and sculptors; so I thought I would work, travel, and learn. I had made some drawings; and as he had taught me a little of comparative anatomy—grace—the line of beauty—that nature must always be our great guide—that copies from others are odious even in excellence—I was determined to strike out a path for myself on general principles, and to receive nothing as correct until I had learned, as

* John Dalton, the celebrated mathematician and natural philosopher: born at Eaglesfield, near Cockermouth, in 1766; died in 1844.

Euclid phrases it, *not only that the thing was true, but why it was so.* With my box on board at Skinburness to go to Liverpool, I went to Wigton on foot to bid farewell to my mother and sisters; but my friends pressed me so much to remain that I finally yielded much against my will. I was not long in Wigton before I was introduced to Miss Jane Atkinson of Rosley, whom I married. She only lived about twelve months after, and I was left to retirement in the house we had taken on Market-hill, Wigton.

I had a friend named Walter Simpson who was a very superior young man. We spent days and nights together; were subscribers to a library; and thus read, studied, and experimented. So the time passed for four or five years, when I thought I would marry a neighbour's daughter, whom I had known from childhood. I was daily in her father's house. One evening I had staid late reading in the parlour. She was sewing; the rest of the family had retired. After asking what o'clock it was, I laid down the paper and placing my arms on the table, said to her, "Miss Porthouse, I have been for some time thinking of putting a question to you." "And pray," asked she, "what kind of a question is it? A foolish one, I'll warrant." "I've been thinking," said I, "of proposing marriage to you!" She started, looked me sternly in the face, then without a single word snatched up the lighted candle, and indignantly stalked away—up stairs—and slammed

the door to. * * * * However, we were married afterwards and lived at Caldbeck, and have had eight children. I married her because I thought that she possessed a strong mind and mild temper.* She was as tall, or nearly so, as myself, exceedingly graceful in her deportment, and of good education. She could not be called a beauty, yet to a stranger there was that which won esteem in preference to beauty. Her friends were ardently attached to her, while her parents and the rest of the family stood in awe of her as the superior mind.

I was connected with the woollen mills at Caldbeck for some time ; but these turned out a ruinous game. I was cheated, robbed, and galled to such an extent, by those who ought to have been my best friends, that I resolved to go to the farthest corner of the earth. I made a wreck of all ; left machinery, book-debts, &c., in the hands of a relative, to provide for my two dear daughters whom I left behind ; and landed in Hobart Town, Tasmania, in 1833, with my wife and four children, and about £10 in my pocket. I cannot now begin an endless narrative of my travelling, voyaging, and adventures in these distant colonies. But if it should be my fortune to see the bonny hills of "auld Cumberlan'" again I will relate you

* This marriage was the fatal *sell* of my life—of prosperity, happiness, and peace. She died in 1858. God be thanked for his mercy !

sufficient strange incidents to make a book; and then, by waiting a little, you may fill in my death also.

In stature I am about the middle height, straight, proportionate, and of lithesome gait. I used to be called "lish," with a temper inclined to merriment, which has floated me over many woes; but, alas! how often have I thought that my poor mother's *Jerome mantle* ought to have been my shroud! I have frequently been called inventive, and during late years have brought to considerable perfection several machines—especially one for preparing the New Zealand flax. I think I am yet as free in thought as ever I was. I have always made a point of smashing my best work whenever I have found my ideas forestalled. I hate the man who apes the manner and habits of another.

Nearly forty years have now wasted away since John Peel and I sat in a snug parlour at Caldbeck among the Cumbrian mountains. We were then both in the hey-day of manhood, and hunters of the olden fashion; meeting the night before to arrange earth stopping; and in the morning to take the best part of the hunt—the drag over the mountains in the mist—while fashionable hunters still lay in the blankets. Large flakes of snow fell that evening. We sat by the fireside hunting over again many a good run, and recalling the feats of each particular hound, or narrow neck-break 'scapes, when a flaxen-haired daughter of mine came in saying,

"Father, what do they say to what granny sings!" Granny was singing to sleep my eldest son—now a leading barrister in Hobart Town—with a very old rant called *Bonnie (or Cannie) Annie*. The pen and ink for hunting appointments being on the table, the idea of writing a song to this old air forced itself upon me, and thus was produced, impromptu, *D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gray*. Immediately after I sung it to poor Peel who smiled through a stream of tears which fell down his manly cheeks; and I well remember saying to him in a joking style, "By Jove, Peel, you'll be sung when we're both run to earth."

As to John Peel's general character I can say little. He was of a very limited education beyond hunting. But no wile of a fox or hare could evade his scrutiny; and business of any shape was utterly neglected, often to cost far beyond the first loss. Indeed this neglect extended to the paternal duties in his family. I believe he would not have left the drag of a fox on the impending death of a child, or any other earthly event. An excellent rider, I saw him once on a moor put up a fresh hare and ride till he caught her with his whip. You may know that he was six feet and more, and of a form and gait quite surprising, but his face and head somewhat insignificant. A clever sculptor told me that he once followed, admiring him, a whole market day before he discovered who he was.

I remember he had a son Peter, about twelve

years old, who seemed dwarfish and imperfect. When Peter was put upstairs to bed, instead of prayers, he always set out with the call to the hounds. From the quest upwards he hunted them by name till the view holloa, when Peel would look delighted at me, and exclaim, "Dam it, Peter has her off! Noo he'll gae to sleep." On such occasions the father always listened as to reality, and abstractedly would observe, "Noo Peter, that's a double—try back. Hark ye, that's Mopsy running foil"—(then laugh)—"Run Peter, Dancer lees—flog him—my word he'll git it noo—but don't kill him quite, &c."—(and then laugh again.)

Peel was generous as every true sportsman ever must be. He was free with the glass "at the heel of the hunt;" but a better heart never throbbed in man. His honour was never once questioned in his life-time. In the latter part of his life his estate was embarrassed, but the right sort in all Cumberland called a meet some years since, and before parting they sang *John Peel* in full chorus, closing by presenting him with a handsome gratuity which empowered him to shake off his encumbrances, and die with a "hark tally-ho!"

SONGS

BY

JOHN WOODCOCK GRAVES.

D'YE KEN JOHN PEEL?

[AIR: "Bonnie (or Cannie) Annie."—The history of this celebrated hunting song is very curious, as will be seen by reference to the interesting autobiographical sketch of its author. Thirty years since no person could walk through the streets of Carlisle, without hearing some one or other either whistling the air, or singing the song. Since then its popularity has spread far and wide. It has been chanted wherever English hunters have penetrated in the world. It was heard in the soldiers' camps at the siege of Lucknow, and was lately sung before the Prince of Wales. Stray copies, and generally imperfect ones, have got into the newspapers; but it now appears for the first time in a general collection. The hunt is supposed to commence at Low Denton-holme, near Caldbeck—thence across a rugged stretch of country in a south-easterly direction—and bold reynard is finally run into on the heights of Scratchmere Scar, near Lazonby.—The old rant of "Bonnie Annie" is obsolete.]



YE ken John Peel with his coat so gray?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of the day?
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

'Twas the sound of his horn call'd me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds has me oft-times led;
For Peel's view holloa would 'waken the dead,
Or a fox from his lair in the morning.

D'ye ken that bitch whose tongue is death ?
D'ye ken her sons of peerless faith ?
D'ye ken that a fox with his last breath
Curs'd them all as he died in the morning ?
 'Twas the sound of his horn, &c.

Yes, I ken John Peel and auld Ruby, too,
Ranter and Royal and Bellman as true ;*
From the drag to the chase, from the chase to the view,
From the view to the death in the morning.
 'Twas the sound of his horn, &c.

And I've follow'd John Peel both often and far,
O'er the rasper-fence and the gate and the bar,
From Low Denton-holme up to Scratchmere Scar,
When we vied for the brush in the morning.
 'Twas the sound of his horn, &c.

Then, here's to John Peel with my heart and soul,
Come fill—fill to him another strong bowl :
And we'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul
While we're wak'd by his horn in the morning.
 'Twas the sound of his horn, &c.

* These were the real names of the hounds which Peel in
his old age said were the very best he ever had or saw.

MONODY ON JOHN PEEL.

[After having hunted as no other man could, a pack of fox hounds, to the delight of all Cumberland, for upwards of forty years, John Peel died full of honours in 1854, at the ripe age of seventy-eight. When intelligence reached Woodcock Graves, he at once took up his pen and, like a true sportsman, wrote the following manly tribute to the memory of his friend, the famous old hunter. It was sent to Mr. Mc.Mechan of the *Wigton Advertiser*, and first published in that paper. We should like much to see this fine Monody set to appropriate music.]

O heave not my heart, for this tear from mine eye
 I would dash were it not that I feel
 That the time will be soon when all hunters shall die,
 So I'll drop this one down for John Peel.
 Then turn up the glass,
 And so let the sand pass
 From one end to t'other; it may be
 Again death may strike,
 But can ne'er on the like,
 Or the next stroke may fall upon me.

Whenever in the chase, he was first of the field—
 Who has gone to the land o' the leal—
 What made the woods ring, till the stubborn oak reel'd,
 But the hounds and the horn of John Peel?
 Old Caldew may roll,
 And the shepherd may stroll,
 To listen, but listen in vain;
 Who gave the horn blast,
 Now has blown out his last,
 And there ne'er will his like sound again.

Now Reynard may prow! in the wide open day,
Nor the hare out so lightly need steal ;
The hounds have all singled and slunk far away
When they boded the death of John Peel.

The herdsman may climb,
And no more hear the chime
That often has jingled below ;
But ware the moor-hen,
Of the fox's keen ken,
For he hears not the shrill tally-ho !

Each hound gave a howl and last look at the horn,
(Who saith that a dog cannot feel f)
Then singled to pine, all dejected, forlorn,
And died on the death of John Peel.

But foxes that prow!,
In the graveyards to howl,
Keep far from his tomb when ye go,
Or to your surprise,
By Jove he may rise,
With a shriek and a wild tally-ho !

Then hang up the horn on the blighted old tree,
That some hunter who passeth may kneel ;
And when the wind dangles that horn it may be
That it looms the last sigh of John Peel.

Then fill up the glass,
And, though dumb, let it pass
To him in the land o' the leal ;
Like him far away,
Who has tender'd this lay,
Remember the hunter, John Peel.

AT THE GRAVE OF JOHN PEEL.

Here first printed.

[The valley of Caldbeck is shut out, by lofty green mountains, from the noise and turmoil of the busy world. The Caldew runs murmuring by the side of its quiet village churchyard; and under the shadows of tall sycamores and yews may be seen the grave of John Peel, surmounted by a memorial stone designed after true hunting fashion.]

Did you hear that old man as he sat by the mound
Down by the white church in the vale ?—
But little you'd hear for the babbling sound
Of the brook as it moan'd to his tale.

His hair was as white as the light on the snow,
Yet still there was life in his eye;
And something was big at his heart you might know
As he gaz'd on the mound that was by.

He lean'd on his staff with his trembling hands,
So wrinkled and wetted with tears;
For long he had lived in far distant lands,
And his face was now furrow'd with cares.

'Twas the grave of his friend of bright joy in the field,
Whose delight was the hounds in full cry;
And whose loud tally-ho oft shook the wild woods
Till bold reynard had yielded to die.

He sang, ah! now mournfully, of manhood's bright
When two hearts swell'd as one in full glee, [day,
Whilst the sound of the horn to the hounds far away
Had oft thrilled to his soul's melodie.

Then he dash'd off his tears and I heard his voice say,
(For he cried to the dead one below,)
"Ah, Peel! you have *checked** me for once but a day,
So I'll give thee a hark tally-ho!"

O GIVE ME BACK MY NATIVE HILLS.

[A RETROSPECT.—Here first printed.]

O give me back my native hills
If bleak or bleary, grim or gray;
For still to those my bosom swells,
In golden lands and far away.

For all the gold ne'er yet could buy,
That gushing glow I've felt and feel,
When Cumbria's name shines to the eye,
Then down a listless tear will steal.

Men's haunts I've shunn'd for forest drear,
To lonely scan the sweeping stream;
Down by a dell to ponder there
On things gone by in memory's dream.

And then, God knows, my heart would fill:
A homeless, friendless, sackless wight—
The sun gone down below the hill,
And I regardless of the night.

* *Checked*, a hunting term, when one cuts off a turn to be first in at the death.

E'en then I've seen in fitful dreams,
That most lov'd, dearest, long-lost home,
Of glassy lakes and mountain streams—
Yea, jocund back to them I come !

But let this stream rush on and hear,
Nought but the skirl of bush-night clatter,
Discordant to a British ear,
As raven's croak or magpie's chatter.

To hear the wild-dogs shriek and bay ;
While mighty trees crash from the height,
Down frightful gulphs and far away,
More deep and darker still than night.

Strange jumble of a mighty freak—
And vast ! nor can the eye
Discern, nor ever voice could speak
To tell its aim or destiny.

O give me back my own lov'd fells,
Nor spangled birds for linnets gray ;
For linnet's song the bosom thrills,
While gaudy birds are but display.

Then I could sleep and rest contented,
Tho' ne'er a stone told where I lie—
If little lov'd, still less lamented,
I'd crave no brighter destiny.

NURSERY SONG.

Here first printed.

[AIR: "Miss Mc.Cloud."—This is an old nursery song, partly my own, that in my wanderings among the wilds of Tasmania and other lands has often found me a welcome with the young ones in hut or house; and has always been encored by a round robin. My attachment to the young is the sole cause of sending it. It is innocent and may be lost. If it be printed it may amuse many a homely and peaceful hearth in Cumberland when I am no more. It must be very old, as I have known part of it for sixty years.—J. W. G.]

My father he died and I didn't know how,
And left me his horses to follow the plough
 With my wing, wing waddle O
 Jackey sing saddle O
 Bessy be the babble O
 Under the broom.

I sold my horses and I bought a little cow,
But when I went to milk her I never knew how.
 With my wing, wing waddle O, &c.

I sold my cow and I bought a little calf,
And I never made a bargain but I lost the better half.
 With my wing, wing waddle O, &c.

I sold my calf and I bought a little hen,
And if she laid an egg I never knew when.
 With my wing, wing waddle O, &c.

I sold my hen and I bought a little cat,
A pretty little pussy, but she never caught a rat.
 With my wing, wing waddle O, &c.

I sold my cat and I bought a little mouse,
 And its tail caught fire and it burnt down my house.
 With my wing, wing waddle O
 Jackey sing saddle O
 Bessy be the babble O
 Under the broom.

O LET ME BUSS THE LASSES YET.

[An unfinished fragment.—Here first printed.]

You surely never think me old,
 As that you know would make me fret;
 For tho' I'm wearing grey and bald,
 I' faith I buss the lasses yet.

Then cheerily kick up your heels wi' the darlings,
 For merry goes the fiddle as the night flies away;
 The moon is laughing loud, and all the little stars
 Shine on the dance to the light roundelay.

* * * * *

I'd rather life were ta'en away—
 The jaunting jades then I'd forget—
 Or in that breath at last I'd say,
 "O let me buss the lasses yet!"

Then cheerily kick up your heels wi' the darlings,
 For merry goes the fiddle as the night flies away;
 The moon is laughing loud, and all the little stars
 Shine on the dance to the light roundelay.



SONGS AND BALLADS

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"JOE AND THE GEOLOGIST."*

LAL DINAH GRAYSON.

[Here first printed.]

LAL Dinah Grayson's fresh, fewsome, an' free
Wid a lilt iv her step an' a glent iv her e'e;
She glowers ebbem at mé whatever I say
An' meàstly mak's answer wid "M'appen I may!"
"M'appen I may," she says, "m'appen I may;
Thou thinks I believe the' an' m'appen I may!"

Gay offen, when Dinah I manish to meet
O' Mündays, i't' market i' Cockermuth street,
I whisper "Thou's nicer nor owte here to day,"
An' she cocks up her chin an' says, "Mappen I may!
M'appen I may, my lad, m'appen I may;
There's nowte here to crack on an' m'appen I may!"

* Are there any of our readers to whom *Joe and the Geologist* is still unknown? If so, let them at once make the acquaintance of this little tale. It is full of genuine humour, hid under the veil of rustic simplicity, and is by far the cleverest prose composition we have in the dialect.

She's smart oot o' dooars—she's tidy i't' hoose ;
 Snod as a mowdy-warp—sleek as a moose.
 I' blue goon, i' black goon, i' green goon or grey,
 I tell her she's reeght an' git " M'appen I may !"
 " M'appen I may," she'll say, " m'appen I may,
 Thou kens lal about it but m'appen I may !"

There's nüt mickle on her,—we ken 'at gud stuff
 Laps up i' lal bundles, an' she's lal aneuf ;
 There's nowte about Dinah were better away
 But her comical* ower-würd " M'appen I may."
 " M'appen I may," it's still, " m'appen I may."
 Whativer yan wants yan gits " m'appen I may !"

An' it shaps to be smittal ; whoariver I gang,
 I can't tell a stwory—I can't sing a sang—
 I can't hod a crack, nay !—I can't read nor pray
 Widout bringin' in her dang't " M'appen I may."
 " M'appen I may," it cüms, " m'appen I may ;"
 Asteed of Amen, I say " m'appen I may."

But she met me ya neeght aside Pard's'aw Lea yatt—
 I tock her seaf heàm, but I keep't her oot leat,
 An' offen I said i' my oan canny way,
 " Will t'é like me a lal bit ?"—" Whey,—M'appen I
 may !

M'appen I may, Harry—m'appen I may ;
 Thou's rayder a hoaf-thick, but m'appen I may !"

* Comical, used thus, means *Pert*, in central Cumberland.

I prist her to wed mē—I said I was pooar,
Just eddlin aneuf to keep hunger frayt' dooar.
She leuk't i' my feace, an' than, hoaf turn't away,
She hung doon her heid and said "M'appen I may!
M'appen I may"—(low doon)—"m'appen I may,
I think thou means fairly, an' m'appen I may."

We're hingin' i't' bell reaps*—to t' parson I've toket,
An' I gev him a hint as he maffelt an' jwoket,
To mind when she sud say "love, honour, OBEY,"
'At she doesn't slip through wid her "M'appen I
may."

M'appen I may, may be—m'appen I may,
But we moont put up than wid a "m'appen I may."

JWOHNNY, GIT OOT!

[Here first printed.]

"Git oot wid the', Jwohnnny, thou's no'but a fash;
Thou'll come till thou raises a desperat clash;†
Thou's here every day just to put yan aboot,
An' thou moiders yan terrably—Jwohnnny, git oot!

What says t'e? I's bonnie? Whey! That's nowte 'at's
new.

Thou's wantin' a sweetheart?—Thou's hed a gay few!
An' thou's cheatit them, yan efter t' t'udder, nēa doubt;
But I's nūt to be cheatit sēa—Jwohnnny, git oot!

* During the period required for the publication of banns,
a couple are said, figuratively, to be "hinging in t' bell ropes."

† Clash—Scandal.

There's plenty o' lads i' beàth Lamplugh an' Dean
As yabble as thee, an' as weel to be seen ;
An' I med tak' my pick amang o' there aboot—
Does t'é think I'd ha'e thee, than? Hut, Jwohnnny,
git oot !

What? Nût yan amang them 'at likes mé sa weel?
Whey, min—there's Dick Walker an' Jonathan Peel
'At ola's foorsett mé i't' lonnings aboot,
An' beàth want to sweetheart mé—Jwohnnny, git oot !

What?—Thou will hev a kiss?—Ah, but tak't if
thou dār !
I tell the', I'll squeel, if thou tries to cū' nār.
Tak' care o' my collar—Thou byspel, I'll shoot.
Nay, thou sha'n't hev anudder—Noo Jwohnnny, git
oot !

Git oot wid the', Jwohnnny—Thou's tew't me reetsair ;
Thou's brocken my comb, an' thou's toozelt my hair.
I willn't be kiss't, thou unmannerly loot !
Was t'ere iver sec impidence? Jwohnnny, git oot !

Git oot wid the', Jwohnnny—I tell the', be deùn.
Does t'e think I'll tak' up wid Ann Dixon's oald
sheùn ?
Thou ma' gā till Ann Dixon, an' pu' hur aboot,
But thou s'alln't pu' me, sèa—Jwohnnny, git oot !

Well! That's sent him off, an' I's sworry it hes;
He med ken 'at yan niver means hoaf 'at yan says.
He's a reet canny fellow, howiver I flook,
An' it's growin' o' wark to say Jwohnny, git oot!"

THE RUNAWAY WEDDING.

[Here first pinted.]

Myfaddersaid "Nay"—an' mymuddersaid "Niver!"
When Will com' an' telt them we wantit to wed;
We mud part—they beàth said—part at yance an'
for iver,
An' they deavet me to deeth aboot foats 'at he hed.
A sailor was Will, forret, free-tonguet, an' funny,
An' gi'en till o' manner o' teulment was he;
Rayder lowce i' religion, an' careless o' money,
But dear was my wild, thowtless Willie to me.

His life seemed meàd up of arrivin's an' sailin's—
Rough hardship at sea, an' fair daftness at heàm.
I cry't ow'r his danger—I pray't ow'r his failin's,
An' offen forgev what I cudn't but bleàm.
An' many a frind, an' relation, an' neighbour
Brong hints an' queer teals aboot Will to poor me;
But neighbours an' frinds gat the'r pains for the'r
labour,
For t'mair he was toket on t'mair-thowt on was he.

An't' upshot of o' the'r fine hints an' advices

Was 'at, ya neet, weel happ't i' Will's greet sailor
We dreàv, afoor dayleet, to Foster Penrice's [cwoat,

An' slip't ow'r till Annan i't' Skinburneese bwoat.
An' theer we wer' weddit, i' their way o' weddin';—
I dudn't hafe like't, but they said it wad dee ;
An' I dār-say it may'd—for a lass 'at was bred in
The'r ways—but it wasn't like weddin' to me.

An' when Will brong me back, varra shām-feàcet
an' freetent,

Owert' sin an' disgrace on't my müdder went wild.—
Her wūrds meàd my heart sink, but bravely it leeten't
When Will drew me close up beside him, an' smil'd.
My fadder said lāl, no'but whishtit my mudder,
An' pettit an' blest me wid tears iv his e'e ;
Till beàth on us ruet what hed cost him sec bodder,
An' shām't of oor darak steud Willie an' me.

Eigh—for loave, he was kind ! an' he wad hev us
weddit,

As t'rest of his barns hed been—mensefulan' reet—
He leuk't at oor Scotch weddin'-writin' an' read it,
But went up to't Priest's aboot t' license that rfeet.
An' he keep't me at heàm, though we hed a hoose
riddy.

He said he mud hev me, while Will follow't t' sea.
An' Will!—weddin' meàd him douce, careful, an'
stiddy,

An' he's hoddently been a gud husband to me.

He seun hed a ship of his oan an' meàd money,
An' seàv't it, what he reckoned harder by far;
An', ola's weel-natur't, free-heartit an' funny
He meàd his-sel frinds wid whatever com' nār.
An' es for my müdder, 'at thowte us so silly,
An' lang nowte but bad i' poor Willie wad see,
I's thenkful sheleevet to say—"Bless thee *son* Willie,
"Many cūmforts we've hed but meàst cūmfort i'
thee."

BILLY WATSON'S LONNING.

[Here first printed.]

O for Billy Watson' lonnin' of a lownd summer
neeght!
When t' stars come few an' flaytely efter weerin' oot
day-leeght—
When t' black-kite blossom shews itsel' i' hafe-seen
gliffs o' grey,
An' t' honey-suckle's scentit mair nor iver it is i' t'
day.
An' nūt a shadow, shap' or soond, or seeght, or
sign 'at tells
'At owte 'at's whick comes santerin' theer but you,
yer oan two sel's.
Ther' cannot be anudder spot so private an' so sweet,
As Billy Watson' lonnin' of a lownd summer neeght!

T' Hempgarth Broo's a cheersome pleace when t'
whins bloom full o' floorar—

Green Hecklebank turns greener when it's watter't
wid a shooar—

There's bonnie neuks about Beckside, Stocks-hill,
an' Greystone Green—

High Woker Broo gi'es sec a view as isn't offen
seen—

It's glorious doon ont' Sandy-beds when t' sun's just
gān to set—

An' t' Clay-Dubs isn't far aslewed when t' wedder isn't
wet ; [meet

But nin was mead o' pūpose theer a bonnie lass to
Like Billy Watson'lonnin' of a lownd summer neeght.

**Yan likes to trail ow'r t' Sealand-fields an' wait for t'
comin' tide,**

Or slare whoar t' Green hes t' Ropery an't' Shore of
ayder side—

T' Weddriiggs road's a lāl-used road, an' reeght for
coortin toke—

An' Lowca lonnin's reeght for them 'at like a lang-
some woke—

**Yan's reeght aneuf up t' Lime-road, or t' Waggon-way,
or t' Ghyll,**

An' reeght for ram'lin's Cūnning-wood or Scatter-mascot hill.

Ther's many spots 'ats reeght aneuf, but nin o' ways
so reeght

As Billy Watson' lonnin' of a lownd summer neeght.

Sec thowtes as thur com' thick lang sen to yan a
lonterin' lad,
Wid varra lal to brag on but a sperrit niver sad,
When he went strowling far an' free about his sea-
side heàm,
An' stamp't a mark upon his heart of ivery frind-like
neàm ;—
A mark 'at seems as time drees on to deepen mair
an' mair—
A mark 'at ola's breeghtens meàst i't' gloom o'
comin' care;
But nowte upon his heart has left a mark 'at hods
so breeght
As Billy Watson' lonnin' of a lownd summer neeght!

Oor young days may'd be wastet days, but dār
their mem'ry's dear !
And what wad yan not part wid noo ageàn to hev
them here ?
Whatever trubles fash't us than, though nayder leet
nor few,
They niver fash't us hafe so lang as less ans fash
us noo ;
If want o' thowte brong bodderment, it pass't for
want o' luck,
An' what cared we for Fortun's bats hooiver fource
she struck ?
It mud be t' time o' life 'at meàd oor happiness
complete
I' Billy Watson' lonnin' of a lownd summer neeght!

THE LILY OF LOWESWATER.

The crimson Heath-blossom glows bright on the fell ;
The Vi'let is sweet in the leaf-shaded dell ;
And the white-mantled Hawthorn is fragrant and fair,
Enriching with perfume the dew-laden air.
But brighter by far than the red Heather-bell,
And sweeter than Heartsease in woodland or dell,
And fairer than May-bloom in hedgerow or brake
The Lily that blooms all alone by a lake !

She's lovely and gentle, she's fair as the dawn,
She's graceful and gay as the fairy-limbed fawn,
She's kind as she's comely, she's free as she's fair,
And her spirit is pure as her beauty is rare.
Thrice happy will he be who gathers that flower,
And bears her away from her mountain-girt bower ;
The care-clouds of life will look distant and dim
When the Lily of Loweswater blooms but for him.

'Mongst the flaxen-haired fair ones of Scotland I've
dwelt,
At the shrine of their beauty entranced have I knelt,
And I deemed that no flower could be fairer than
they,
While unseen and unknown was the theme of my lay.
Enchanted I've roved in the Emerald Isle,
With maidens bewitching in feature and smile,
And oft did their beauty my fancy enthrall,
But the Loweswater Lily surpasses them all !

THE FLOWER OF LAMPLUGH.

A floweret blooms in Lamplugh Dale,
Where Nature's richest green is spread—
Where all shews bright e'en through the veil
Of morning mist or mountain shade.
To match that bud all search were vain
On northern heath—in southern vale ;
Nor lonely glen nor peopled plain
Holds aught like her of Lamplugh Dale.

O beauteous is the new blown Rose!—
The Argent Lily pure and sweet ;
But purest, fairest, either shews
In her where Rose and Lily meet ;
For o'er her cheek and o'er her brow
The native hues of both prevail ;
Their blended sweets a magic throw
Round her who blooms in Lamplugh Dale.

The Vi'let yields, when wet with dew,
And first it meets the morning beam,
A humid sparkling tinged with blue,
A soft, but lustrous, azure gleam ;
But oh ! one gleam from her blue eyes
Makes e'en the lights above look pale,
Whilst earthly lustre vainly vies
With her dear glance in Lamplugh Dale.

The Tulip rears its stately head
And greets the sun with graceful pride ;
The Primrose in it's woodland bed
It's lowly beauty seeks to hide.
And beauty, dignity, and grace
With meekness joined in her we hail ;
Whate'er in fairest flowers we trace
Adorns the Pride of Lamplugh Dale.

MEENIE BELL.

[Here first printed.]

Wull ye meet me, Meenie Bell? Wull ye tryste yince
mair wi' me?
Where the sauchs half hide the burnie as it wimples
on its way?
When the sinking sun comes glenting through the
feathery birken tree,
Till ye'd trow a thousand fairy fires wer' flichtering
on the brae.

Wull ye meet me, Meenie Bell? Wull ye say ye'll
meet me there?
An' come afore the gloaming fa's to hear what I've
to tell?
For I'm gaun away the morn, an' I'll weary lang
an' sair
'Or I see ye're bonnie face again—sae meet me,
Meenie Bell !

"Joe and the Geologist." 437

I'll be far away frae Middlebie for monie an' monie
a day ;

An' I want ae curl o' gowden hair to treasure ever-
more.

I've a keepsake brow for you, an' I've something
mair to say— [afore.

Aye ! a hantle mair to tell ye than I've ever tell't

Thus I fleech't wee Meenie Bell till her heart grew
soft and kin'

An' she met me near the burnie as the simmer
gloaming fell ;

We pairtit or 'twas day, an' o' a' the nichts I min'
The brichtest in my mem'ry is that nicht wi'
Meenie Bell.

I thocht her heart was troth-fast, but my image
faded oot,

An' a stranger took the place in't that she said she'd
keep for me ;

For time gaed creeping on, an' her hopes changet
into doobt

An' doobt to caul' mistrusting, while I toilet ayont
the sea.

I've warslet wi' the worl' weel—I've run a wunning
race,

But, aih ! I'm o'fen wushing when I maunday by mysel',
An' a' my weary strivings through lang lanesome

years I trace, [Bell.

I had bidden puir i' Middlebie and mairiet Meenie

"A LOCKERBYE LICK."

[Halldykes, in the parish of Dryfesdale, Dumfriesshire, where the writer passed some years of his boyhood, was formerly the seat of a branch of the Herries family; and, with three or four adjacent farms, it formed almost the last remnant of the large border estates, held by the descendants of that anciently powerful and noble house, from the Halldykes branch of which sprung the eminent Bankers and the Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer of that name. Like most old family seats in the same district, Halldykes possesses, numerically speaking, a highly respectable corps of bogles (as the writer knew to his great and frequent tribulation); the origin and mode of development of one of the most prominent of which is related pretty faithfully, according to local tradition, in the following rhyme, published many years ago in *Tait's Magazine*.—NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.]

Ye've aiblins heard o' Wullye Smythe,
 Ane hosteler wychte was he;
 Quha wonn't at the sygne o' the bonnie Black Bull,
 I' the toon o' Lockerbye.
 For Wullye could draw the best o' wyne,
 An' brew the best o' yell,
 An' mix the best o' brandye punch,
 As neebour Lairds could telle.
 For aft the neebour Lairds convenet
 At Wullye's to drynke theyre wyne,
 An' hech! quhan they yokit the brandye punch,
 But they rayset ane unco schyne.
 An' ance, on the nychte o' a huntin' tryste,
 A blythesome companye
 There lychtit doon i' the Black Bull closse,
 Wychte Wullye's wyne to pree.

An' there were Johnstones an' Jardines routh
Amang the rattlin' crewe,
Wi' Herbert Herryes o' fayre Ha' Dykes,
An' his buirdlye billye Hughe ;
An' gallant Wullye o' Becks was there,*
Wi' Wullye o' Kyrtletoon :*
Sae they birl't awaye at the reid, reid wyne,
As the toasts gaed roun' an' roun'.
Whyle up an' spak' wylde Wullye o' Becks,
An' there fusionless toasts he curst.
"We'll a' toom a glasse to ilk man's lasse,
An' Ha' Dykes maun name his first !"
Than up gatte the Laird o' bonnie Ha' Dykes—
"Weel ! rayther nor marre fayre myrthe,
Here's wynsome Jean o' the Wylde Hole,
The flower o' Tundergayrthe ;
An' he quha wunna drynke fayre to that,
Maun quit this companye ;
An' he quha lychtlyes that sweet lasse,
Maun answer it weel tille me."
Than up spak' Wullye o' Kyrtletoon,
(A sleekye deevil I trow),
"Folke saye, up the Water o' Mylke, that she lykes
Ye're billye farre better nor yow !"
The reid marke brunt on the Herryes his bree,
An' wow but he lookit grymme :

* Friends of the author introduced here anachronically, as is also Willie Smith who kept the Black Bull some century after the scenes here depicted were said to have been enacted.

"Can ye thynke that the flower o' the Mylke suld bloom
 For a beggarlye loon lyke hymme?
 Can ye thynke that ane haughtye dame lyke her
 Could looke wi' a kyndlye e'e
 On ane quha for everye placke that he spens,
 Or wastes, maun sorn on me?"
 "An' do ye thynke," cryet the wrathfu' Hughe,
 "It's noo my turne to speer—
 That ever a leal heartit lassie could lo'e
 A sumph for the sake o' his gear?
 An' do ye thynke"—mayre scornfu' wordes
 Young Hughe essayet to speak,
 But his brither's rychte han' rase high in wrathe,
 An' fell on his lowin' cheeke.
 Than doon at that unbritherly strake
 Did Hughe the Herryes fa',
 An' for to redde this fearsome fraye,
 Up lappe the gentles a':
 An' auld Wullye Smythe cam' toytlyn' ben—
 "Quhat's wrang amang ye noo?
 It's a wonnerfu' thyng that 'sponsible men
 Maun fechte or they weel be fou."

* * * * *

Fu' slawlye did Hughe Herryes ryse,
 An' the never a worde he sayde,
 But he gloom't an' he tore his gluve wi' his teeth,
 An' furthe frae the room he gaed.
 He muntyt his gude grey meare i' the closse,
 An' he gallopyt aff lyke wudde.

"Foe and the Geologist." 441

"Eh, sirs!" quo auld Wullye Smythe, "Eh, sirs!
This never maun come till gude ;
For quhan ever a Herryes he chows his gluve,
It's in earnest o' deidlye feud ?"
That myrthesome bande they tynte theyre myrthe,
The gude wyne tynte its power,
An' ilk man glower't at his neebour's face
Wi' a glum an' eerye glower.
The Herryes he lootyt his heid to the board,
I' sorrowe but an' shame ;
The lawin' was ca't—ilk took till his horse,
An' sochte his ain gate hame.
Kynde Wullye o' Becks sayde lowne till his frien',
We maun ryde Ha' Dykes his waye,
But the Herryes owreheard, an' shook his heid,
An' doolfu' did he saye—
"Alane! alane! I maun dree my weirde
For the deede this nychte saw dune ;
But O that the palsye had wuther't my han',
Or it strooke my faither's son !"

PART II.

Atwees't Ha' Dykes an' the Water o' Mylke
Rosebanke lyes half-waye doon,
An' Chayrlye Herryes laye there that nychte,
An' he was sleepin' soun.
Quhyle he was rousset i' the howe o' the nychte
Wi' a dynne at his wundow board,
For his youngest brither was dunnering there
Wi' the hylte o' a sheenless sworde.

"Brither Chayrlye, I've made ye a Laird the nychte,
 An' I maunna be here the morn,
 My blade is barken't wi' Herbert's blude,
 An' he lyes at Hurkell Burn."
 He muntyt his meare i' the fayre muinlychte,
 An' he pryckit her ower the greene,
 An' never agayne in Annandale
 Was blythe Hughe Herryes seene.
 There wer' some folke sayde that his wynsome corse
 I' the fathomless sea was sunke ;
 Some sayde he was slain i' the German wars—
 An' some that he deet a monke.

* * * * *

Quhan Chayrlye Herryes had ca't his men,
 I' dool but an' i' frychte ;
 He boun't him awaye to Hurkell Burne,
 An' saw ane awsome sychte.
 For there the chief o' his ancient house
 In waefu' plychte did lye,
 Wi' his heid on the banke, his feet i' the burne,
 An' his face to the sternye sky.
 Ane hastye batte wrochte ane unco change,
 Young Chayrlye noo was Laird,
 An' Herbert layde i' the Herryeses' aisle,
 I' Dry'esdale auld Kirk-yairde.
 But fearfu' sychtes hae been seen sinsyne,
 An' monye a late-gaune wychte
 Quhan stayverin' hame by Hurkell Burne,
 Has gotten a lyfe-lang frychte.

A voice ilk year as that nychte comes roun'
Yells a' the plantins throo—
"*There never was Herryes that dreet a strake,
But he garr't the smyter rue.*"
An' what has been seen I downa telle,
But this I ken fu' weel
That rayther nor cross that burn at e'en.
There's monye wad face the deil.
An' ance quhan I was a smayke at the schule,
I was late on Lockerbye Hill,
An' sure o' a weel-earn't flyte at hame,
I gaed wi' lyttle gude will;
But thynking on monye a fayre excuse,
Just anger awaye to turne,
I'd got a rychte feasible storye framet,
As I loupit owre Hurkell Burne.
Quhan something rase wi' ane eldrytch skraich,
An' a deevilish dynne it made,
As doon the burne whyrre ! whyrre ! whyrroo !
Lyke a flaughte o' fyre it gaed.
My hayre lyftit up my cap frae my heid
Cauld sweite ran owre my bree,
The strengthe was reft frae my trummelling limbs,
An' I cower't upo' my knee.
'Twas ane horryble thochte to foregaither wi' ghaists,
Quhan I'd just been coyning a lee.
But awaye belyve like a troute frae a gedde,
Or a maukin frae yammerin' tykes,
I fledde nor styntit to breathe or look back,
Quhyle I wan to the bonnie Ha' Dykes

My tale was tauld. They leuche, an' quo' they,
"A frychtit pheasant springs [doon
Wi' a skraich an' a whyrre ;"—but I threepit them
That I kenn't it was nae sic things,
For nochte could pit me i' sic mortal dreide
That flees wi' mortal wings.
The girse grows green about bonnie Ha' Dykes,
On meadow, brae and lea ;
The corn waves wyde on its weel wrochte rygges,
An' its woods are fayre to see.
Its auld Ha' house 'mang the chestnut trees
In stately beauty stan's ;
But I wadna 'gaen back by the burne that nychte
For Ha' Dykes an' a' its lan's.

BANKS OF MARRON,
CUMBERLAND.





WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,

"Sole king of rocky Cumberland."

BORN AT COCKERMOUTH 1770:

DIED AT RYDAL MOUNT 1850.

TO THE CUCKOO.



BLITHE New-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.

O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery ;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place ;
That is fit home for Thee!

IT IS THE FIRST MILD DAY OF MARCH.

It is the first mild day of March:
Each minute sweeter than before
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field.

My sister ! 'tis a wish of mine)
Now that our morning meal is done,
Make haste, your morning task resign;
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you ;—and, pray,
Put on with speed your woodland dress;
And bring no book : for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate
Our living calendar :
We from to-day, my Friend, will date
The opening of the year.

Love, now a universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth :
—It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more
Than years of toiling reason :
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,
Which they shall long obey :
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls
About, below, above,
We'll frame the measure of our souls :
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my Sister ! come, I pray,
With speed put on your woodland dress ;
And bring no book : for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

MY HEART LEAPS UP.

[This is one of the many productions of Wordsworth which was singled out to be pooh-poohed by the Edinburgh Reviewers. Since then the tide has turned ; and we of this generation are able to take a juster estimate of the mind of the poet—and of his critics, too. Lord Jeffrey boasted that he had crushed the *Excursion* at its birth : to which Southey replied—“*He crush the Excursion ! Tell him, he might as easily crush Skiddaw !*”]

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky :
So was it when my life began ;
So is it now I am a man ;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die !
The Child is father of the Man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

LUCY GRAY.

[When Mr. Wordsworth and I were on that noble spot, the amphitheatre at Nismes, I observed his eyes fixed in a direction where there was little to be seen; and looking that way I beheld two very young children at play with flowers, and overheard him saying to himself, "O you darlings, I wish I could put you in my pocket and carry you to Rydal Mount!"—*Recollections of a Tour in Italy by H. C. Robinson.*]

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray :
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father ! will I gladly do :
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon !"

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band ;
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wandered up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb :
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,
“In heaven we all shall meet ;”
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill’s edge
They tracked the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall ;

And then an open field they crossed :
The marks were still the same ;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And further there were none !

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child ;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

[There is an anecdote told of a crazy woman who lived near Rydal, which shows strikingly the habits of the great poet. This woman was once asked if she knew Wordsworth, and what sort of a man he was. "Oh, indeed," said she, "he is canny enough at times ; and tho' he gaes *boeing his pottery* thro' the wuds, he will noo and than say, 'Hoo d'ye do, Nanny ?' as sensible as ye or me."]

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran ;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure :—
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air ;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man ?

THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR.

[The class of Beggars to which the Old Man here described belongs, will probably soon be extinct. It consisted of poor, and, mostly, old and infirm persons, who confined themselves to a stated round in their neighbourhood, and had certain fixed days, on which, at different houses, they regularly received alms, sometimes in money, but mostly in provisions. —NOTE BY WORDSWORTH.]

I saw an aged Beggar in my walk ;
And he was seated, by the highway side,
On a low structure of rude masonry
Built at the foot of a huge hill, that they
Who lead their horses down the steep rough road
May thence remount at ease. The aged Man
Had placed his staff across the broad smooth stone
That overlays the pile ; and, from a bag
All white with flour, the dole of village dames,
He drew his scraps and fragments, one by one ;
And scanned them with a fixed and serious look
Of idle computation. In the sun,
Upon the second step of that small pile,
Surrounded by those wild unpeopled hills,
He sat, and ate his food in solitude :
And ever, scattered from his palsied hand,
That, still attempting to prevent the waste,
Was baffled still, the crumbs in little showers
Fell on the ground ; and the small mountain birds,
Not venturing yet to peck their destined meal,
Approached within the length of half his staff.

Him from my childhood have I known; and then
He was so old, he seems not older now;
He travels on, a solitary Man,
So helpless in appearance, that for him
The sauntering Horseman throws not with a slack
And careless hand his alms upon the ground,
But stops,—that he may safely lodge the coin
Within the old Man's hat; nor quits him so,
But still, when he has given his horse the rein,
Watches the aged Beggar with a look
Sidelong, and half-reverted. She who tends
The toll-gate, when in summer at her door
She turns her wheel, if on the road she sees
The aged beggar coming, quits her work,
And lifts the latch for him that he may pass.
The post-boy, when his rattling wheels o'ertake
The aged Beggar in the woody lane,
Shouts to him from behind; and, if thus warned
The old man does not change his course, the boy
Turns with less noisy wheels to the roadside,
And passes gently by, without a curse
Upon his lips, or anger at his heart.

He travels on, a solitary Man;
His age has no companion. On the ground
His eyes are turned, and, as he moves along,
They move along the ground; and, evermore,
Instead of common and habitual sight
Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale,
And the blue sky, one little span of earth
Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to day,

Bow-bent, his eyes for ever on the ground,
He plies his weary journey; seeing still,
And seldom knowing that he sees, some straw,
Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in one track,
The nails of cart or chariot-wheel have left
Impressed on the white road,—in the same line,
At distance still the same. Poor Traveller !
His staff trails with him; scarcely do his feet
Disturb the summer dust; he is so still
In look and motion, that the cottage curs,
Ere he has passed the door, will turn away,
Weary of barking at him. Boys and girls,
The vacant and the busy, maids and youths,
And urchins newly breeched—all pass him by :
Him even the slow-paced waggon leaves behind.

* * * * *

No—man is dear to man; the poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life
When they can know and feel that they have been
Themselves, the fathers and the dealers-out
Of some small blessings; have been kind to such
As needed kindness, for this single cause,
That we have all of us one human heart.

Then let him pass, a blessing on his head !
And while in that vast solitude to which
The tide of things has borne him, he appears
To breathe and live but for himself alone,
Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about
The good which the benignant law of Heaven

Has hung around him : and, while life is his,
Still let him prompt the unlettered villagers
To tender offices and pensive thoughts.
—Then let him pass, a blessing on his head !
And, long as he can wander, let him breathe
The freshness of the valleys ; let his blood
Struggle with frosty air and winter snows ;
And let the chartered wind that sweeps the heath
Beat his grey locks against his withered face.
Reverence the hope whose vital anxiousness
Gives the last human interest to his heart.
May never HOUSE, misnamed of INDUSTRY,
Make him a captive !—for that pent-up din,
Those life-consuming sounds that clog the air,
Be his the natural silence of old age !
Let him be free of mountain solitudes :
And have around him, whether heard or not,
The pleasant melody of woodland birds.
Few are his pleasures : if his eyes have now
Been doomed so long to settle upon earth
That not without some effort they behold
The countenance of the horizontal sun,
Rising or setting, let the light at least
Find a free entrance to their languid orbs.
And let him, *where* and *when* he will, sit down
Beneath the trees, or on a grassy bank
Of highway side, and with the little birds
Share his chance-gathered meal ; and, finally,
As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of Nature let him die !

THE MOTHER'S RETURN,

BY DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

[I may sum up in one brief abstract the amount of Miss Wordsworth's character, as a companion, by saying that she was the very wildest (in the sense of the most natural) person I have ever known ; and also the truest, most inevitable, and at the same time the quickest and readiest in her sympathy with either joy or sorrow, with laughter or with tears, with the realities of life or the larger realities of the poets ! * * * Her knowledge of literature was irregular, and thoroughly unsystematic. She was content to be ignorant of many things ; but what she knew and had really mastered lay where it could not be disturbed—in the temple of her own most fervid heart.—DE QUINCEY.]

A month, sweet Little-ones, is past
Since your dear Mother went away,—
And she to-morrow will return ;
To-morrow is the happy day.

O blessed tidings ! thought of joy !
The eldest heard with steady glee ;
Silent he stood ; then laughed amain,—
And shouted, "Mother, come to me !"

Louder and louder did he shout,
With witless hope to bring her near ;
"Nay, patience ! patience, little boy !
Your tender mother cannot hear."

I told of hills, and far-off towns,
And long, long vales to travel through ;—
He listens, puzzled, sore perplexed,
But he submits ; what can he do ?

No strife disturbs his sister's breast ;
She wars not with the mystery
Of time and distance, night and day ;
The bonds of our humanity.

Her joy is like an instinct, joy
Of kitten, bird, or summer fly ;
She dances, runs without an aim,
She chatters in her ecstasy.

Her brother now takes up the note,
And echoes back his sister's glee ;
They hug the infant in my arms,
As if to force his sympathy.

Then, settling into fond discourse,
We rested in the garden bower ;
While sweetly shone the evening sun
In his departing hour.

We told o'er all that we had done,—
Our rambles by the swift brook's side
Far as the willow-skirted pool,
Where two fair swans together glide.

We talked of change, of winter gone,
Of green leaves on the hawthorn spray,
Of birds that build their nests and sing,
And all "since Mother went away !"

To her these tales they will repeat,
To her our new-born tribes will show,
The goslings green, the ass's colt,
The lambs that in the meadow go.

—But, see, the evening star comes forth!
To bed the children must depart ;
A moment's heaviness they feel,
A sadness at the heart :

'Tis gone—and in a merry fit
They run up stairs in gamesome race ;
I, too, infected by their mood,
I could have joined the wanton chase.

Five minutes past—and, O the change!
Asleep upon their beds they lie ;
Their busy limbs in perfect rest,
And closed the sparkling eye.

1807.

THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT.

BY DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

The days are cold, the nights are long,
The north-wind sings a doleful song ;
Then hush again upon my breast ;
All merry things are now at rest,
Save thee, my pretty Love !

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,
The crickets long have ceased their mirth ;
There's nothing stirring in the house
Save one *wee*, hungry, nibbling mouse,
Then why so busy thou ?

Nay ! start not at that sparkling light ;
'Tis but the moon that shines so bright
On the window pane bedropped with rain :
Then little Darling ! sleep again,
And wake when it is day. 1805.

TO A REDBREAST—(IN SICKNESS.)

BY SARAH HUTCHINSON.

[In 1836, Sarah Hutchinson, his wife's sister, and dear to him as an own sister, was taken away, and carried to Grasmere churchyard.—*Memoirs of Wordsworth, Vol. I.*]

Stay, little cheerful Robin ! stay,
And at my casement sing,
Though it should prove a farewell lay
And this our parting spring.
Though I, alas ! may ne'er enjoy
The promise in thy song ;
A charm, *that* thought can not destroy,
Doth to thy strain belong.
Methinks that in my dying hour
Thy song would still be dear,
And with a more than earthly power
My passing Spirit cheer.
Then, little Bird, this boon confer,
Come, and my requiem sing,
Nor fail to be the harbinger
Of everlasting Spring.




CUMBERLAND BORDER BALLADS.

For why?—the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take, who have the power,
And they should keep who can.—WORDSWORTH.

HUGHIE THE GRÆME.

[This ballad originally appeared in "The Scots Musical Museum." It was sent by Burns, whose copy was obtained from oral tradition. Other readings will be found in Ritson's "Ancient Songs" and Scott's "Border Minstrelsy."]]

UR lords are to the mountains gane,
A-hunting o' the fallow deer,
And they hae grippet Hughie Græme,
For stealing o' the Bishop's mare.
And they hae tied him hand and foot,
And led him up thro' Carlisle town;
The lads and lasses met him there,
Cried, "Hughie Græme, thou art a loun."
"O lowse my right hand free," he says,
"And put my braid sword in the same,
He's no in Carlisle town this day,
Daur tell the tale to Hughie Græme."

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Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,
As he sat by the Bishop's knee,
"Five hundred white stots I'll gie you,
If ye'll let Hughie Græme gae free."

"O haud your tongue," the Bishop says,
"And wi' your pleading let me be ;
For tho' ten Græmes were in his coat,
Hughie Græme this day shall dee."

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,
As she sat by the Bishop's knee,
"Five hundred white pence I'll gie you,
If ye'll gie Hughie Græme to me."

"O haud your tongue now, lady fair,
And wi' your pleading let it be ;
Altho' ten Græmes were in his coat,
It's for my honour he maun dee."

They've ta'en him to the gallows knowe,
He looked to the gallows tree,
Yet never colour left his cheek,
Nor ever did he blin' his e'e.

At length he looked round about,
To see whatever he could spy,
And there he saw his auld father,
And he was weeping bitterly.

"O haud your tongue, my father dear,
And wi' your weeping let it be ;
The weeping's sairer on my heart,
Than a' that they can do to me.

“And ye may gie my brother John
My sword that’s bent in the middle clear,
And let him come at twelve o’clock,
And see me pay the Bishop’s mare.
“And ye may gie my brother James
My sword that’s bent in the middle brown,
And bid him come at four o’clock,
And see his brother Hugh cut down.
“And ye may tell my kith and kin
I never did disgrace their blood ;
And when they meet the Bishop’s cloak,
To mak’ it shorter by the hood.”

GRÆME AND BEWICK.

[This ballad has been partly restored from a copy obtained by the recitation of an ostler in Carlisle * * * The quarrel of the two old chieftains, over their wine, is highly in character. Two generations have not elapsed since the custom of drinking deep, and taking deadly revenge for slight offences, produced very tragical events on the Border ; to which the custom of going armed to festive meetings contributed not a little. A minstrel who flourished about 1720, happened to be performing before one of these parties, when they betook themselves to their swords. The cautious musician, accustomed to such scenes, dived beneath the table. A moment after, a man’s hand, struck off with a back-sword, fell beside him. The minstrel secured it carefully in his pocket, as he would have done any other loose movable ; sagely observing, the owner would miss it sorely next morning.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

Guid Lord Græme is to Carlisle gane ;
Sir Robert Bewick there met he ;
And arm in arm to the wine they did go,
And they drank till they were baith merrie.

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Gude Lord Græme has ta'en up the cup,
"Sir Robert Bewick, and here's to thee !
And here's to our twae sons at hame !
For they like us best in our ain countrie."—

"O were your son a lad like mine,
And learn'd some books that he could read,
They might hae been twae brethren bauld,
And they might hae bragged the Border side.

"But your son's a lad, and he is but bad,
And billie to my son he canna be ;

* * * * *

"Ye sent him to the schools, and he wadna learn ;
Ye bought him books, and he wadna read."—
"But my blessing shall he never earn,
Till I see how his arm can defend his head."—

Gude Lord Græme has a reckoning call'd,
A reckoning then called he ;
And he paid a crown, and it went roun' ;
It was all for the gude wine and free.

And he has to the stable gane,
Where there stude thirty steeds and three :
He's ta'en his ain horse amang them a',
And hame he rade sae manfullie.

"Welcome, my auld father!" said Christie Græme,
"But where sae lang frae hame were ye ?"—
"It's I hae been at Carlisle town,
And a baffled man by thee I be.

"I hae been at Carlisle town,
Where Sir Robert Bewick he met me ;
He says ye're a lad, and ye are but bad,
And billie to his son ye canna be.

"I sent ye to the schools, and ye wadna learn ;
I bought ye books, and ye wadna read ;
Therefore my blessing ye shall never earn,
Till I see with Bewick thou save thy head."—

"Now, God forbid, my auld father,
That ever sic a thing suld be !
Billie Bewick was my master, and I was his scholar,
And aye sae weel as he learned me."—

"O hald thy tongue, thou limmer loon,
And of thy talking let me be !
If thou does na end me this quarrel soon,
There is my glove, I'll fight wi' thee."—

Then Christie Græme he stooped low
Unto the ground, you shall understand ;—

"O father, put on your glove again,
The wind has blown it from your hand ?"—

"What's that thou says, thou limmer loon ?
How dares thou stand to speak to me ?
If thou do not end this quarrel soon,
There's my right hand thou shalt fight with me."—

Then Christie Græme's to his chamber gane,
To consider weel what then should be ;
Whether he should fight with his auld father,
Or with his billie Bewick, he.

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" If I suld kill my billie dear,
God's blessing I shall never win ;
But if I strike at my auld father,
I think 'twald be a mortal sin.

" But if I kill my billie dear,
It is God's will, so let it be ;
But I make a vow, ere I gang frae hame,
That I shall be the next man's die."—

Then he's put on's back a gude auld jack,
And on his head a cap of steel,
And sword and buckler by his side ;
O gin he did not become them weel !

We'll leave off talking of Christie Græme,
And talk of him again belive ;*
And we will talk of bonny Bewick,
Where he was teaching his scholars five.

When he had taught them well to fence,
And handle swords without any doubt,
He took his sword under his arm,
And he walk'd his father's close about.

He look'd atween him and the sun,
And a' to see what there might be,
Till he spied a man in armour bright,
Was riding that way most hastilie.

" O wha is yon, that came this way,
Sae hastilie that hither came ?
I think it be my brother dear !
I think it be young Christie Græme.—

* By and by.

"Ye're welcome here, my billie dear,
And thrice ye're welcome unto me!"—

"But I'm wae to say, I've seen the day,
When I am come to fight wi' thee.

"My father gaed to Carlisle town,
Wi' your father Bewick there met he :
He says I'm a lad, and I am but bad,
And a baffled man I trow I be.

"He sent me to schools, and I wadna learn ;
He gae me books, and I wadna read ;
Sae my father's blessing I'll never earn,
Till he see how my arm can guard my head."—

"O God forbid, my billie dear,
That ever such a thing suld be !
We'll take three men on either side,
And see if we can our fathers agree."—

"O hald thy tongue, now, billie Bewick,
And of thy talking let me be !
But if thou'rt a man, as I'm sure thou art,
Come o'er the dyke, and fight wi' me."—

"But I hae nae harness, billie, on my back,
As weel I see there is on thine."—

"But as little harness as is on thy back,
As little, billie, shall be on mine."—

Then he's thrown aff his coat o' mail
His cap of steel away flung he ;
He stuck his spear into the ground,
And he tied his horse unto a tree.

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Then Bewick has thrown aff his cloak,
And's psalter-book frae's hand flung he ;
He laid his hand upon the dyke,
And ower he lap most manfullie.

O they hae fought for twae lang hours ;
When twae lang hours were come and gane,
The sweet drapp'd fast frae aff them baith,
But a drap of blude could not be seen.

Till Græme gae Bewick an ackward* stroke,
Ane ackward stroke stricken sickerlie ;
He has hit him under the left breast,
And dead-wounded to the ground fell he.

" Rise up, rise up, now billie dear !
Arise and speak three words to me !—
Whether thou's gotten thy deadly wound,
Or if God and good leeching may succour thee ?"—

" O horse, O horse, now, billie Græme,
And get thee far from hence with speed ;
And get thee out of this countrie,
That none may know who has done the deed."—

" O I have slain thee, billie Bewick,
If this be true thou tellest to me ;
But I made a vow, ere I came frae hame,
That aye the next man I wad be."

He has pitch'd his sword in a mowdie-hill,
And he has leap'd twenty lang feet and three,
And on his ane sword's point he lap,
And dead upon the ground fell he.

* Backward.

'Twas then came up Sir Robert Bewick,
And his brave son alive saw he ;
" Rise up, rise up, my son," he said,
" For I think ye hae gotten the victorie."—

" O hald your tongue, my father dear !
Of your prideful talking let me be !
Ye might hae drunken your wine in peace,
And let me and my billie be.

" Gae dig a grave, baith wide and deep,
And a grave to hald baith him and me ;
But lay Christie Græme on the sunny side,
For I'm sure he wan the victorie."—

" Alack ! a wae !" auld Bewick cried,
" Alack ! was I not much to blame ?
I'm sure I've lost the liveliest lad
That e'er was born unto my name."—

" Alack ! a wae !" quo' gude Lord Græme—
" I'm sure I hae lost the deeper lack !
I durst hae ridden the Border through,
Had Christie Græme been at my back.

" Had I been led through Liddesdale,
And thirty horsemen guarding me,
And Christie Græme been at my back,
Sae soon as he had set me free !

" I've lost my hopes, I've lost my joy,
I've lost the key but and the lock ;
I durst hae ridden the world round,
Had Christie Græme been at my back."

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HOBBIE NOBLE.

[Hobbie Noble was an Englishman, who finding less difference in the laws of "mine and thine" on the Scotch side of the border, and more sympathy with such loose notions of property as he possessed, established himself among the Scotch and helped them to ravage the country, to Carlisle southward, whenever opportunity offered. The Scotch, however, proved false to him, as will be found described in the ballad.]

Foul fa' the breast first Treason bred in !

That Liddesdale may safely say ;

For in it there was baith meat and drink,

And corn unto our geldings gay.

And we were a' stout-hearted men,

As England she might often say ;

But now we may turn our backs and flee,

Since brave Noble is sold away.

Now Hobbie was an English-man,

And born into Bewcastle dale ;

But his misdeeds they were so great,

They banish'd him to Liddesdale.

At Kershope foot the tryste was set,

Kershope of the lilye lee ;

And there was traitour Sim o' the Mains,

And with him a private companie.

Then Hobbie has graithed his body fair,

Baith wi' the iron and wi' the steel ;

And he has ta'en out his fringed grey,

And there, brave Hobbie, he rade him weel.

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Then Hobbie is down the water gane,
E'en as fast as he could hie ;
Tho' a' should hae bursten and broken their hearts,
Frae that riding-tryst he wad na be.

"Well be ye met, my feres* five !
And now, what is your will wi' me ?"—

Then they a' cried wi' ae consent,
"Thou'rt welcome here, brave Noble, to me.

"Wilt thou with us into England ride,
And thy safe warrand we will be ?
If we get a horse worth a hundred pound,
Upon his back thou sune sall be."

"I dare not by day into England ride ;
The Land-Sergeant has me at feid :
And I know not what evil may betide,
For Peter of Whitfield, his brother, is dead.

"And Anton Shiel he loves not me,
For I gat twa drifts o' his sheep ;
The great Earl of Whitfield loves me not,
For nae gear frae me he e'er could keep.

"But will ye stay till the day gae down,
Until the night come o'er the grund,
And I'll be a guide worth ony twa
That may in Liddesdale be found ?

"Though the night be black as pick and tar,
I'll guide ye o'er yon hill sae hie ;
And bring ye a' in safety back,
If ye'll be true and follow me."—

* Companions.

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He has guided them o'er moss and muir,
O'er hill and hope, and mony a down ;
Until they came to the Foulbogshiel,
And there, brave Noble, he lighted down.

But word is gane to the Land-Sergeant,
In Askerton where that he lay—
"The deer, that ye hae hunted sae lang,
Is seen into the Waste this day."—

"The Hobbie Noble is that deer !
I wat he carries the style fu' hie ;
Aft has he driven our bluidhounds back,
And set ourselves at little lee.

"Gar warn the bows of Hartlie-burn,
See they sharp their arrows on the wa' !
Warn Willeva and speir Edom,
And see the morn they meet me a'.

"Gar meet me on the Rodric-haugh,
And see it be by break o' day ;
And we will on to Conscothart-green,
For there, I think, we'll get our prey."—

Then Hobbie Noble has dreimit a dreim,
In the Foulbogshiel where that he lay ;
He dreimit his horse was aneath him shot,
And he himself got hard away.

The cocks 'goud craw, the day 'goud daw,
And I wot sae even fell down the rain ;
Had Hobbie na wakened at that time
In the Foulbogshiel, he had been ta'en or slai .

"Awake, awake, my feres five !
I trow here makes a fu' ill day ;
Yet the worst cloak o' this company,
I hope shall cross the Waste this day."—

Now Hobbie thought the gates were clear ;
But, ever alas ! it was na sae :
They were beset by cruel men and keen,
That away brave Hobbie might na gae.

"Yet follow me, my feres five,
And see ye keep of me gude ray ;
And the worst cloak o' this company
Even yet may cross the Waste this day."—

But the Land-Sergeant's men came Hobbie before,
The traitor Sim cam Hobbie behin',
So had Noble been wight as Wallace was,
Away, alas ! he might na win.

Then Hobbie had but a laddie's sword ;
But he did mair than a laddie's deed ;
For that sword had clear'd Conscouthart-green,
Had it not broke o'er Jerswigham's head.

Then they hae ta'en brave Hobbie Noble,
Wi's ain bowstring they band him sae ;
But his gentle heart was ne'er sae sair,
As when his ain five bound him on the brae.

They hae ta'en him on for west Carlisle ;
They ask'd him, if he kend the way :
'Though much he thought, yet little he said ;
He knew the gate as weel as they.

474 *Cumberland Border Ballads.*

They hae ta'en him up the Ricker-gate ;
The wives they cast their windows wide ;
And every wife to another can say,
"That's the man loosed Jock o' the Side !"—
"Fy on ye, women, why ca' ye me man ?
For it's nae man that I'm used like ;
I am but like a forfoughen* hound,
Has been fighting in a dirty syke."
They hae had him up through Carlisle town,
And set him by the chimney fire ;
They gave brave Noble a loaf to eat,
And that was little his desire.
They gave him a wheaten loaf to eat,
And after that a can of beer ;
And they a' cried, with one consent,
"Eat, brave Noble, and make gude cheir.
"Confess my lord's horse, Hobbie," they said,
"And to-morrow in Carlisle thou 's na dee."—
"How can I confess them," Hobbie says,
"When I never saw them with my ee !"—
Then Hobbie has sworn a fu' great aith,
By the day that he was gotten and born,
He never had onything o' my lord's,
That either eat him grass or corn.
"Now fare thee weel, sweet Mangerton !
For I think again I'll ne'er thee see :
I wad hae betray'd nae lad alive,
For a' the gowd o' Christentie.

* Quite fatigued.

"And fare thee weel, sweet Liddesdale!
Baith the hie land and the law;
Keep ye weel frae the traitor Mains!
For goud and gear he 'll sell ye a'.

"Yet wad I rather be ca'd Hobbie Noble,
In Carlisle, where he suffers for his fau't,
Than I'd be ca'd the traitor Mains,
That eats and drinks o' the meal and maut."

KINMONT WILLIE.

[The rescue of Kinmont Willie from Carlisle castle was a daring exploit, and has been gallantly sung. Queen Elizabeth, when she heard of it, was highly indignant and "stormed not a little." Two years afterward the bold Buccleuch was in England, and Elizabeth was anxious to see so doughty a chieftain. In a rough and peremptory manner she demanded of him how he had dared to undertake an enterprise so desperate and presumptuous. "What is it," replied the undaunted chieftain, "that a man dare not do?" Elizabeth, struck with his boldness, turned to a lord in waiting, and said, "With ten thousand such men, our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne in Europe!"]

O have ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde?
O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroope?
How they hae ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
On Haribee to hang him up?

Had Willie had but twenty men,
But twenty men as stout as he,
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
Wi' eight score in his companie.

476 *Cumberland Border Ballads.*

They band his legs beneath the steed,
They tied his hands behind his back ;
They guarded him, fivesome on each side,
And they brought him ower the Liddel-rack.

They led him thro' the Liddel-rack,
And also thro' the Carlisle sands ;
They brought him to Carlisle castell,
To be at my Lord Scroope's commands.

"My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
And whae will dare this deed avow?
Or answer by the Border law?
Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?"

"Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!
There's never a Scot shall set thee free:
Before ye cross my castell yate,
I trow ye shall take farewell o' me."

"Fear na ye that, my lord," quo' Willie:
"By the faith o' my body, Lord Scroope," he said,
"I never yet lodged in a hostelrie,
But I paid my lawing* before I gaed."—

Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper,
In Branksome Ha', where that he lay,
That Lord Scroope has ta'en the Kinmont Willie,
Between the hours of night and day.

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He garr'd the red wine spring on hie—
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
"But avenged of Lord Scroope I'll be!

* Reckoning.

"O is my basnet* a widow's curch!†
Or my lance a wand of the willow tree;
Or my arm a ladye's lilye hand,
That an English lord should lightly me!

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Is Keeper here on the Scottish side?

"And have they e'en ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Withouten either dread or fear?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Can back a steed, or shake a spear?

"O were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is none,
I would slight Carlisle castell high,
Though it were builded of marble stone.

"I would set that castell in a low,
And sloken it with English blood!
There's never a man in Cumberland,
Should ken where Carlisle castell stood.

"But since nae war's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be;
I'll neither harm English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!"

He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld,
I trow they were of his ain name,
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, call'd
The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

* Helmet.

† Widow's cap

478 *Cumberland Border Ballads.*

He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch ;
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld,*
And gleuves of green, and feathers blue.

There were five and five before them a',
Wi' hunting-horns and bugles bright :
And five and five came wi' Buccleuch,
Like warden's men, array'd for fight.

And five and five, like a mason gang,
That carried the ladders lang and hie ;
And five and five, like broken men ;
And so they reach'd the Woodhouselee.

And as we cross'd the Bateable Land,
When to the English side we held,
The first o' men that we met wi',
Whae should it be but fause Sakelde ?

"Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen ?"
Quo' fause Sakelde ; "come tell to me !" —

"We go to hunt an English stag,
Has trespass'd on the Scots countrie."

"Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men ?"
Quo' fause Sakelde ; "come tell me true !" —

"We go to catch a rank reiver,
Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch."

"Where are ye gaun, ye mason lads,
Wi' a' your ladders, lang and hie ?" —

"We gang to herry a corbie's nest,
That wons not far frae Woodhouselee." —

* Armour on shoulder.

“Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?”
Quo’ fause Sakelde; “come tell to me!”—
Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,
And the nevir a word of lear had he.
“Why trespass ye on the English side?
Row-footed outlaws, stand!” quo’ he;
The nevir a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust the lance through his fause bodie.
Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we cross’d;
The water was great and meikle of spait,*
But the nevir a horse nor man we lost.
And when we reach’d the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind was rising loud and hie;
And there the Laird garr’d leave our steeds,
For fear that they should stamp and nie.
And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw;
But ’twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castle wa’.
We crept on knees, and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders against the wa’;
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsell
To mount the first before us a’.
He has ta’en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead—
“Had there not been peace between our lands,
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed!—

* Flood.

480 *Cumberland Border Ballads.*

"Now sound out, trumpets!" quo' Buccleuch;
"Let's waken Lord Scroope right merrilie!"—
Then loud the warden's trumpet blew—
O wha dare meddle wi' me?

Then speedilie to wark we gaed,
And raised the slogan ane and a',
And cut a hole through a sheet of lead,
And so we wan to the castle ha'.

They thought King James and a' his men
Had won the house wi' bow and spear;
It was but twenty Scots and ten,
That put a thousand in sic a stear!

Wi' coulters, and wi' forehammers,
We garr'd the bars bang merrilie,
Until we came to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

And when we cam to the lower prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie—
"O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou's to die?"—

"O I sleep saft, and I wake aft;
It's lang since sleeping was fley'd frae me!
Gie my service back to my wife and bairn's,
And a' gude fellows that spier for me."—

Then Red Rowan has hente him up,
The starkest man in Teviotdale—
"Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.

Cumberland Border Ballads. 481

"Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope !
My gude Lord Scroope, farewell !" he cried—

"I'll pay you for my lodging mail,*
When first we meet on the Border side."—

Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
We bore him down the ladder lang ;
At every stride Red Rowan made,
I wot the Kinmont's airns play'd clang !

"O mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I have ridden horse baith wild and wood ;
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.

"And mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I've prick'd a horse out oore the furs ;
But since the day I back'd a steed,
I nevir wore sic cumbrous spurs !"—

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men on horse and foot,
Cam wi' the keen Lord Scroope along.

Buccleuch has turn'd to Eden Water,
Even where it flow'd frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.

He turn'd him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he—
"If ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me !"

* Rent.

482 *Cumberland Border Ballads.*

All sore astonish'd stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane ;
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes,
When through the water they had gane.

"He is either himsell a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be ;
I wadna have ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christentie."

KINMONT WILLIE.

Willie had ridden and Willie had reiv'd,
Willie had burn'd and Willie had thiev'd ;
Lord Scroope he march'd wi' rank and file,
Poor Kinmont Willie to auld Carlisle.
For Willie had mounted many a stile,
But now he is chain'd in auld Carlisle.

The news soon o'er the border ran ;
Buccleuch petition'd to save the man :
England's queen wad gie Willie his due,
"Then mount and away," said bold Buccleuch.
For Willie had mounted many a stile,
But now he is chain'd in auld Carlisle.

The neet was dark and the Eden strang
As o'er the Stanwix they fil'd alang ;
At the head of his horse he forded through,
"Let us storm the castle," said brave Buccleuch.
For Willie had mounted many a stile,
But now he is chain'd in auld Carlisle.

Cumberland Border Ballads. 483

While loudly the bells of Carlisle rang,
A thousand men to their armour sprang ;
They drew their swords to the joul of the bell,
But the castle was ta'en before they could tell.
 Wi' the stroke of a sword instead of a file
 They ransom'd Willie in auld Carlisle.

'Twas horse and away with bold Buccleuch,
As he rode in the van of his border crew ;
"You may tell your virgin queen," he cried.
"That Scotland's rights were never defied."
 Wi' the stroke of a sword instead of a file
 He ransom'd Willie in auld Carlisle.

THE FRAY OF SUPORT.

["Of all the Border ditties," says Scott, "which have fallen into my hands, this is by far the most uncouth and savage. * * * An Englishwoman, residing in Suport, (Cumberland,) near the foot of the Kershope, having been plundered in the night by a band of Scottish moss-troopers, is supposed to convoke her servants and friends for the pursuit, or *Hot Trod* ; upbraiding them at the same time, in homely phrase, for their negligence."]

Sleep'ry Sim of the Lamb-hill,
And snoring Jock of Suport-mill,
Ye are baith right het and fou' ;—
But my wae wakens na you.
Last night I saw a sorry sight—
Nought left me o' four-and-twenty gude ousen and
 kye,
My weel-ridden gelding, and a white quey,

484 *Cumberland Border Ballads.*

But a toom byre¹ and a wide,
 And the twelve nogs² on ilka side.
 Fy, lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
 My gear's a' gane.

Weel may ye ken,
 Last night I was right scarce o' men :
 But Toppet Hob o' the Mains had guesten'd in my
 house by chance ;
 I set him to wear the fore-door wi' the speir, while
 I kept the back door wi' the lance ;
 But they hae run him thro' the thick o' the thie,
 and broke his knee-pan,
 And the mergh³ o' his shin-bane has run down on
 his spur-leather whang :
 He's lame while he lives, and where'er he may gang.
 Fy, lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
 My gear's a' gane.

But Peenye, my gude son, is out at the Hagbut-head,
 His een glittering for anger like a fiery gleed ;⁴
 Crying—" Mak sure the nooks
 Of Maky's-muir crooks ;
 For the wily Scot takes by nooks, hooks, and crooks.
 Gin we meet a' together in a head the morn,
 We'll be merry men."

 Fy, lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
 My gear's a' gane.

¹ Empty cowhouse.

² Stakes.

³ Marrow.

⁴ A bar of iron glowing on the anvil.

There's doughty Cuddy in the Heugh-head,
Thou was aye gude at a need :
With thy brock-skin bag at thy belt,
Aye ready to mak a puir man help.
Thou maun awa' out to the Cauf-craigs
(Where anes ye lost your ain twa naigs,)
And there toom thy brock-skin bag.

Fy, lads ! shout a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' ta'en.

Doughty Dan o' the Houlet Hirst,
Thou was aye gude at a birst :¹
Gude wi' a bow, and better wi' a speir,
The bauldest March-man that e'er follow'd gear ;
Come thou here.

Fy, lads ! shout a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' gane.

Rise, ye carle coopers, frae making o' kirms and tubs,
In the Nicol-forest Woods,
Your craft hasna left the value of an oak rod,
But if you had ony fear o' God,
Last night ye hadna slept sae sound,
And let my gear be a' ta'en.

Fy, lads ! shout a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' ta'en.

Ah ! lads, we'll fang them a' in a net,
For I hae a' the fords o' Liddel set ;
The Dunkin and the Door-loup,
The Willie-ford, and the Water-slack,

¹ Burst, battle, fight.

486 *Cumberland Border Ballads.*

The Black-rack and the Trout-dub of Liddel ;
 There stands John Forster, wi' five men at his back.
 Wi' bufft coat and cap of steil ;
 Boo ! ca' at them e'en, Jock ;
 That ford's sicker,* I wat weil.

Fy, lads ! shout a' a' a' a' a',
 My gear's a' ta'en.

Hoo ! hoo ! gar raise the Reid Souter, and Ringan's
 Wi' a broad elshint and a wicker ; [Wat,
 I wat weil they'll mak a ford sicker.
 Sae, whether they be Elliot's or Armstrangs,
 Or rough-riding Scots, or rude Johnstones,
 Or whether they be frae the Tarras or Ewsdale,
 They maun turn and fight, or try the deeps o' Liddel.

Fy, lads ! shout a' a' a' a' a',
 My gear's a' ta'en.

" Ah ! but they will play ye anither jig,
 For they will out at the big rig,
 And thro' at Fargy Grame's gap."
 But I hae another wile for that :
 For I hae little Will, and Stalwart Wat,
 And lang Aicky, in the Souter Moor,
 Wi' his sleuth-dog sits in his watch right sure ;
 Shou'd the dog gie a bark,
 He'll be out in his sark,
 And die or won.

Fy, lads ! shout a' a' a' a' a',
 My gear's a' ta'en.

* Secure.

† A shoemaker's awl.

Cumberland Border Ballads. 487

Ha ! boys !—I see a party appearing—wha's yon ?
Methinks it's the Captain of Bewcastle, and Jephtha's
John,

Coming down by the foul steps of Catlowdie's loan :
They'll make a' sicker, come which way they will.

Ha, lads ! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' ta'en.

Captain Musgrave, and a' his band,
Are coming down by the Siller-strand,
And the Muckle toun-bell o' Carlisle is rung :
My gear was a' weel won,
And before it's carried o'er the Border, mony a
man's gae down.

Fy, lads ! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' gane.

CARLISLE YETTS.

[“An old lady of Dumfriesshire,” says Allan Cunningham, “often mentioned to me the horror which she felt when she saw several heads on the Scottish-gates of Carlisle, one of which was that of a youth with very long yellow hair. The story of a lady, young and beautiful, who came from a distant part and gazed at this head every morning at sunrise, and every evening at sunset, is also told by many. At last the head and the lady disappeared.”]

White was the rose in my love's hat,
As he rowed me in his lowland plaidie ;
His heart was true as death in love,
His hand was aye in battle ready.

488 *Cumberland Border Ballads.*

His long, long hair, in yellow hanks,
Waved o'er his cheeks sae sweet and ruddy;
But now it waves o'er Carlisle yetts,
In dripping ringlets, soil'd and bloody.

When I came first through fair Carlisle,
Ne'er was a town sae gladsome seeming;
The white rose flaunted o'er the wall,
The thistled pennons wide were streaming.
When I came next through fair Carlisle,
O sad, sad seem'd the town and eerie!
The old men sobb'd, the gray dames wept,
"O lady! come ye to seek your dearie!"

I tarried on a heathery hill,
My tresses to my cheeks were frozen;
And far adown the midnight wind
I heard the din of battle closing.
The gray day dawned—among the snow
Lay many a young and gallant fellow;
And O! the sun shone bright in vain,
On twa blue een 'tween locks of yellow.

A tress of soil'd and yellow hair,
Close in my bosom I am keeping—
Since earthly joys are torn from me,
Come welcome woe, and want, and weeping!
Woe, woe upon that cruel heart,
Woe, woe upon that hand sae bloody,
That lordless leaves my true-love's hall,
And makes me wail a virgin widow!

THE BOY AND THE MANTLE.

[From Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, where will also be found the "pure antiquity" copy of this ballad. Percy was Dean of Carlisle from 1778 to 1782.]

In Carleile dwelt king Arthur,
A prince of passing might ;
And there maintain'd his table round,
Beset with many a knight.

And there he kept his Christmas
With mirth and princely cheare,
When, lo ! a strange and cunning boy
Before him did appeare.

A kirtle, and a mantle
This boy had him upon,
With brooches, rings, and owches
Full daintily bedone.

He had a sarke of silk
About his middle meet ;
And thus, with seemly curtesy,
He did king Arthur greet.

"God speed thee, brave king Arthur,
Thus feasting in thy bowre.
And Guenever thy goodly queen,
That fair and peerlesse flowre.

490 *Cumberland Border Ballads.*

Ye gallant lords, and lordlings,
I wish you all take heed,
Lest, what ye deem a blooming rose
Should prove a cankred weed."

Then straitway from his bosome
A little wand he drew ;
And with it eke a mantle
Of wondrous shape, and hew.

"Now have thou here, king Arthur,
Have this here of mee,
And give unto thy comely queen,
All-shapen as you see.

No wife it shall become,
That once hath been to blame."
Then every knight in Arthur's court
Slye glaunced at his dame.

And first came lady Guenever,
The mantle she must trye.
This dame, she was new-fangled,
And of a roving eye.

When she had tane the mantle,
And all was with it cladde,
From top to toe it shiver'd down,
As tho' with sheers beshradde.

One while it was too long,
Another while too short,
And wrinkled on her shoulders
In most unseemly sort.

Cumberland Border Ballads. 491

Now green, now red it seemed,
Then all of sable hue.
"Beshrew me," quoth king Arthur,
"I think thou beest not true."

Down she threw the mantle,
Ne longer would not stay ;
But storming like a fury,
To her chamber flung away.

She curst the whoreson weaver,
That had the mantle wrought :
And doubly curst the froward impe,
Who thither had it brought.

"I had rather live in desarts
Beneath the green-wood tree :
Than here, base king, among thy groomes,
The sport of them and thee."

Sir Kay call'd forth his lady,
And bade her to come near :
"Yet dame, if thou be guilty,
I pray thee now forbear."

This lady, pertly gigling,
With forward step came on,
And boldly to the little boy,
With fearless face is gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
With purpose for to wear ;
It shrunk up to her shoulder,
And left her b**side bare.

492 *Cumberland Border Ballads.*

Then every merry knight,
That was in Arthur's court,
Gib'd, and laught, and flouted,
To see that pleasant sport.

Downe she threw the mantle,
No longer bold or gay,
But with a face all pale and wan,
To her chamber slunk away.

Then forth came an old knight,
A pattering o'er his creed ;
And proffer'd to the little boy
Five nobles to his meed ;

“ And all the time of Christmass
Plumb-porridge shall be thine,
If thou wilt let my lady fair
Within the mantle shine.”

A saint his lady seemed,
With step demure, and slow,
And gravely to the mantle
With mincing pace doth goe.

When she the same had taken,
That was so fine and thin,
It shrivell'd all about her,
And show'd her dainty skin.

Ah ! little did *her* mincing,
Or *his* long prayers bestead ;
She had no more hung on her,
Than a tassel and a thread.

Cumberland Border Ballads. 493

Down she threwe the mantle,
With terror and dismay,
And, with a face of scarlet,
To her chamber hyed away.

Sir Cradock call'd his lady,
And bade her to come neare :
"Come win this mantle, lady,
And do me credit here.

"Come win this mantle, lady,
For now it shall be thine,
If thou hast never done amiss,
Sith first I made thee mine."

The lady gently blushing,
With modest grace came on,
And now to trye the wondrous charm
Courageously is gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
And put it on her backe,
About the hem it seemed
To wrinkle and to cracke.

"Lye still," shee cryed, "O mantle !
And shame me not for nought,
I'll freely own whate'er amiss
Or blameful I have wrought.

"Once I kist Sir Cradeck
Beneath the greenwood tree :
Once I kist Sir Cradock's mouth
Before he married mee."

494 *Cumberland Border Ballads.*

When thus she had her shriven,
And her worst fault had told,
The mantle soon became her
Right comely as it shold.

Most rich and fair of colour,
Like gold it glittering shone :
And much the knights in Arthur's court
Admir'd her every one.

Then towards king Arthur's table,
The boy he turn'd his eye :
Where stood a boar's-head garnished
With bayes and rosemarye.

When thrice he o'er the boar's head
His little wand had drawne,
Quoth he, "There's never a cuckold's knife,
Can carve this head of brawne."

Then some their whittles rubbed
On whetstone and on hone :
Some threwe them under the table,
And swore that they had none.

Sir Cradock had a little knife
Of steel and iron made ;
And in an instant thro' the skull
He thrust the shining blade.

He thrust the shining blade
Full easily and fast :
And every knight in Arthur's court
A morsel had to taste.

Cumberland Border Ballads. 495

The boy brought forth a horne,
All golden was the rim :
Said he, "No cuckold ever can
Set mouth unto the brim.
"No cuckold can this little horne
Lift fairly to his head;
But or on this, or that side,
He shall the liquor shed."
Some shed it on their shoulder,
Some shed it on their thigh ;
And hee that could not hit his mouth
Was sure to hit his eye.
Thus he, that was a cuckold,
Was known of every man :
But Cradock lifted easily,
And wan the golden can.
Thus boar's head, horn, and mantle
Were this fair couple's meed :
And all such constant lovers,
God send them well to speed.
Then down in rage came Guenever,
And thus could spiteful say,
"Sir Cradock's wife most wrongfully
Hath borne the prize away.
"See yonder shameless woman,
That makes herself so clean :
Yet from her pillow taken
Thrice five gallants have been.

496. *Cumberland Border Ballads.*

" Priests, clarkes, and wedded men
Have her lewd pillow prest :
Yet she the wondrous prize forsooth
Must beare from all the rest."

Then bespake the little boy,
Who had the same in hold :
" Chastize thy wife, king Arthur,
Of speech she is too bold :

" Of speech she is too bold,
Of carriage all too free ;
Sir king, she hath within thy hall
A cuckold made of thee.

" All frolick light and wanton
She hath her carriage borne :
And given thee for a kingly crown
To wear a cuckold's home."

NOTE.—For the convenience of those who may wish to pursue the study of the old ballad literature of Cumberland still further, we subjoin the following list of subjects, and where they can be found :—

Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudeslie.
The Marriage of Sir Gawaine.

Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry.

Armstrong and Musgrave.
The Drinking Match of Eden-hall.
Johnnie Armstrong.

Hutchinson's History of Cumberland.

Dick o' the Cow.
The Lochmaben Harper.
Jamie Telfer o' the Fair Dodhead.

Scott's Border Minstrelsy.

Bishop Thurston and the King of Scots.

Evans' Collection of Old Ballads.



MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

THE SUN SHINES FAIR ON CARLISLE WALL.

[This fine old ballad was known to Sir Walter Scott in childhood, and is quoted by him in Albert Græme's song in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Many copies of it exist, to which different burdens are attached. How quaintly and delicately has the old minstrel expressed the incidents revealed in this tragedy.]

SHE lean'd her head against a thorn,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa' ;
And there she has her young babe born,
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

"Smile no sae sweet, my bonnie-babe,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa' ;
An ye smile sae sweet ye'll smile me dead,"
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

* * * * *

She's howket a grave by the light o' the moon,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa' ;
And there she's buried her sweet babe in,
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

As she was going to the church,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa' ;
 She saw a sweet babe in the porch,
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

"O bonnie babe, an ye were mine,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa' ;
 I'd clead you in silk and sabelline,"—
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

"O mother mine, when I was thine,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa' ;
 To me ye were na half sae kind,
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

"But now I'm in the heavens hie,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa' ;
 And ye have the pains o' hell to dree"—
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

THE CUMBERLAND LASS.

[From "Wit and Mirth ; or, Pills to purge Melancholy, being a collection of the best merry ballads and songs, old and new, fitted to all humours, &c." Vol. II., 2nd Edition, 1707. The air and a full history of this old song will be found in Mr. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*. The chorus has been slightly modified.]

There was a lass in Cumberland,
 A bonny lass of high degree :
 There was a lass, her name was Nell,
 The blythest lass that e'er you see.

Oh! the lass that makes the bed to me,
Blythe and bonny may she be,
Blythe and bonny may she be,
The lass that makes the bed to me.

Her father lov'd her passing well,
So did her brother fancy Nell :
But all their loves came short of mine
As far as Tweed is from the Tyne.

She had five dollars in a chest
And four of them she gave to me ;
She cut her mother's winding sheet,
And all to make a sark for me.

She pluck'd a box out of her purse,
Of four gold rings she gave me three ;
She thought herself no whit the worse,
She was so very kind to me.

If I were lord of all the North
To bed and board she should be free,
For why? she is the bonniest lass
That is in all her own countrie.

When I embrace her in my arms
She takes it kind and courteouslie,
And hath such pretty winning charms
The like whereof you ne'er did see.

There's not a lass in Cumberland
To be compar'd to lovely Nell,
She hath so soft and white a hand
And other charms I need not tell.

* * * * *

THE CUMBERLAND MAID.

[From a "Complete Collection of old and new English and Scotch Songs, with their respective tunes prefixed. Vol. I. London : Printed and Sold by T. Boreman, near Child's Coffee House, St. Paul's Churchyard ; and sold likewise at his shop at the Cock in Ludgate Hill, 1735."]

In Cumberland there dwells a maid
Her charms are past compare ;
The gods, to show their works, have made
Her virtuous as she's fair.

Such beauties deck her lovely face
As mortals never saw ;
Her charms command each finish'd grace,
Her looks respect and awe.

Her modest mien and gentle air
Proclaim her foe to pride ;
Her eyes and thoughts conceal no snare
Nor female scorn to chide.

Her wit, her choice companions know,
Is mix'd with innocence ;
Too quick to pierce, but yet too slow
To give the least offence.

Her merit kingdom's would command,
And empires would not prove
A price too small, should they demand
Her heart when warm'd with love.

Before I saw her, gloomy night
Reign'd in my hemisphere ;
But when she shone, diffusive light
My wand'ring soul did cheer.

The climate doom'd for my abode
Too chilling was to love ;
But now I'm blythe, blest like a god,
Her warmth doth me retrieve.

No sun I ever saw by day
Besides the charming fair,
Whose gentle beams such joys convey
As gods themselves might share.

I ne'er observe Sol's golden light—
To *her* I homage pay ;
For when she's absent, then 'tis night,
And when she shines 'tis day.

My soul was chaos till I heard
Her sweet seraphic tongue :
Then music's charms did soft appear,
And love was all my song.

For ever on her I could gaze,
Such beauties round her shine,—
On her soft bosom end my days
And ne'er at death repine.

So mild she seems, sure she can't hate
A heart replete with truth,
Or triumph o'er the hapless fate
Of a despairing youth.

Some gentle breeze, oh! to her bear
My sighs, her heart to move ;
In some soft strain tell my despair,
And let her know I love.

THE FICKLE NORTHERN LASS.

[AIR : "There was a lass in the North Countrie."—From the Roxburghe Collection of Old Ballads, in the British Museum.]

There was a lass in the North-Countrie
And she had lovers two or three ;
But she unkindly dealt by one,
Who had to her great favour shown :
Which made him thus for to complain,
I never will see my love again :
For since that she has chang'd her mind.
I'll trust no more to woman-kind.

As she was fair, had she been true,
I should have had no cause to rue ;
But she was fickle in her mind,
Subject to waver with the wind :
With each new face that she did see,
She presently in love would be.

I must confess that in my eye,
She was a pearl I valued high,
But what is beauty without grace,
Or one where virtue has no place ?
Her false alluring smiles no more
Shall draw my senses out of door.

I gave her heart, I gave her hand,
And all I had at her command ;
She could not ask what she would have,
But presently the same I gave :
Yet all my favours prov'd in vain,
For she would not requite my pain :

When I did think her most secure,
Another did her mind allure ;
And by some crafty wiles she went,
To undermine my sweet content :
So that I now repent the day,
That e'er I cast my love away.

But in some dark and dismal place,
There will I build myself a cave ;
And in some low and barren ground,
Where none but shepherds can be found ;
I'll find a place for to bewail
The sorrows which doth me assail.

The purling streams with me shall mourn,
And leaves relenting all shall turn ;
The wood-nymphs who my plaints do hear
Shall now and then afford a tear :
All blaming her for cruelty,
That brought me to this misery.

And when my time is drawing nigh,
I will prepare myself to die ;

The Robin-Redbreasts kind will be,
 Perhaps with leaves to cover me;
 Then to the world I'll bid adieu,
 And unto her that proved untrue.

COLIN AND LUCY.

[THOMAS TICKELL, the author of this fine ballad, was born at Bridekirk, near Cockermouth, of which place his father was clergyman. He studied at Oxford, and obtained a fellowship. Through his friendship with Addison—which lasted for life—he was made under-secretary of state, and was afterwards appointed secretary to the lords justices in Ireland. He translated the first book of the Iliad, and thereby raised the ire of Pope; was a contributor to “The Spectator;” and wrote an Elegy on Addison, which, in Dr. Johnson’s opinion, is one of the “most sublime and elegant funeral poems in the whole compass of English literature.” His ballad of *Colin and Lucy* has been warmly praised by two poets. Goldsmith says, “Through all Tickell’s works there is a strain of ballad thinking; and in this professed ballad he seems to have surpassed himself. It is, perhaps, the best in our language in this way.” Gray remarked that he “always thought Tickell’s ballad to be the prettiest in the world.” Wordsworth has also added his testimony. “Tickell’s merits,” said he, “are not sufficiently known. I think him one of the very best writers of occasional verses.”—Born 1686: died 1740.]

Of Leinster, fam’d for maidens fair,
 Bright Lucy was the grace;
 Nor ere did Liffey’s limpid stream
 Reflect so fair a face.
 Till luckless love, and pining care
 Impair’d her rosy hue,
 Pale lip, and damask cheek,
 And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh ! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend !
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid ;
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains,
Take heed, ye easy fair :
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjurd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring ;
And at her window, shrieking thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
That solemn boding sound ;
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round.

" I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay :
I see a hand, you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die.
Was I to blame because his bride
Was thrice as rich as I !

" Ah Colin ! give not her thy vows ;
Vows due to me alone :
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.

To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient both prepare ;
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there.

“Then bear my corse ; ye comrades, bear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding sheet.”
She spoke, she dy’d ;—her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
He in his wedding trim so gay,
She in her winding sheet.

Then what were perjurd Colin’s thoughts ?
How were those nuptials kept ?
The bride-men flock’d round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Confusion, shame, remorse, despair
At once his bosom swell :
The damps of death bedew’d his brow
He shook, he groan’d, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah bride no more !)
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch’d before her rival’s corse,
She saw her husband dead.
Then to his Lucy’s new made grave,
Convey’d by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at their grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen ;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots
They deck the sacred green.
But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear ;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

[“These beautiful verses,” says Robert Burns, “were the production of RICHARD HEWIT, a young man whom Dr. Blacklock, the blind poet, kept as an amanuensis.” Hewit was a native of Cumberland, but to what part of the county he belonged we cannot learn. After leaving the service of Blacklock, he became secretary to Lord Milton, and died in 1794.]

’Twas in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay.
Of Nannie’s charms the shepherd sang :
The hills and dales with Nannie rang :
While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
And echoed back his cheerful strain.

“Awake, sweet muse! The breathing spring
With rapture warms: awake, and sing!
Awake and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a song :

To Nannie raise the cheerful lay ;
O, bid her haste and come away,
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

“ O look, my love ! on every spray
A feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song :
Then let the raptur'd notes arise :
For beauty darts from Nannie's eyes ;
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

“ Oh come, my love ! Thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls : O, come away !
Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine.
O ! hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine ! ”

VULCAN'S CAVE.

[This fragment is by MARK LONSDALE. The burden,
Twank-a-dillo, &c., with the music, was sent to us by JOHN
WOODCOCK GRAVES of Hobart Town, Tasmania.]

Thus we work, like jovial fellows,
Drink and sing and blow the bellows,

When hissing sparks around us fly,
And lips are parch'd and throats are dry,
Then, then's the time to wet your eye,
And blow, blow the bellows.—(Blows)—

*" Twank-a-dillo, twank-dillo,
Twank-a-dillo—dillo—dillo ;
And we play'd our merry pipes
Down by the green willow."*

MARGERY TOPPING.

[MARK LONSDALE.—This, and the five following songs, have been found in the library of the British Museum since the sheets specially devoted to Mark Lonsdale, (from page 249 to 282,) were printed off. They are copied from the "*Spanish Rivals*, a Musical Farce, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Composed by Thomas Linley. 1784?]

When I was in Cumberland I went a-wooing,
But love to my sorrow had nigh been my ruin ;
I was dying by inches, and look'd so shocking,
And all for the sake of one Margery Topping.
Alas ! dear Margery, Margery Topping.

When thinking of her so handsome and proper,
I sobb'd all the day and I set by my supper ;
My mother cried, "Peter, nay make thyself easy ;"
But that wasn't Margery,—(ah ! 'lack-a-daisy),—
Sweet Margery, Margery Topping.

I pluck'd up my heart, and I ask'd this maiden,
If ever she thought it would come to a wedding ;
She look'd in my face, and she call'd me a "Ninny;"
"Have thee!" quoth Margery, "No, not for a
guinea!"

O cruel Margery, Margery Topping !

Thought I to myself what the devil can ail her,
I wonnet stay here, but I'll gang for a sailor ;
So I went my ways, and I writ in a letter,
"Oh! fare-thee-weel Meg, till thou likest me better,"

O scornful Margery, Margery Topping !

LAST MARTINMAS GONE A YEAR.

MARK LONSDALE.

Last Martinmas gone a year,
Odzooks ! how pleas'd was I,
When hiring day was come,
And flails were all flung by ;
Our hearts and heels were light,
We danc'd an' we were mad,
Wi' every lad his lass,
And every lass her lad.

Ay, you'd hae laugh'd to see,
'Twas neither heck nor gee,
As the fiddler shog'd his knee,
Tee iddle tee dump tee dee ;
Wi' a whoop, lads, whoop,
And hey for bonnie Cumberland !

I'se ne'er forget the time,
I went to Rosley fair,
Wi' a pair of new sol'd pumps,
To dance when I got there ;
How I o'th' auld grey nag,
Was mounted like a king,
And Dick ran on before,
Wi' Hawkie in a string.

Then soon as I'd selt my cow,
And drunk till I was fou,
Wi' "Neighbour, how's a' wi'"—
And "Neighbour, how's wi' you?"
Tee iddle tee dump tee dee ;
Wi' a whoop, lads, whoop,
And hey for bonnie Cumberland !

THE GALLANT WAITING MEN.

MARK LONSDALE.

The gallant waiting men in town,
Address me as a goddess fair,
Yet what of that? 'tis better known,
I'm but as other women are :
Ne'er shilly shally can I wait,
When choice of lovers come to woo ;
But as I wish to change my state,
Why let the best e'en buckle to !

My good old granny often said,
(And now I speak it frank and free,)
That men were for the women made,
And surely one was made for me :
But should I find my spousy naught,
As many better women do,
Ne'er think I want my lesson taught,
Depend upon't I'll fit him too.

SO TEASING, PLEASING IS THE PAIN.

MARK LONSDALE.

Young Carlos came one afternoon
To pay his humble duty,
And put me sadly out of tune,
By praising Annie's beauty :
Offended I must needs complain ;
He kiss'd, and we were friends again :
So teasing, pleasing is the pain,
To quarrel, kiss, and friends again.

He told me then in pleasant mood,
Young fellows must be joking ;
That he could have me when he would,
And wasn't that provoking ?
I talk'd—but words were all in vain ;
He kiss'd, and we were friends again :
So teasing, pleasing is the pain,
To quarrel, kiss, and friends again.

When after that at romps we play'd,
I call'd aloud for quarter,
The wick'd rogue no answer made,
But snatch'd away my garter :
I slapt his face with might and main ;
He kiss'd, and we were friends again :
So teasing, pleasing is the pain,
To quarrel, kiss, and friends again.

Old disappointed prudes may rail
When Hymen oft deceives 'em ;
And loudly vow to take the veil,
But who the deuce believes 'em ?
Should e'er a stragglng youth remain,
They'd kiss him and be friends again :
So teasing, pleasing is the pain,
To quarrel, kiss, and friends again.

WHEN THE BRAVE WOULD WIN THE
FAIR.

MARK LONSDALE.

What impels to gallant deeds
Like a heart replete with love ?
He no threat'ning danger fears,
Who a noble mind will prove :
All are trifles light as air,
When the brave would win the fair.

'Twas for this I shunn'd repose,
Forc'd by adverse fate to prove,
Danger which the soldier knows,
Who fights for glory and for love :
All are trifles light as air,
When the brave would win the fair.

STILL THE LARK FINDS REPOSE.**MARK LONSDALE.**

Still the lark finds repose
In the full waving corn,
Or the bee on the rose,
Tho' surrounded with thorn :
Never robb'd of their ease,
They are thoughtless and free,
But no more gentle peace,
Shall e'er harbour with me.

Still the lark finds repose
In the full waving corn,
Or the bee on the rose,
Tho' surrounded with thorn :
While in search of delight,
Ev'ry pleasure they prove,
Ne'er tormented by pride,
Or the slights of fond love,

THE WHITE CLIFFS OF ALBION.

[HENRY HOLSTEAD.—From his Poetical Works, published at Carlisle, 1818.]

On the white cliffs of Albion, as musing I stood,
Surveying the waves of the rough swelling flood,
I saw from the surface a female arise,
And with wings, like an eagle, she mount'd the skies.

Her figure was noble, and comely her mien ;
I look'd and I knew it was Liberty's Queen ;
With sword in her hand she shouts as she flies,
Ye rulers of Britain be generous and wise.

This island I chose, long before you had birth,
For the seat of my empire, the freest on earth ;
And tho' you have forg'd them, no chains will she wear,
Nor e'er be enslav'd whilst a sword I can bare.

So saying she brandish'd her sword in the skies,
And aloud to the sons of Britannia she cries :
Will you boldly endeavour your freedom to gain,
Or still basely submit to this ignoble chain ?

We will not submit, soon was echo'd all around,
By millions of people that stood on the ground ;
Then Burdett and Cartwright appear'd in the van,
Saying, We'll live to be free, or die to a man.

But deign, gentle Goddess, the way to impart,
To crush the fell monster that preys on the heart
Of you noble structure, now gone to decay,
Which once was the glory and pride of our day.

With look all complaisance and smiling, said she,
The charter I gave you was Britons be free :
And tho' rank corruption its beauty hath torn,
"Twill blossom again after timely reform.

Reform ! Reform ! then arose from the crowd ;
We'll die for Reform, rang deeply and loud :
The Goddess smil'd sweetly and waving adieu,
Cried, Be true to yourselves and to you I'll be true.

MY LOVELY FAIR.

[Written by CHRISTOPHER BULMAN, stonemason, Kirk-linton. The heroine of these verses was one Jeanie Baty, a neighbour's daughter, who was possessed of a fair share of personal attractions. Jeanie, however, became the wife of another, and died recently at an advanced age. Bulman was cut off early in life, after having run a somewhat dissipated course.—The song was taken down from the recitation of Mr. James Hope, Stapleton ; and is here printed for the first time.]

Whene'er I gang to see my love,
She makes my heart aye fain ;
She is sae blythe—and welcomes me
Sae cheerfu' back again !
There's ne'er a lass that e'er I saw,
Wha can wi' her compare ;
To me she's dear as dear can be,
My own sweet lovely fair.

There's not a charming chorister
That sings on bush or tree ;
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
Can gie sic joys to me.
The virtuous grace seen in her face,
Aye free's my heart frae care ;
She is sae neat wi' mind complete,
My own sweet lovely fair.

Whene'er I clasp wi' fond embrace,
She fills my heart wi' love ;
She's aye sae charming in my eyes,
My mind it will not rove.
Such angel form of woman born,
The like was ne'er before ;
So straight, so small, and proper tall,
Is my sweet lovely fair.

How pleas'd I'm still to meet wi' her,
But, oh ! how wae to part ;
The throbbing sigh which heaves my breast,
Is like to rend my heart.
Ye guardian Powers, wha rule above,
And make mankind your care,
Grant me but this—for ever bless
My own sweet lovely fair.

AN EVENING LAY TO THE VALE OF
SEBERGHAM.

[THOMAS SANDERSON, the writer of these verses, was by profession a schoolmaster. He edited an edition of Relf's Poems in 1797; wrote the essay on the Peasantry of Cumberland prefixed to Anderson's Ballads; and was an unwearied contributor, for nearly fifty years, to the local prints. His melancholy end, in 1829, is thus described by the poet Wordsworth :—"Shirley's death reminded me of a sad close of the life of a literary person, Sanderson by name, in the neighbouring county of Cumberland. He lived in a cottage by himself, which, from want of care on his part, took fire in the night. The neighbours were alarmed; they ran to the rescue; he escaped dreadfully burned from the flames, and lay down (he was in his 70th year) much exhausted under a tree, a few yards from the door. His friends, in the meantime, endeavoured to save what they could of his property from the flames. He inquired most anxiously after a box in which his manuscripts had been deposited with a view to the publication of a laboriously corrected edition; and upon being told that the box was consumed, he expired in a few minutes, saying, or rather sighing out the words, 'Then I do not wish to live.' Poor man! though the circulation of his works had not extended beyond a circle of fifty miles diameter, perhaps, at farthest, he was most anxious to survive in the memory of the few who were likely to hear of him."]

Sweet Vale! O take a wanderer home,
Oh take me to thy wild wood shades;
To thee at that still hour I come,
When ev'ning's dews impearl thy glades.

Thy sun-beams on thy pilgrim-swain,
Chill'd by the hoar of seventy years,
Will bring the pulse of joy again,
And dry the fount of sorrow's tears.

Unnerv'd by age, by care, and grief,
Sickly and pale I come to thee;
To die, like yonder fallen leaf,
Beneath the shade of parent-tree.

My home shall be some lonely dell,
Where oaks in tow'ring grandeur rise;
Where the sweet peal of village bell
Blends with thy woodland melodies.

There Mem'ry, ranging o'er Time's waste,
Shall many a long-lost scene restore;
Shall re-illumine the shadowy past,
• And shew the hours that beam'd before.

Oh! could her magic pow'rs but bring
Back to the heart that sweet delight
Which flow'd when life was in its spring,
And all around me green and bright!

Amidst an alter'd world I range,
Thy plains have lost the hues they wore:
In ev'ry spot I see a change—
Some feature fled that pleas'd before.

I sigh amid thy youthful race
Disporting on thy village-green;
For there I meet a stranger's face,
And, ah! a stranger's distant mien.

Time's ruthless hand has rent yon tow'r
That spreads its shadow o'er the glade;
There was an hour—a brilliant hour,
When brave hearts beat beneath its shade.

For there the pride of chivalry,
The Dacres and the Dentons shone ;
Why, in the fields of gallantry,
Wreaths of undying verdure won.

Those were the times when Beauty spread
In banner'd halls her roseate blooms ;
When crested knights, by honour led,
Threw o'er her their protecting plumes.

In ruins lie my father's bow'rs,
That were a bright spot on thy plain,
When Youth and Pleasure strew'd their flow'rs
And joy came unalloy'd with pain.

There round the Christmas festive board,
Time seemed to pause upon his wing ;
For there the harper's sprightly chord
Found in each heart a kindred string.

If Happiness e'er left the sky,
And lighten'd our dark world of care,
The joy that sat in ev'ry eye,
Announced her in each bosom there.

How sweet, in that sequester'd home,
Upon me shone life's orient day ;
I never dream'd that ills would come—
That present joys would soon decay.

And who would breathe a wish to know
The colour of his future years,
In this mixt state of joy and woe,
Of shade and sunshine, hopes and fears†

Had it been given to mortal eye,
To view the stream of future hours,
Life would have been a lethargy—
A shadowy scene of torpid pow'rs.
Thy school, grey in the moss of age,
Beside the church still rears its head,
Where Stubbs hung o'er the classic page,
And 'midst its flow'rs thy youngsters led.
In yonder hallow'd ground repose
Thy village-race of former days;
They had their fame, as well as those
Who glitter in the poet's lays.
Yon tomb contains my parents' dust.
Blest shades! Oh! take these sighs of mine;
I love to gaze upon your bust—
To linger at your sainted shrine.
Near them my infant brothers rest:
Sweet buds! how short a date was yours;
Death took you from a mother's breast,
To ope, in Heav'n, unfading flowers.
And blest were you in early graves,
For age is but protracted pain;
A longer strife with winds and waves,
Upon a wild and stormy main.
My lot has been to linger here,
Till ev'ry earthly joy has fled;
Till all is gone the heart holds dear,
And gather'd sorrows bow my head.

* * * * *

A letter'd race of other days,
Sweet vale! made thee all classic ground;
Then o'er thee wav'd the Muse's lays—
Then ivied wreaths thy scholars crown'd.

Beside his fav'rite fountain laid,
At ev'ning's hour, Relph tun'd his lyre;
And sweeter notes, in wood or glade,
Ne'er warbled from the feather'd choir.

Denton was thine; who in yon bowers,
Sung the soul's triumph o'er the grave:
Ye Nine! if deathless wreaths be yours
O let them o'er his tombstone wave.

Those too were thine, in olden time,
Who Valour's brightest laurels won;
Who gather'd fame in ev'ry clime,
Where Britain's battle-standards shone.

Rear'd in the glens of liberty,
Their hearts beat warmly in her cause;
Bold, vig'rous, independent, free,
Like their own forest-oaks they rose.

In all thy scenes there is a spell,
That binds my throbbing heart to thee;
And Oh! what notes around me swell
Of nature's sweetest minstrelsy!

If some old friend, whom death hath spar'd,
Still suns his grey locks in thy dell,
A heart, with warmth all unimpair'd,
Will breathe his welcome to my cell:

We there will talk of days gone by,
That brightly flew in Pleasure's train ;
The bosom shall suspend its sigh,
And beat to joy and mirth again.
And I will string again the lyre,
And round me draw the village-throng ;
Gay notes shall vibrate from each wire,
Responsive to the shepherd's song.
The bowl shall chase the chill of age,
And round the heart its sunshine throw ;
No blot shall dim life's closing page,
But o'er it sweetest flow'rets blow.

THE SHIP-BOY'S LETTER.

[JOHN JAMES LONSDALE, the author of this and the two following songs, was a relative of Mark Lonsdale's. Like most men who have possessed the "accomplishment of verse," he was of a quiet, retiring disposition, and sensitive to a remarkable degree. A correspondent of the *Musical World* writes :—"I only saw him once and found him one of the most modest men as to his own talents I ever met with. He had been a great sufferer for years." Besides the three songs printed in this work, he also wrote, *The Light in the Window*, *Little Golden Hair*, *The Breeze and the Harp*, *Separation*, *The Children's Kingdom*, and many others, which have obtained considerable popularity. Most of his songs have been set to Music by Miss Virginia Gabriel. Mr. Lonsdale resided principally at Stanwix, Carlisle ; and died there on Sunday, May 29th, 1864, aged thirty-five years.]

Here's a letter from Robin, father,
A letter from o'er the sea,
I was sure that the spark i' the wick last night
Meant there was one for me ;

And I laugh'd to see the postman's face
Look in at the dairy park,
For you said it was so woman-like
To put my trust in a spark.

"Dear father and mother and granny,
I write on the breech of a gun ;
And think as I sit at the port-hole
And look at the setting sun,
Father's smoking his pipe beside you,
While you're standing in the porch—
Or are getting clean rigging ready
For to-morrow's cruize to church.

"You mus'n't be hard on the writing,
For what with ropes and with tar,
My fingers won't crook as they ought to,
And spelling is harder far ;
And every minute a lurch comes
And spoils the look of my *i*'s ;
And I blot 'em instead of dot 'em
And I can't get my words of a size.

"Tell Bessie I don't forget her,
But every Saturday night
When we're chatting of home in the twilight,
And our pipes are all alight,
And I'm ask'd to toast the lass I love,
I name sweet Bessie Green."
(O father to think of his doing that !
And the monkey scarce fifteen.)

“And, granny, the yarns you spin all day,
In the corner off the door,
Won't be half so long and tough as mine,
When I see you all ashore.
You maybe won't swallow flying fish
But I'll bring you one or two,
And some Maltese lace for topsail gear,
And a fan for you know who.

“Then good-bye to each dear face at home
Till I press it with my lips,
While you pray each night for ‘ships at sea’
And ‘God speed all sea ships.’
I smile as I rock in my hammock
Tho' storms may shriek and strain,
For I feel when we pray for each other
We're sure to meet again.”

ROBIN'S RETURN.

[Companion to the “Ship Boy's Letter.”—Written by
J. J. LONSDALE. Music by Virginia Gabriel.]

It was Yule and the snow kept falling
In silent shadowy flight,
Through the dull gray haze of daylight
Far into the starless night ;
And father sat close by the fireside
With the children round his knee,
And every bonny brown face was there
But the one that was at sea.

Never a letter and never a word,
And my eyes with tears were dim,
As I wreathed the holly upon the wall,
And harked to the children's hymn ;
And father said as they caroll'd on,
With a smile nigh like a tear,
Christmas will scarce be Christmas, wife,
If our boy should not be here.

The wheel in the nook stood all unturned
And I saw not granny's face ;
But the tears dropp'd under the wrinkled hands,
Held towards the Yule log blaze ;
Poor Bessie she turn'd to the doorway,
With face both pale, and sad,
So I kissed her ere we parted
For love of my sailor lad :

As I look'd down the drift-dimm'd pathway,
I said there's one we know,
Would have given a good deal, darling,
To have seen you thro' the snow ;
Then we drew near the hearth together,
And listened side by side
In the first blythe peal of the merry bells,
Which welcome Christmas tide.

Never a sound but the crackling log,
And the wind amid the thatch,
Till the clock was past the stroke of twelve,
When a finger rais'd the latch,

A merry brown face stood at the door,
The face I lov'd the best,
And the snow in the curls of Robin
Lay melting on my breast !

Dear granny she rose from her corner,
And clapped her hands in glee,
And she said, "O roving Robin,
You must keep a kiss for me !
And there's some one else will want one, too,
Who left not long ago !"
"Ah ! she got it," quoth Robin laughing,
When I met her in the snow."

R U B Y.

[Written by J. J. LONSDALE. Music by Virginia Gabriel.]

I opened the leaves of a book last night,
The dust on it's cover lay dusk and brown,
As I held it towards the waning light,
A withered flow'ret fell rustling down ;
'Twas only the wraith of a woodland weed,
Which a dear dead hand in the days of old,
Had plac'd 'twixt the pages she lov'd to read,
At the time when my vows of love were told :
And memories sweet but as sad as sweet,
Swift flooded mine eyes with regretful tears,
When the dry dim harebell skimm'd past my feet,
Recalling an hour from the vanished years.

Once more I was watching her deep fring'd eyes,
Bent over the Tasso upon her knee,
And the fair face blushing with sweet surprise
At the passionate pleading that broke from me!
Oh, Ruby! my darling, the small white hand,
Which gather'd the harebell was never my own,
But faded and pass'd to the far off land,
And I dreamt by the flickering flame alone :
I gather'd the flow'r and I closed the leaves,
And folded my hands in silent pray'r,
That the reaper Death as he seeks his sheaves
Might hasten the hour of our meeting there.

THE "CRACKS" OF AN ORE CARTER'S
WIFE.

BY WILLIAM DICKINSON, F.L.S., AUTHOR OF A "GLOSSARY OF CUMBERLAND WORDS AND PHRASES."

[Previous to the Cleator railway being opened, more than six hundred horses and carts were employed bringing iron ore from the mines to Whitehaven; and the transit of ore by railway caused many to be out of employment.]

Come sit thy ways down an' give us thy crack,
I've been rayder badly an' pain't in my back :
A crack does yan good, and I've less to dea noo
Sen t' horses was selt an' I've nea hay to poo.
Our Jemmy says t' horses hes done us laal good.
Takkin o' in account it's no wonder they sud :
For they eat sec a heap o' good things, barn, I lay
Thou waddent believ't if I talk't for a day !

In dark winter mwornins, about three o'clock,
He shoutit o' t' lads to git up, an' begock !
He niver could lig a bit langer his-sel
For fear t' lads sud leave owt undone an' nit tell.

An' what could I dea when he was afeut,
Bit git up an' mak t' poddish, while he went to teut
Amang t' horses, an' git them their crowdy an' meal;
For how could they work if they warrent fed weel ?

Than away they wad hurry to Cleator for ore,
Wid some hay in a seck an' their best leg afwore.
They com back o' sweat an' o' dust twice a day,
An' t' white horse as reed as if daub't wi' reed clay.

An' t' lads, to be sure, sec seets they com heamm !
Wi' sec cleazz, an' sec feaces ! it was a fair sheamm !
An' than, they meadd t' blankets far warse nor git out,
For they leukt for o' t' warld like webs o' reed clout.

Yan med wesh, barn, an' scrub till yan's fingers
was sair,

An' niver wad t' things in yan's house be clean mair !
T^h varra hair ov yan's head gat as reed as a fox,
An' I couldn't wear caps—they're lock't up in a box !

But now sen they've open't out t' railway to t' Birks*
We've parted wid t' horses an' cars, an' two stirks :
Yaa lad's gitten hire't, an' I've far less to dee,
An' tudder, nought suits him but gapgin to t' sea.

* An extensive iron ore field.

What changes it's meadd in our Hensingham street!
 An' instead of reed muck we'll hev't clean as a peat,
 For we've Ennerdale water* as cheap as auld rags,
 An' we'll now see laal mair ov auld cars or auld nags.

'Twas just tudder day that yan fell down in t' street,
 'Twad ha' pitied thy heart, barn, to leuk on an' see't,
 How it groan'd as it laid till they reetit it up!
 Than they yok't it agean and laid at it wi't whup!

Our Jemmy, he says, if he ever gits poor,
 They'll be settin him up for a milestone he's sure.
 But he laughs when he says't, for he's summat laid bye,
 An' he'll still mak a livin as safe as he'll try.

April, 1856.

HOW LAAL BOBBY LINTON GAT OUT OF A WHOL.

BY WILLIAM DICKINSON.

[About the 2nd of February, 1863, a drunken man tumbled into an opening in the discharge-channel at the Workington new docks, where the steam pumps lift out the water at the rate of about 6000 gallons per minute. The force of the stream from the pumps discharged him through the culvert at one stroke, and left him at the outlet, not very much worse in body, but with clothes torn to shreds, and his naked back severely scratched by the points of the unclenched nails of the tidetrap.]

This laal Bobby Linton gat drunk tudder day,
 An' fand his-sel misty, an' far, far astray:

* The water of Ennerdale lake was recently conducted to Whitehaven, by way of Hensingham.

An' he wandert about,
Sadly mayzelt na doubt,
An' stayvelt down onta t' North Side.
He rockt, an' he backt,
He veert, an' he tackt,
An' his varra best judgment appli'd.
Bit it o' waddent dea—he cuddent walk street
For a hofe-dozen steps at a time.
He held up his heid, an' says, "now I'll be reet
I'll aim at yon thing I see shine."
That thing he saw shine was a steam-injin fire—
It was bleezin away pumpin watter for hire
Out o' Workinton Dock, frae a varra deep sump
Putt'n down at that spot to draw watter to t' pump.
He knew what it was—he'd been theer afoor,
An' thought he ageann wad leuk in ;
He smellt theer was danger, an' try't to leuk sour,
An' turnt his-sel round wid a spin ;
His spin led him wrang, for he backt into t' sump.
"Stop t' injin" they shout an' they rwore.
Befoor they could stop't he was sookt into t' pump
An' was spew't like a frog,
Or an' oald deid dog,
Or a worn-out clog,
An' was laid on his back onta t' shore.
Some navvies ran out
In a skutterin rout,—
"Och! the last I seen on him was the *hale* of his
boot."—
An' peept into t' cundeth to find him ;

Bit he was laid sprawlin,
 An' sputterin,—(nit bawlin,)

An' to clear him o' dirt they wad sind him.
 They poo't him through t' watter an' laid him on t'
 sand,
 An' turnin him ower they gayly seun fand
 His cleazz riven off, an' his back roakt wi' spikes
 Stickin out o' t' trap dooar
 Wi' shark teeth-like pooar :—

Whoiver could think o' sec likes !
 They reetit him up, hofe alive, bit heall sober,
 As if he'd drank nought sen t' last day of October.
 He as't "Is I seaff, lads? rin heamm—tell my wife
 'At I'll niver git drunk o' t' days o' my life."
 You'll know by this time that Bobby gat in
 To this cundeth by rum, or by whisky, or gin.
 An' you can't miss bit know, if you're owts of a droll,
 How laal Bobby Linton gat out o' this whol.

February, 1863.

THE RAFFLES MERRY NEET.

[Supposed to have been written about the year 1780.—
 Here first printed from an old faded MS.]

Come listen, I'll tell the' a stwory,
 Eh ! man what a rare du' we've hed
 Last neet at Bob Robson's at t' Raffles—
 I declare I've nit yet been a-bed.

There were fwoks frae a' parts o' the kuntry,
Frae Newby, frae Worton an' Bow,
Frae Mworton, frae Newtown an' Grinsdel—
An' frae Carel a canny gay few.

The Tinkers that camp aboot Millbeck,
An' Potters aboot Worton Green,
Were theer in rags an' in tatters,
Some o' them a sheame to be seen.
Lang Charlie, the Codogeate Bully,
Wad feight ere a yen o' the pleace ;
But nin o' them wanted ne bother,
Tho' some o' them cud him weel leace.

At last he gat quite past a' bearin',
On t' teable he smash't a girt jug,
Then Billy, the Miller o' Munkel,
Brang him a good whelt o' the lug ;
In t' garden they hed a lang lurry,
For Billy's a strang lytle chap,
At last he gat Charlie on t' buttock
And whang'd him reet ower t' Bees' Cap.

I' the loft they were rwoaring an' dancing ;
Big Nancy, the greet gammerstang,
Went up an' doon t' fluir lyke a haystack,
An' fain wad hev coddled Ned Strang ;
But Ned wad hev nowt to du' wid her—
They say that she's nobbut half reet,
Forby, but I waddent hev't mentioned,
She stays far ower much oot at neet.

BRITISH BEER.

AIR : "The Low Backed Car."

A fig for all your treaties,
To flood us with French wine ;
Our lusty, trusty Burton brew'd,
Will all their "light" outshine.
Let fops their foreign liquors praise,
In sentimental drawl ;
A song we'll troll, and chorus roll,
To the monarch of them all :
To our jolly old English beer,
So sparkling, mellow, and clear,
No wine will compare,
Though never so rare,
With jolly old English beer.

Although our prim young maidens
May simper o'er their wine ;
Just wet the lip—with a gentle sip—
And a grace almost divine.
But why they make such blooming wives,
When others shrink and fail,
Is owing, no doubt, to native stout,
And foaming nutbrown ale.
And each wife keeps a drop o' good beer
The heart of her lord to cheer,
And draws out his fun—
His song or his pun—
By drawing a drop o' good beer.

Should wine fed loons invade us,
Their force we need not fear,
If we but form, to meet the storm,
Brigades well armed with beer.
Our forts would need no Armstrong guns,
Our Riflemen no ball ;
For the thirsty foe, without a blow,
Into our hands would fall :
If he saw a brown bottle of beer,
Held aloft by each Volunteer,
Lord, how he would run
To throw down his gun
For a swig of old English beer.

Let Britons then, their home-brew'd,
Defend with heart and hand ;
Though pump and vine in force combine
To drive him from the land.
If bright Burdeaux and Burgundy
Our ancient foes inspired,
'Twas draughts of good October brew'd
Our conquering fathers fired.
Then let us our English beer,
Like dutiful sons hold dear,
For we none of us know
How much we may owe
To jolly old English beer.

W. C.

Carlisle, October, 1861.

I SAW AN EAGER SMILING BOY.**W. H. HOODLESS.**

I saw an eager smiling boy
Gaze upward at the star-gemmed sky ;
His tiny grasping hand stretched forth
In daring hope to draw it nigh.

Each wand'ring butterfly to win,
To cull each flower that bloomed apart,
To seize the rainbow's gorgeous arch,
He sought with longing, childish heart.

I saw an earnest, serious man ;
His eye was filled with thoughtful light ;
On fame his yearning heart was set,
On love, on all that makes life bright.

Pure thoughts and aims sublimely high
Would dwell with him, his bosom fire ;
To all the beautiful and good
His soul did lovingly aspire.

I saw an old man, calm and bright,
Whose face as lake at eve was still,
He sought no future earth could yield,
His yearnings heaven alone could fill.

That eager, child-like, grasping hand,
Each fancied treasure to obtain ;
That earnest aim of manhood's age
Some high ideal end and gain.

What are they but the strongest proofs
Of the immortal soul we own,
Aspiring on, through Faith and Hope,
Till love in perfect trust is shown ?
Oh, child ! at thy unconscious sport,
Longing for every winged toy ;
And man with thy sublime desire,
Yearning for good and all its joy :
When holy age brings peaceful trust
Thou'lt feel thy ardent hopes were given
By Him whose love eternal seeks
To guide the wand'ring heart to heaven.

THE BRIDAL E'EN.

GEORGE DUDSON.

My head is rinnin' roun' about
I'm doylt and like to fa',
An' pent up feeling seeks a vent
'Twixt ilka breath I draw.
Tho' threescore years this day o' grace
It looks just like yestreen—
It looks just like a drowsy dream
Sin' our sweet bridal e'en.
Although my staff maun me support
To hirple owre the floor,
An' sicht is dim wi' ilka help
An' weel kent things obscure ;

This happy date aye seems to sink
The years that intervene,
And the soul looks thro' the bars o' eild
Back to our bridal e'en.

The biggin rang wi' gleesome din ;
Here sat—I'll no say wha—
His hand was lockit i' my ain,
He stately was an' braw.
An' sidelins aft was speert that nicht ;
Was meeter pair e'er seen ?
He's i' the mools, an' but mysel'
Can min' our bridal e'en.

Life's sun is i' the west I ken,
I'm fast gaun down the brae ;
There's something tells me unco plain
I hae na far to gae :
But the thoughts o' auld langsyne will steal
Across my min' yet green ;
It looms in retrospective licht,
The memory o' that e'en.

Carlisle, December, 1863.

G L O S S A R Y.*

A

A-bed, in bed
 Abuin, above
 Ae, one
 Afwore, before
 A-fit, on foot
 Agean, against
 Ahint, behind
 A-horse, on horseback
 Ail, to be indisposed
 Ajy, awry
 Alang, along
 Allyblaster, allabaster
 Amang, among
 Ambrie, pantry
 Anent, opposite
 Anunder't, under it
 Anudder, another
 As-buird, ashes-board; a
 box in which ashes are
 carried
 'At, contraction of *that*
 Atomy, skeleton
 Atween, between

Auld, old
 Aunty, aunt
 Aw, all
 Awn, own
 Ax, to ask
 Ayont, beyond

B

'Bacco, tobacco
 Bairns, children
 Bandyln, a female of
 bad character
 Bang, to beat; an action
 of haste, as, *he com in*
 wi' a bang
 Baith, both
 Bane, bone
 Bailies, bailiffs
 Bannocks, bread made
 of oatmeal, thicker
 than common cakes
 Backseyde, the yard be-
 hind a house
 Batter, dirt

* To those who find this Glossary too limited for their research, we recommend, as the best and most extensive published, *A Glossary of the Words and Phrases of Cumberland*, by William Dickinson, F.L.S.—(Callander and Dixon, Whitehaven.)

- | | |
|--|---|
| Bawk, a cross beam | Brat, a coarse apron |
| Behint, behind | Bray, to beat |
| Bensil, to bang or beat | Bravely, in a good state
of health |
| Bet, a wager; beat | Breer, briar |
| Bettermer, better | Breet, bright |
| Beyde, to endure, to stay | Brees'd, bruise'd |
| Belder, to bellow, vociferate | Brecks, breeches |
| Belsh, to emit wind from
the stomach | Brig, bridge |
| Biggin, building | Brong, brought |
| Bit, a small piece | Brock, a badger |
| Billy, brother | Brunt, burnt |
| Bizen, (see shem) | Brulliment, broil |
| Bleaken'd, blacken'd | Brast, burst |
| Blate, bashful | 'Buin, above |
| Bleer-e'd, blear-ey'd | Buits, boots |
| Bleets, blights | Bumm'd, struck; beat |
| Bleckell, Blackwell, a village near Carlisle | Bunc'd, an action of
haste, as, <i>he bunc'd in
amang us</i> |
| Bluid, blood | Buck up, to subscribe |
| Bluim, bloom | Buss, to kiss |
| Blaw, blow | Butter-shag, a slice of
breadspread with butter |
| Blusteration, the noise of
a braggart | Butter-sops, wheat or
oaten bread, soaked
in melted butter and
sugar |
| Boggle, hobgoblin | Bygane, bygone; past |
| Bout, a turn; action | Byre, cow-house |
| Bodder, bother | Byspel, full of vice, mischievous |
| Bowt, bought | |
| Bonnie, pretty | |
| Bow-hough'd, having
crooked houghs | |
| Brack, broke | |
| Brag, boast | |
| Braid, broad | |
| Bran new, quite new | |

C

- Cabbish, cabbage
Caff, chaff

- Cairds, cards
 Caller, fresh, cool
 Carel, Carlisle
 Canny, decent looking,
 well made
 Capper, one who excels
 Car, cart
 Carras, a shed or cart-
 house, wherein carts
 are kept
 Cat-witted, silly and con-
 ceited
 Ceake, cake
 Chang, the cry of a pack
 of hounds, the con-
 versation of numbers
 Chap, a general term for
 man, used either in a
 manner of respect or
 contempt
 Chawk, chalk
 Chiel, a young fellow
 Chimley, chimney
 Chops, mouth
 Claes, clothes
 Clashes, tale-bearers
 Clarty, miry
 Claver, to climb
 Clogs, a sort of shoes,
 the upper part of strong
 hide leather, and the
 soles of birch or alder,
 plaited with iron
 Cleed, to clothe
 Cleek, to catch as with a
 hook
 Click-clack, the noise that
 the pendulum of a
 clock makes in its
 vibrations
 Clink, a blow
 Clipt dinment, a thin,
 mean-looking fellow
 Clip and heel'd, proper-
 ly dressed, like a cock
 prepared to fight
 Cluff, a blow
 Cockin, cock-fighting
 Cocker, a feeder or
 fighter of cocks
 Com, came
 Corp, corpse
 Cow'd-lword, a pudding
 made of oatmeal and
 suet
 Cowp, to exchange
 Cowt, colt
 Crack, to chat, to chal-
 lenge, to boast, or do
 any thing quickly, as
 It's du't in a crack
 Crackets, crickets
 Crammel, to perform a
 thing awkwardly
 Crap, crept
 Creyke, creek
 Cronie, an old acquaint-
 ance
 Croft, a field behind the
 house
 Crouse, lofty, haughty
 Cruds, curds

Cruin, to bellow, to hum a tune	Deavie, David
Cuddy Wulson, Cuthbert Wilson	Ded, or deddy, father
Cuil, cool	Dee, to die
Cummerlan, Cumber- land	Deeins, doings
Cunn'd, counted	Deef, deaf
Curley pow, curled head	De'il bin, devil take
Cursinin, christening	Deet, died ; to clean
Cursty, Christopher	Deeth, death
Cursmas, Christmas	Deetin, winnowing corn
Curtchey'd, curtsey'd	Deylt, mop'd, spiritless
Cutty, short	Deyke, hedge
Cutten, cut down	Diddle, to hum a tune
Cutter'd, whisper'd	Dis, does
Cwoley, a farmer's or shepherd's dog	Dispert, desperate
Cwose-house, corse- house	Dissnins, a distance in horse-racing, the 8th part of a mile
	Divvent, do not
	Doff, to undress
	Don, to dress
	Donnet, an ill-disposed woman
D	
Daddle, hand	Downo, cannot, <i>i.e.</i> when one has the power, but wants the will to do any thing
Daft, half wise, some- times wanton	Dowter, daughter
Daggy, drizzly	Douse, jolly, or sonsy- looking person : solid, grave, and prudent
Dander, to hobble	Dozen'd, spiritless and impotent
Darrak, a day's labour	Dub, a small collection of stagnant water
Dapper, neatly dressed	Dubbler, a wooden platter
Darter, active in perform- ing a thing	
Dawstoners, inhabitants of Dalston, a village near Carlisle	
De, do	
Deame, dame	

Dui, do	Faw, fall
Duir, door	Feace, face
Duin, done	Feale, fail
Duds, coarse clothes	Feckless, feeble, wanting
Dunch, to strike with the elbows	effect
Dunnet, do not	Feight, fight
Dung owre, knocked over	Fettle, order, condition
Durdem, broil, hubbub	Fit, foot, fought
Durtment, any thing useless	Fin, to find, to feel
Dust, durdem, one of the many provincial names for money	Flacker'd, flutter'd
	Flay, fright, to fright
	Fleek, flitch
	Flegmagaries, useless friveries of female dress
E	Fluir, or fleer, floor
Ee, eye	Fluet, a stroke
Een, eyes	Flyre, to laugh
Efter, after	Font, foolish
Elcy, Alice	Foorsett, to anticipate, to way-lay
Eleebe, eleven	Forby, besides
Ellek, Alexander	Forret, forward
En, end	Fou, full
Eneugh, enough	Fowt, a fondling
Eshes, ash-trees	Frae, from
F	Frase, fray
Fadder, father	Fratch, quarrel, to quarrel
Famish, famous	Freeten'd, frighten'd
Fan, found, felt	Freet, to grieve
Fash, trouble	Fremm'd, strange
Fares-te-weel, fares-thee- well	Frostit, frosted
Fau't, fault	Frow, a worthless woman
Faul, farm-yard	Furbellows, useless silks, frills, or gauzes of a female dress

Fuil, fool
 Furst, first
 Fuss, bustle

G

Gae, to go
 Gaen, gone
 Gam, game
 Gamblers, gamblers
 Gammerstang, a tall awkward person, of a bad gait
 Gang, to go; a confederated company of infamous persons
 Gar, to make, to compel
 Garth, orchard or garden, an enclosure
 Gat, got
 Gate, road or path
 Gaun, going
 Gayshen, a smock-faced, silly-looking person
 Gear, wealth, money, the tackling of a cart or plough
 Gev, gave
 Git, get
 Girn, grin
 Girt, great
 Gizzern, gizzard
 Gliff, glance
 Glyme, to look obliquely, squint
 Glowre, to stare
 Glump'd, gloom'd

Gob, mouth
 Gowd i' gowpens, gold in handfuls
 Gowk, the cuckoo; a thoughtless, ignorant fellow, who harps too long on a subject
 Gowl, to weep
 Graen, to groan
 Graith'd, dressed, accoutered
 Granny, grandmother
 Granfadder, grandfather
 Granson, grandson
 Greace, grace
 Greave, grave
 Greymin, a thin covering of snow
 Grousome, grim
 Greype, a three-pronged instrument for the purpose of cleaning cow-houses
 Gulder, to speak amazingly loud, and with a dissonant voice
 Gully, a large knife
 Guff, a fool
 Guid, good
 Gurdle, the iron on which cakes are baked
 Gwordie, George

H

Hack'd, won every thing
 Hae, have

Hale, whole	Hug, to squeeze
Hallan, partition wall	Hur, her
Hangrell, a long hungry looking fellow	Hulk, a lazy, clumsy fellow
Hantel, large quantity	Hursle, to raise up the shoulders
Hankitcher, handker- chief	Hunsup, scold; quarrel
Hap, to cover	I
Hardleys, hardly	Ilk, or Ilka, every
Hauld, hold, shelter	Ither, other
Havey-scavey, all in confusion	Iver, ever
Hawfin, a fool	Jaw, mouth
Haw, hall	Jen, or Jenny, Jane
Hawf, half	Jobby, or Jwosep, Joseph
Havver, oats	K
Hay-bay, hubbub	Keale, broth
Heaste, haste	Ken-guid, the example by which we are to learn what is good
Hether-fac'd, rough-fac'd	Keave, to give an awk- ward wavering motion to the body
Hee, high	Keak, cake
Het, hot	Keek, to peep
Head-wark, head-ache	Ken, to know
Helter, halter	Kith, acquaintances
Hed, had	Kittle, to tickle
Herry, to rob	Knop, a large tub
Hirpled, limped	Kurk, church
Hinmost, hindmost	Kurk-garth, church-yard
Hing, hang	Kurn, churn; to churn
Hinney, honey	Kye, cows
Hizzy, huzzy	Lait, to seek
Hod, hold	Laik, play; to play
Hoddenly, frequently, without intermission	
Hout! pshaw!	
Hotch, shake; to shake	
Howdey, a midwife	

Laird, a farmer's eldest son, or one who already possesses land	Lish, active
Lal, little	Lonnin, a narrow lane leading from one village to another
Larnin, learning	Lock, a small quantity
Lanlword, landlord	Loff, offer
Lant, a game at cards	Loft, the upper apartment of a cottage
Lanters, the players at lant	Lout, an awkward clown
Lave, the rest	Lowe, flame
Lapstone, a shoemaker's stone, upon which he beats his leather	Lowse, to untie
Latch, a wooden sneck, lifted sometimes with a cord, at other times with the finger	Lownd, calm, still
Lap, leapt	Lowp, a leap; to leap
Leace, lace	Lug, pull; to pull
Leady, lady	Lugs, ears
Leame, lame	Luik, look; to look
Leate, late	Luim, loom
Leane, alone	Luive, love
Leet, to meet with; to alight	Lunnon, London
Leetsome, lightsome	Lurry, to pull
Ledder, to beat	Lythey, thick
Lee, a lie	
Leeve, live	M
Leather-te-patch, a plunging step in a Cumberland dance	Maffle, to blunder, to mislead
Lig, to lie	Mair, more
Leethet' lass, Lewthwaite's lass	Maister, master
Lissen, to listen	Maist, most
	Mak, make; to make
	Mant, to stutter
	Maks, sorts
	Mangrel, mongrel
	Man thysel, act with the spirit of a man
	Mappen, may happen
	Marget, Margaret

Marrow, equal; of the same sort	Neist, next
Mazle, to wander as stupified	Ne'er ak, never mind
Meade, made	Neb, nose
Menseful, hospitable, generous	New-fangled, new fashioned
Mess, indeed, truly	Neybor, neighbour
Meer, mare	Nimmel, nimble
Midden, dunghill	Nin, none
Mickle, large; much	Nit, not
Mid-thie, mid-thigh	Niver, never
Mid-neet, mid-night	Nobbet, only
Mittens, gloves	Nowt, cattle
Moilin, pining	Nowther, neither
Moidert, bewildered, confused	Nuik, nook
Mowdywarp, a mole	Nwotish, or nwothce, notice
Monie, many	O
Mud, might	Oddments, articles of no great value
Muir, moor	Odswinge! a rustic oath
Muin, moon	Offen, often
Mun, must	Onie, any
Muck, dung	Onset, dwelling-house and out-buildings
Murry, merry	On't, (contrac.) of it
Munnet, must not	Or, ere
Mudder, mother	Open'd their gills, gap'd wide, and drank much
N	Ought, aught
Nae, or nee, no	Owre, over
Naigs, horses	Owther, either
Nar, near	P
Nattle, to strike slightly	Paddock rud, frog spawn
Neef, fist	Pang'd, quite full
Neame, name	
Neet, night	

Parfet, perfect	Prod, thrust
Pat, put	Pruive, prove
Pate, head	Puil, pool
Paut, to walk heavily	Puzzen, poison
Paughty, proud, haughty	Punsh, to kick with the feet
Pawky, shy, too familiar	Pwokie, poke
Paw mair, stir more; thus, " <i>the cat will never paw mair</i> ," means, the cat will never stir more	R
Pech, to pant	Rattens, rats
Pee'd, one ey'd	Reape, rope
Peer, poor	Rear, to raise; to rally
Pell-mell, quick	Reed, red
Peet, a fibrous moss used for fuel	Reet, right
Pennystones, stones in the form of quoits	Rievers, border robbers
Pez, pease	Reek, smoke
Piggen, a wooden dish	Rin, run
Pick, pitch	Royster'd, vociferated
Pick'd the fwoal, foal'd before the natural time	Roughness, plenty; store
Pleugh, plough	Row up, to devour
Pleace, place	Ruddy, ready
Pleenin, complaining	Rust, rest; repose
Pleennets, abundance	Russlin, wrestling
Plack, a single piece of money	Ruse, rose
Plied, read his book	S
Potticary, apothecary	Sackless.—The original meaning of this word was innocent, guilt- less: it is now applied in the sense of feeble, useless, incapable of exertion
Poddish, pottage	Sae, so
Pops and pairs, a game at cards	Sair, sore
Pow, to pull; the head	Sairy, poor
Prent, print	

Sarvant, servant	Shearin, reaping
Säl, shall	Shem and a bizen, a
Sampleth, sampler	shame, and besides a
Sark, shirt	sin; the word <i>bizen</i>
Sarra, to serve	being apparently a
Sattle, a long seat	corruption of " <i>By a</i>
Sceape-greace, a hair-	<i>sin</i> ," i. e. besides a sin
brain'd, graceless fellow	Shoon, shoes
Scald'er'd, scalded	Shot, reckoning; freed
Sceap'd, escap'd	from
Scons, cakes made of	Shuik, shook
barley meal	Shuffle, to scrape with
Scraffle, struggle	the feet; to evade
Schuil, school	Shoul, shovel
Scotty kye, Scotch cows	Shottle, schedule
Scribe of a pen, line by	Shwort-cakes, rich fruit
way of letter	cakes
Scrudge, squeeze	Siller, silver
Seame, same	Sinseyne, since that time
Seape, soap	Skale, to spread about
Sec, such	Skelp, to whip or beat
Seegh, sigh	Skirl'd, scream'd
Seer, sure	Sleas, sloes
Sel, self	Slape, slippery
Seed, saw	Slink, slinge
Seeben, seven	Slee, sly
Seevy, rushy	Slap, to beat
See 't, (contrac.) see it	Smiddy, smithy
Seet, sight	Smaw, small
Sen, or seyne, since	Smuik, smoke
Seugh, ditch	Smutty, obscene
Selt, sold	Smudder, smother
Seypers, those who drink	Snaps, small round gin-
to the last drop; im-	gerbread cakes
moderate drinkers	Sneck, latch or catch of
Setterday, Saturday	a gate or door

Snell, bitter, biting
 Snift'rin, sniffing
 Sour-milk, butter-milk
 Sonsy, lucky, generous
 Sowdgers, soldiers
 Sowpy, soft, spongy,
 watery

Souse, to plunge or im-
 merge

Spak, spoke

Splet, split

Spot, a place of service

Spunky, sparkling

Spuin, spoon

Starken, to tighten

Steyle, stile

Steeks, shuts

Strack, struck

Stule, stole

Stuil, stool

Stown, stolen

Stuid, stood

Strae, straw

Stibble, stubble

Stan, stand

Streenin, straining

Strappin, tall

Stoun, a sudden and
 transient pain

Stoury, dusty

Stowter, to walk clumsily

Sticks, furniture

Struive, strove

Sud, should

Summet, something

Suin, soon

Sumph, blockhead

Swapp'd, exchang'd

Sweer, lazy, averse

Swope, a sup

Swat, sit down

T

Ta'en, taken

Taistrel, scoundrel

Tane, the one

Tarn'd, ill-natur'd

Tearan, tearing; a *tearan*
fellow is a rough, hot-
 headed person, who
 drives every thing
 before him, regardless
 of consequences

T'e, thee; to te-dui, to
 do

Teable, table

Teaylear, or tealyor,
 tailor

Telt, told

Teale, tale

Teakin, taking

Tease, to importune, to
 pester

Teyney, small

Tek, take

Tem, them

Teydey, neat

Tough, tough

Teasty, tasteful

Thar, or thur, these

Thoum, thumb

Throssle, a thrush

Thowt, thought
 Thick, friendly
 Theek'd, thatch'd
 Thrang, throng
 Threep, to argue ; to aver
 Threed, thread
 Thropple, windpipe
 Thimmel, thimble
 Tig, to strike gently
 Titty, sister
 Tooze!, to ruffle, to pull
 about rudely
 To't, to the
 Tou's, thou art
 Tou'll, thou wilt
 Toddle, to walk unstably
 as children
 Top, or topper, of a
 good quality
 To-mworn, to-morrow
 Trail, slow, lazy
 Trippet, a small piece of
 wood obtusely pointed
 with which rustics amuse
 themselves
 Trimmel, tremble
 Trouncin, beating
 Trig, tight
 Trinkums, useless finery
 Tudder, the other
 Tui, too
 Tuik, took
 Tuith-wark, tooth-ache
 Tummel'd, tumbl'd
 Tuppence, two-pence
 Twea, two

U

Unket, strange, particular news
 Unco, very
 Uphod, uphold

V

Varra, very
 Varmen, or varment, vermin
 Vap'rin, vapouring

W

Wad, would
 Waddn't, (cont.) would not
 Wae, sorry
 Wa, dang it ! a mode of swearing
 Waffler, waverer
 Wale, choice
 Wan, to win
 Wanters, persons who want wives or husbands
 War, or wer, were
 Wark, work
 War-day, every day in the week, except Sunday
 Warl, world
 Watter, water
 Waur, worse
 Waw, wall
 Weage, wage
 Wee, diminutive

Wey! expression of as- sent : why	Wi', or wid, with
Weyte, blame	Windy, noisy
Webster, or wobster, weaver	Winnings, money won
Whack, thwack	Worchet, orchard
Whart, quart	Worton, Orton, name of a village
Wheyte, quite	Wots, oats
Whye, a heifer	Wrang, wrong
Whope, hope	Wull, will
Whornpeype, hornpipe	Wullin, willing
Whurry, wherry	Wully, or Wulliam, William
Whisht! hush!	Wunnet, (contrac.) will not
Whinge, to weep	Wun, to dwell
Wheezlin, drawing the breath with difficulty	
Whitten, Whitehaven	Y
Whif, a blast	
Whietly, quietly	Yad, a mare
Whilk, which	Yable, able
Wussle, or wursle, to wrestle	Yeage, age
Whuzzin, whizzing	Yat, a gate
Whissenday, Whit-Sun- day	Yek, oak
Whoal, hole	Yell, ale
Whey-feac'd, smock-fac'd	Yen, one
Wide-gobb'd, wide- mouth'd	Yer, your
	Ye's, ye shall
	Youngermer, younger persons

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